The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1920

ARE YOU GETTING ANYWHERE?

You are rubbing, your are straining,
with a grim look on your face;
You are turning from all pleasures;
in your breast peace has no place;
You have ceased to find contentment
in the books you used to know;
You are straining, you are striving
through the dark days and the fair;
But, O mirthless, eager brother, are
you getting anywhere?

In your haste you have forgotten how
to linger or to smile
When a child looks up and greets you
or would claim your care a while;
Though the wild rose sheds its petals
in the lonely pasture still
And glad breezes sway the blossoms
in the orchard on the hill,
You are too much in a hurry and too
occupied to care,
But with all your grim endeavors are
you getting anywhere?

You have fled from sweet contentment;
trouble haunts you in your
dreams;
It is long since you have loitered on
the banks of shaded streams
That go singing to the pebbles they
have made as clean and white,
And have polished at their leisure and
their pleasure day and night;
You no longer know the solace that
lie in a sweet old air,
But with all your ceaseless toiling
are you getting anywhere?

You have given up old fancies; you
have left old friends behind;
You are getting rich in pocket, but
poor in heart and mind;
You have lost your sense of beauty
in your haste to push ahead,
And along the ways you travel bitterness
and grief are spread.
You have ceased to care how others
bend beneath the woes they bear,
But with all your cruel striving are
you getting anywhere?

—Kaiser.

If I had not months ago had evidences that my screeds on the recollections of Acton from the early days were acceptable to the readers of the Free Press, I would long before this have laid down my awkward old pen and been content to talk over the incidents and memories of those times with Mary and the few old friends who drop in to have a chat with us about the old-fashioned fireside of our home, and the cronies whom I meet occasionally in the barber shop or on my leisurely perambulations about the town and out on the concession lines.

But over and over there come to me assurances that most people have a liking for stories of the older days, crude as they may be from my telling of them.

The editor handed me the other day this interesting bit of far back local history, which the writer of the letter went to the trouble to copy the information from a book published fifty years ago. I think it is worth a place in my column. I know it is authentic for I remember myself the visits of old Dr. Carroll to Acton, and how honored the Methodists felt themselves to be to have him speak in their church, when it was the little white meeting house on John Watson's corner of Church Street.

Here it is:

To the Editor of the Free Press.

Dear Sir—As a long-time resident of Acton, but now spending some time in this city, I have been following the old-time reminiscences with rare interest. The large amount of information given re the old Adams' farm, later the Nicklin, and since, the Adam Cook property, suggests the addition of an extract from an old Methodist minister's history, "Case and His Cotemporaries," by Rev. John Carroll, D. D., published about 1871, but recording only up to 1855, when Rev. Wm. Case, the pioneer missionary, travelled through here, died. It says referring to Rev. Ezra Adams, who entered the ministry in 1815: "Good Ezra Adams, worn out with disease incurred in the swamps of the western country, asked for and obtained a location. He retired to the wilds of Esquesing, where Acton now smiles, and commenced the laborious operation of clearing him up a farm, laboring most assiduously in a local capacity the while and opening his new log house to the weary itinerants, who threaded their way through the bush roads of these new settlements. Manual labor renovated his physique, so that about 1830 he returned to the itinerant ranks."

The same historian tells of Rev. Zenas Adams' location at Acton about 1824. His tombstone is in the old cemetery there. The history says: "A temperance meeting was in progress in the village as he lay dying. Some one whispered the news of his condition. The meeting was dissolved, and friend and foe hastened to obtain his benediction or forgiveness. To a friend he said, "Death for me has no sting, the grave no terrors."

I just forget which part of the village these respective homes were in. You will know, for you once told me. Are we of a later generation, and those of the still younger generation, interested enough to try to imagine a picture of the locality in those far off days, about eighty-five or ninety years ago?

Two of the Adams daughters married ministers, Revs. Matthew Swann and T. L. Wilkinson, and two, Miss Charlotte and Mrs. Hulbert, were earnest in mission work amongst the Indians.

Yours respectfully,

J. S. C.

Toronto, Nov. 8, 1920.

Yes, I can tell, if you can't, Mr. Editor, the location of these two homes. Ezra's was the Nicklin farm and mill property, and Zenas and his family lived across the road. The house on the corner of Main and Church Streets, where Norman McLeod and John Kennedy live, is a part of the home which Zenas built to replace the log house he built when he first settled on the farm. John H. Mackenzie bought this property quite a few years ago. Jack always had a fine for bargains. Well he bought this old house when it was in a very bad state of repair and with his customary enterprise remodelled it and made it a comfortable and commodious doubly house.

