The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1921

## A WOMAN'S QUESTION

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love,

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others had died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Man-like you have questioned me—
Now stand at the bar of a woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts shall be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a far better thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—
I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the maker, God, shall look upon as he did the first,
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade,
From my soft, young cheek one day—
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May.

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this—a laundress and cook
You can hire with a little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

## REPLY TO "A WOMAN'S QUESTION"

You may have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love.

That I have written your duty out,
And, man-like, have questioned free,
You demand that I stand at the bar of your soul
While you in turn question me.

And when I asked you to be my wife,
The head of my house and home,
Whose path I would scatter with sunshine through life,
Thy shield when sorrow shall come—

You reply with disdain and a curl of the lip,
And point to my coat's missing button,
And haughtily ask if I want a cook,
To serve up my beef and my mutton.

'Tis a king that you look for. Well, I am not he,
But only a plain, earnest man,
Whose feet often shun the hard path they should tread,
Often shrink from the gulf they should span.

'Tis hard to believe that the rose will fade
From the cheek so full, so fair;
'Twere harder to think that a heart proud and cold
Were ever reflected there.

True, the rose will fade, and the leaves will fall,
And the autum of life will come;
But the heart that I give will be true as in May
Should I make it thy shelter, thy home.

Though requir'st "all things that are good and true,
All things that a man should be;"
Ah! lady, my truth doubt not, doubt not,
For the rest, I leave to thee.

—Pelham.

## MORE CANADIAN WONDERS

Almost every day bring further evidence of the wonders and possibilities of our Canadian climate and growth possibilities. Now it seems that figs, olives and tea all presumed to be the output of at least semi-tropical climates can be grown in our own.

According to Mr. L. Stevenson of the Government Experimental Statin at Sidney, B. C., it is also possible to grow tea and olives on Vancouver Island though only as an interesting experiment. He predicts no canneries for the disposition of homegrown olives and no tea parties with Vancouver Island product used, but he intends to send Dr. Tolmie this year enough tea from the experimental station "to confound his sceptical colleagues" at the capital.

There are ten tea plants at the experimental station. They were planted in 1915. All the plants not at that time are still alive and flourishing. The plants were about six inches high and wide at the time they were set out; they are now about 30 inches in each dimension. Mr. Stevenson has found them hardy and vigorous. "I made some tea from these plants once," he said, "but I can't say that it was highly approved."

There are also olive trees at Sidney. One is a tree planted in 1915. It is now about seven feet high. There are olives on it, too. Its trunk is about two inches in diameter. There are two other little trees from California, planted last year, and both doing well. Mr. Stevenson thinks that fruit could not be expected more than once every three years.

There are sixty fig trees at the Sidney farm. Some of them are six years old. The biggest of the trees is seven feet high. As much as two pounds and a half of fruit have already been picked from one tree. What the extent of their development on the island may be under the most probable circumstances the experiments at the station have not gone far enough to determine, but it has at least been discovered that there is no difficulty about getting the tree to survive and flourish.

The figs have survived nineteen degrees of frost. Of the varieties tested, the Japanese fig has proven itself the hardiest of the lot. There is little doubt that further and extended experiment would succeed in developing a variety suited to this climate and soil.

"There is no reason for anyone to feel sceptical about fig cultivation on Vancouver Island at this late day," Mr. Stevenson continued. "Figs have been known on the Island for the past 40 years. Figs are in altogether another category than tea and olives, as far as this island is concerned, and it should easily be possible to interest a great number of gardeners and others in their cultivation."

## QUITE LIKELY

Father was testing his son's knowledge of arthimetic.

"Now, sonny, he said, "suppose your mother had three dollars and I had ten. If I gave her seven dollars, what would she have?"

"Hysterics," muttered the precocious child as he drifted into the garden.

Like myself, "Observer" who wrote these notes relating to persons and incidents in connection with Fairview Cemetery, over fourteen years ago, jumps about from one theme to another without any preconceived reason. I guess all of us old chaps are liable to do that. Well, I've heard some nice things said about his remarks which I copied in my columns last week; so I am giving another column or two out of that old scrap book again this week. I think the write-up he gives in this week's recollections are particularly interesting and embrace a number of local characters who loomed large in life and in the hearts of many families twenty to thirty years ago.

This is "Observer's" contribution this week:

"On a beautiful hazy afternoon on September 29, 1901, a large assemblage gathered in the evergreen grove in the circular plot immediately facing the entrance to Fairview Cemetery. Volunteers in uniform, brass bands, prominent local and county men, and citizens generally. In January 1900 W. T. Moore—son of T. T. Moore, our esteemed Municipal Clerk and Treasurer, and for over a score of years Principal of the Public School—handsome, gifted, intelligent and adventurous, left Acton to go with the 2nd contingent from Canada to the unhappy South African war. His experiences on the way and on the field were followed with keen interest by our citizens as they were reported in these columns. However, in December following, the town hall flag was suddenly seen to be at half-mast and the word was quickly passed around that "Jack" Moore had died in the Pretoria hospital from enteric fever. Sorrow and sadness over the deceased and sympathy with the relatives were freely expressed, and a movement was soon set on foot to commemorate Acton's share in the death roll of Britain's forces. The movement culminated in the gathering above referred to, when the massive granite monument which attracts the attention of all visitors upon arriving at the gates, was unveiled. Hymns were sung, prayers offered, addresses delivered, bands played, and soldiers marched to and from the place. And while the years come and go, and generations rise and pass away may be read the name and the story of Acton's deceased soldier boy whose remains lie far away in Pretoria.