When this house was built by Zenas, between seventy-five and eighty years ago, I think he was bound to have the finest place in these parts. It was nearly twice the size it is now. It was considered far and near a fine residence when it was built. Jack Mackenzie remarked to me one day when he was re-building it that it had some of the finest lumber and timbers and was the best piece of carpenter work he had ever seen. Quite an admission for Jack, for from the days when he built hen hatching machines and brooders down on his father's farm in Esquesing, until now, Jack has counted himself an A 1 carpenter and joiner. Well, this house was a frame, clap-boarded, and the lumber was all of the finest clear Esquesing yellow pine. Not a knot nor a shake of any description in a board of any length or width. The panelling, mitreing and joining inside and out were as good as any cabinet work.

In ten or fifteen years the family began to leave home to do for themselves elsewhere and it wasn't long until the old home was deserted. There was a big old-fashioned family too. I can't remember them all. There was Mary and Harriet and Lucinda and Agnes and Abigail among the girls, and John, Joseph and Wilbur and perhaps some other boys. Nearly all of them were school teachers. Wilbur was among the early teachers of Acton's first school house on Main Street where Mr. and Mrs. Crewson McLaughlin live. Abigail taught a private school in the old Temperance Hall when it was on Main Street. Harriet, Agnes and Lucinda were also teachers. Mary married a preacher by the name of Glass and left Acton with him. She was a woman of peculiar character, strong-minded and some people said eccentric. A few years later she came back to the old home with a family of small children, a grass widow. Harriet married another preacher, Rev. Francis Coleman, who came from England. He was a successful preacher for many years within the bounds of Hamilton Conference. It is an item of local coincidence that when he superannuated he moved to Hamilton and united with Zion Tabernacle, of which Rev. T. Albert Moore, D. D., a well-known preacher, who claims Acton as his birthplace, was the pastor. It was during Dr. Moore's pastorate there that Mr. Coleman died and he conducted the funeral. Prof. Coleman, who has been on the staff of Toronto University for many years, is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Coleman.

Lucinda married Rev. T. L. Wilkinson. He also was a Methodist minister. I first knew him when he was the minister at the old Ebenezer Church in Nassagaweya about forty-five years ago. He was afterwards stationed in Acton. I think about 26 or 30 years ago. I liked to hear him preach. He struck from the shoulder, and preached a sound old gospel. My own preacher didn't like it when I went about once a month to hear T. L. in the Methody chapel. He was quite a fighter when he got aroused. I guess quite a few old folks like myself will remember the ten-nights' debate he had on the mode of baptism with Rev. Mr. McDiarmid, a Disciple minister, I think from Buffalo. It was as good as a circus and the Methodist Church, which was just about new then, was crowded night after night until the tenth night to hear "the fun." They say that 800 people were present the last night. John Warren was the chairman, and I believe the debate ended in "a draw." Both sides were apparently satisfied and we've never heard much discussion of this vexed theological question around here during the nearly forty years since. We heard more about Paedobaptists and Annabaptists and books and lexicons then than all the time before or since in my memory. I recollect a favorite expression of Mr. McDermid: "I've got the books, I can prove it." and he had a whole trunkful of books there every night. He had a favorite author on baptism, Dale, and would quote him often. One night Mr. Wilkinson, who was always cynical, said, "Bring on Dale, and I'll dale with him as he deserves."

One night a Disciple farmer was so excited with the evening's debate that he went home and forgot his dog, leaving him in the church vestibule. The janitor locked up the church, not knowing of the canine occupant. The dog was there all night. In the morning he was found there, and it was noticed that he had chewed off about an inch of one of the new posts of the front door frame of the church. When you Methodist folks go to church next Sunday, and this incident may interest you enough to take you this time, you'll find the marks of that dog's teeth on the bottom of the right side of the frame as you enter. Both Rev. and Mrs. Wilkinson are now dead, the preacher head of the family laying down his armor at Dunnville last year.

I don't know whether Abigail ever married or not. Agnes did not. The last I heard of her she was living with a relative at St. Clair, Michigan. I lost track of the boys years ago.

Next week I'll have something to tell you of the old Zenas Adams' house after the old folks died. It was a favorite place for the first home of a number of our newly-married young folks of sixty or seventy years ago. The first-born of one of these bridal couples still lives here just two blocks from the Adams house where she was born.

The Old Man

MY AUTO, 'TIS OF THEE

My auto, 'tis of thee, short road to poverty; of thee I chant. I blew a pile of dough on you three years ago, and now you refuse to go, or won't or can't. Through town and countryside, you were my joy and pride—a happy day. I loved thy gaudy hue, thy nice, white tires new, but now you're down and out in every way. To thee, old rattlebox, came many bumps and knocks; for thee I grieve. Badly thy top is torn; frayed are the seats and worn; the whooping cough affects thy horn, I do believe. Thy perfume smells on the breeze, while folks all choke and wheeze, as we pass by. I paid for thee a price, 'twould buy a mansion twice; now everybody's yelling "ice!"—I wonder why? Thy motor has the grip, thy spark plug has the pip, and woe is thine. I, too, have suffered chills, ague and kindred ills, endeavoring to pay bills since thou wert mine. Done is my bank roll now; no more 'twould choke a cow as once before. Yet, if I had the mon, so help me John, I'd buy myself a car and speed some more.—Walt Mason.

SOMEWHAT HUMOROUS "AD"

Bill Nye, known in his day as a humorist, owned a cow which he wanted to sell, and put an advertisement in the paper which read like this: "Owing to ill-health, I will sell at my residence, in township 19, range 18, according to the government survey, one plush raspberry cow, aged eight years. She is of undoubted courage and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her present home with a stay chain, but she will be sold to any one who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth short-horn and three-fourths hyena. I will also throw in a double-barrel shot gun, which goes with her. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell her to a non-resident."

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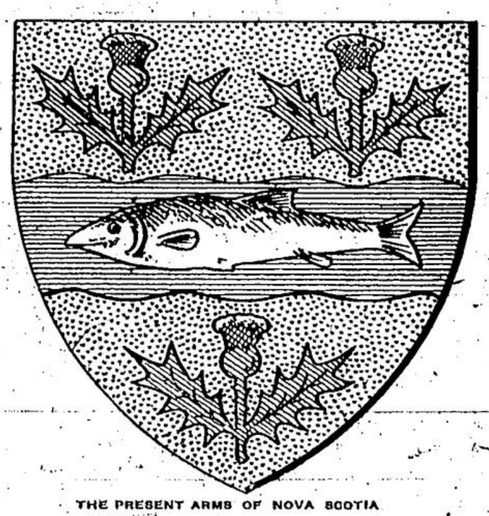
NOVA SCOTIA AND HER ARMS

ARMS GRANTED TO THE COLONY OF NOVA SCOTIA BY KING CHARLES I

A movement is on foot in Nova Scotia for the restoration of the original armorial bearings of that province in place of those adopted at Confederation. Most Canadians are unaware that in 1621 King James I. of England, and VI. of Scotland, as King of Scotland, and as a Scottish measure, granted to Sir William Alexander (afterwards Earl of Stirling) the territory now forming the whole of the Province of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, and parts of Quebec and of the present State of Maine, on the sole condition of paying annually "one penny of Scottish money, if so much be demanded," the purpose of the grant being that Sir William might carry out a project he had in mind of making of this vast territory a New Scotland in America, as there was already a New England and a New France.

The story of Sir William Alexander and his efforts to carry out his great project is beside the present purpose. It all came to little enough at the time but bore fruit as we know long afterwards. Royal encouragement to the scheme given by King James was continued and amplified by his son and successor, Charles I, and among other marks of favor the last named sovereign made a grant of arms to Nova Scotia in these terms: Silver, a cross of St. Andrew blue with an inescutcheon of the Royal Arms of Scotland. Crest, on a wreath a bunch of laurel and a thistle issuing from two hands, the one hand being in armor and the other naked. Supporters, on the dexter side the Royal unicorn silver, horned, maned and hofed gold, imperially crowned, gorged with an open crown and chain affixed thereto and reflexed over the back gold. On the sinister side a savage man proper. Motto (over the crest) "Munit haec et altera vincit." The shield of Scotland, blue, with a white cross of St. Andrew, was thus, it will be noticed, counter-changed to white with a blue cross of New Scotland.



THE PRESENT ARMS OF NOVA SCOTIA

Later, as a separate act, the Baronets of Nova Scotia were given the privilege of using this same shield, with its inescutcheon as their badge or coat of arms. An idea got abroad somehow that the shield was theirs primarily for its seal, etc., when in later times "Nova Scotia" became a reality. The shield, however, belongs primarily and by Royal authority to the country and not to the Knights Baronet of Nova Scotia. Its use by their Order was a different matter altogether, and with quite different concomitants.

But the mistake referred to accounts no doubt in some measure for what took place in relation to the Provincial coat of arms at the time of Canadian Confederation. The ancient arms were displayed in the doors of the Province building, and are to be seen there still, and in the old Great Seal of the Province. But at the time of Confederation the origin and authority of these arms had been forgotten. It was thought that the Province had little ground for using armorial bearings which (as was supposed) belonged in reality to an order of Baronets. The record was not looked for in the right place, namely in the Lyon Office in Edinburgh, where it might have been found, and so the College of Heralds in London, supposing no doubt that the field was clear, proceeded to prepare arms and a new seal for Nova Scotia as a Province of the Dominion of Canada, not moved thereto by the Provincial authorities of the day, but in opposition to their wishes. The new Great Seal was received in December, 1869, but was neither welcomed nor adopted nor proclaimed by the Lieutenant Governor-in-Council, but pigeon-holed and left unused for years afterwards. If the Provincial authorities had been aware of the strength of the case for the old arms it is natural to suppose that they would have held out against any change but in course of time they gave way and allowed the matter to go by default in favor of the new order.