When a minister of the gospel lives for a number of years in a community after having served as pastor of a church for ten years he, is very likely at his decease to leave many warm friends, and so, when very many of our citizens and those of the community adjoining, in their walks through Fairview Cemetery come to the slender grey shaft bearing the name of Rev. D. B. Cameron, a native of Fort William, Scotland, and for 10 years pastor of Knox Church, Acton, who died February 25, 1890, aged 73 years, feelings of old-time friendship for a departed pastor, and recollections of his worth will be awakened. Those who were acquainted with the man and his work will best be able to testify to his worth, but it may be added that one, an entire stranger to him, relates an occasion of hearing him, miles from Acton, on a week evening, in a farm-house kitchen, surrounded by men of the fields and women of the homes, who listened with intense interest while he discoursed on the "Beauty of the Lord" in language which showed the scholar as well as the man in intense sympathy with his theme.

Similarly, here is the last resting place of another venerable ex-pastor, Rev. R. H. Cook, of the Baptist denomination. His active, earnest work in the interests of his church in the days of its inception here, in the removal of the old church from Hallinafad and its becoming the worshipping home of his flock, as well as his pastoral works following, leading to the permanent establishment of the cause, and in the days of his retirement going to and fro, as a joyous, ripening saint, will awaken, when thought of, memories fragrant with the odor of a good life.

In following the roadway back into the wooded heights a branch path to the right brings the visitor suddenly upon a cleared space in which stands a large brown granite pillar, surmounted by a globe on which is traced some of the world's geographical outlines. The inscription conveys the fact that here lie the remains of a loved and honored schoolmaster, Mr. Robert Little, Principal of Acton school, 1867-72, and that, monument was erected by those who had benefitted by his tuition. In 1894 some of his scholars who, though then living far from scenes of their youth, felt their thoughts turn to the old times, and the old schoolmaster long passed away, arranged for a re-union, which was held that year and was singularly successful, the old scholars meeting at the old school, visiting the grave of the departed master, and in the evening holding a public meeting and going over the old-time scenes together. It was then decided to hold a similar gathering in about half-a-dozen years, and so, in July, 1900, the second re-union took place, which was characterized by the unveiling of the monument, which had been but recently erected by voluntary contributions; eulogistic addresses, and a group photograph of the company gathered around the pillar. Robert Little's best monument is said to be in the lives of those he taught, many of whose names may be found in places and ways which tend to the elevation of things good and noble.

In wandering around the grounds attention has often been attracted by a plain white slab bearing the inscription "In memory of Ruth Cornwall, beloved friend of Rev. Geo. B. Cooke, Rector of Acton, died September 6, 1891, aged 63 years. And along with a verse of poetry are also the words, "She hath done what she could." Wonder has often been felt as to the nature of the friendship thus manifested for one possibly half a lifetime older than the donor. Whether in the capacity of old-time neighbor, nurse, or Christian worker there are thus expressed feelings of strong gratitude. A later examination discovered "Aunt Rose" on a small stone at the foot, almost hidden by shrubbery, but this may stand for any of the relationships suggested. The incident seems to be in keeping with the character of the Rector, whose sudden death during his incumbency here caused such regret and sympathy. The writer's only interview with him was marked by an expression often remembered since, when in speaking of an act of kindness which had been done by one party for another, regarding which, although there had been a monetary consideration involved, the Rector remarked, "There are, however, some things money cannot buy."

One more reference may be permitted in these notes regarding persons in whom the public had more or less interest. In a plot neatly terraced and always kept in tring order, a tall, brown granite shaft, surmounted by a draped urn, the base stone of which bears the name "Speight," has engraved on its north side the words, "Joseph Albert, died May 21, 1902," with the age. Many will read the name and remember with pathetic interest the subject of the epitaph. It is safe to say, that in his life, almost every day of the nearly 46 years of which were spent in Acton, he conducted to Fairview and adjoining burying grounds more funerals than all others of the same profession taken together up to that period, and yet on a beautiful summer afternoon, at the close of a life which had only reached its prime, he too, was conveyed hither, amidst many regrets. In manner, outspoken, brusque and, maybap, eccentric, yet he carried a heart and purpose which made him valued most by those who knew him deepest, and when at his demise, a home which had remained intact for nearly half a century, was broken up, much sympathy was expressed.