But even then the ancient arms did not go wholly out of memory. The shield is still to be seen, not only on the old office doors in the Province building, but on old pieces of jewellery of much later date, and the full achievement appears on the Bank of Nova Scotia $10 notes, of the issue of January 2, 1919. In this last case the Indian sinister supporter is shown in a sitting posture and the unicorn charging around the dexter side of the shield—the shield itself is of a shape characteristic of the period of debased heraldry and is wrongly marked red. All these details are wrong, but the interesting fact remains that in casting about for a suitable design for its notes the Bank of Nova Scotia selected the ancient rather than the modern arms of the Province. The Historical Societies of Nova Scotia now ask the rectification of the blunder committed when the ancient and lawful arms of Nova Scotia were supplanted by a new and commonplace design of salmon and thistles.—L. M. F.

WHICH?

Can any little boy or girl in the class tell us whether the town of Fivizzano in Italy was always spelled that way or is that what the earthquake did to it?

Give whatever countenance and help you can to every movement and institution that is working for good. Be not sectarian.

Let not your goodness be professional; let it be the simple, natural outcome of your character. Therefore cultivate character.

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THE VERSE ON THE MIRROR

"Why, what have you here?" asked Nora Graham of Nellie Moore, as she noticed a small slip of paper on which a few lines were written, attached to the frame of her friend's mirror.

"Oh, that is my quotation slip," Nellie replied, looking up from her sewing. "Every week I write out a verse of poetry or some other quotation I like, and pin it where I can see it often. Then I read the words over at different times, and they help me very much. One of the teachers at the Academy suggested the plan to us some time ago, and asked us all to try it."

"Well, you have a cheerful little selection this time," commented Nora, as she read the words aloud:

Look up, and not down,
Look out, and not in,
Look forward and not back,
Lend a hand."

"It is an easy way to memorize poetry, too," she added; "I think I will try the plan myself, for it seems to be a good one."

And a "good one" it is, indeed, as many people have proved who have tried it.

To store the memory with gems of good poetry or prose is one of the best things a young person can do. It enriches the mind and assists greatly in the formation of true, noble character. Then, too, the method outlined in the first paragraph is so very easy, is it not? Just the writing out of a few lines and placing them somewhere in your room where they will meet your eye frequently. Then gradually they will become impressed upon your memory, and prove to be valuable possessions. The sooner you commence, too, the better; for in early youth it is easier to train the memory than at any other time.

Quite often in our reading we come across a short poem or a prose selection we like very much. We read it over perhaps once or twice, then lay aside the paper or book and soon forget the words. But by following Nellie's method we make the thoughts our own, and can retain them for many a day. The quotation plan, then, is one which it is certainly worth while for every young person to try. Suppose you decide its merit yourself, beginning with some little verse—write it out—and see how quickly you can memorize it. Then take another and another, mastering the first perfectly before you attempt a second. Then in that way, little by little, you will fill the storehouse of your mind with cheerful, helpful thoughts; and they will be a great assistance to you in many ways. Possessing them, you will never be poor; for you will have in your own mind the best kind of treasure.

Try the plan for yourself, then, this very day, while the idea is fresh in your mind.—H. L. Harivel.

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DEFINED

A teacher was reading to her class when she came across the word "unaware." She asked if anyone knew the meaning.

One little girl timidly raised her hand and gave the following definition:

"Unaware is what you put on first and take off last."

Examine yourself every night and see whether you have progressed in knowledge, sympathy and helpfulness during the day. Count every day a loss in which no progress has been made.

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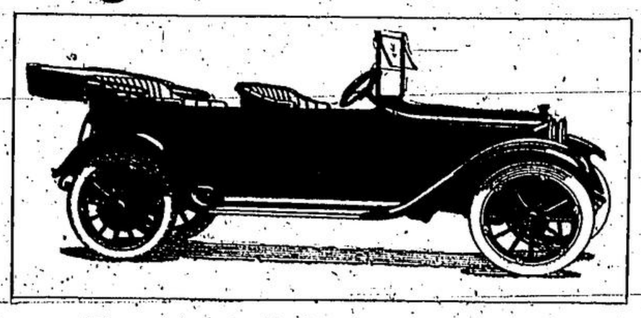

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