Tread gently, then, ye visitors to Fairview Cemetery, and speak softly while here, for this is no ordinary place. Here are deposited treasures, hopes, affections, and just as deep and as marked in the cases of those unnamed on marble slab or printed page as are those given more prominence. This is a place of tears, fond recollections, and joyful hopes of re-unions. These considerations, coupled with another, that we all will probably be conveyed hither sooner than expected, should lead to reflection on the lines by a venerable writer of many generations ago: "No room for mirth or trifling here..... of life so soon be gone." And therefore by all means our local authorities, as referred to last week, may quite justifiably spend a considerable amount in beautifying and properly equipping this our "City of the Dead."

OBSERVER.

*The Old Man*

## AN IMPORTANT STATION

The other day a new engineer was put in charge of the engine of a fast express train for the first time. The road was new to him but he was a rather a self-confident chap and sure he was all right.

So he tooted his whistle, let out the throttle and away they dashed over the hills. He smashed right ahead, by stations, over switches, never once slackening speed.

There came a sharp pull at the signal rope. With an exclamation of annoyance the confident engineer jammed on the brakes and brought his train to a standstill.

He swung down from his seat to meet the conductor who came running toward him. The passengers were piling out of the cars and hurrying forward.

"Say, what's the matter with you, anyway?" demanded the conductor, "didn't you know that you're supposed to stop at that last station?"

"No, I was so busy making a record for speed that I forgot about the stations," confessed the engineer. "I'm in a hurry to reach my destination."

"Well, back up to the station and be quick about it, too," snapped the conductor. The passengers jeered and hooted and some of them raved as the embarrassed engineer climbed into his cab, reversed his lever and backed to the station. How long, think you, that engineer held his job on that train? Not long, you may be assured.

That young engineer is a faithful representative of too many young people to-day. In this age of speed, they've become so carried away with the idea of making a record for fast time to their destination that they don't think about stopping at all the stations.

One of the stations that so many of our confident young engineers run by on the road to success is the station that bears the signboard, Courtesy.

"Oh, that station hasn't been listed on the time-table for a long time," they'll explain glibly. "There's no need of stopping there now. Besides, there isn't time. Those old-fashioned ideas of courtesy in business were all right fifty years ago but now if you slacken up to be courteous the train behind you will be pushing you out of the way."

But the young man who talks that way shows that he is not up with the times at all. The station marked Courtesy is still on the latest time-table and is one of the most important stations on the line. Many a young man who has thought he has been well on the road to success and fortune has been handed the surprise of his life when he has heard his conductor say,

"Hold on there, young man, your run is through on this road. You forget an important station."

It is pretty expensive running by stations. It's rather unpleasant, too, at times.

But there's one big difference between the engineer on that express and the engineer on the train of life. Unpleasant though it be, the railroad engineer can back to the station he missed but the young engineer on the road of life can never go back. If he misses the station he misses it forever. His only hope is to study his time-table, learn all his stations and keep his speed down so he can stop at them all.

## WORDS WITH A BACKBONE

To some young people the word economy means very much the same thing as stinginess. There as few modern young Canadians who have any real liking for the word thrift. Their ideal is to earn a good salary and spend it as they earn it and then make a fortune by some lucky strike.

Economy would be as music to your earnings if you realized just what it meant. Economy is a proof of self-control, of far-sightedness. No one saves money who has not learned to say no to himself. No one saves who has not learned to look beyond the present. Economy is the foundation of prosperity. Thrift and economy are not unpleasant words if you understand them rightly. They are words with a backbone.

## PERHAPS HE COULD GUESS

Barrister (to hostile witness)—What did he do?

Witness—He said——

Barrister (interrupting)—You must not tell me what he said, it is not evidence—What did he do?

Witness—He moved his lips like this, and if you were deaf and know lips-reading you would understand what it meant.

## GETTING READY FOR OPPORTUNITY

Instead of hunting for an opportunity that just fits your qualifications, develop yourself so as to take advantage of some of the opportunities that are at hand. At the very times when thousands are seeking employment, there is a demand for workers of special ability and peculiar qualifications. There are different ways of being ready for opportunity. One way is to sit by the roadside and wait till it comes along, and another is to take off your coat and go to work to fit yourself for some hard place, some position of peculiar exactions. One who adopts the second of these methods never has to wait long.

## DIPLOMATIC

He was one of the few remaining old-time darkies. He had finished the odd jobs for which he had been employed, and, hat in hand, appeared at the back door.

"How much is it, uncle?" he was asked.

"You say how much? Jest whatever yo' all say, mistuh."

"Oh, but I'd rather you would say how much," the lady of the house replied.

"Yas, ma'am! But, ma'am, Ah'd rather half de seventy-five cents yo' all would gimme dan de fifty cents Ah'd charge you all."

## THE BIBLE

This Book contains the mind of God, the state of man, the way of salvation, the doom of sinners, and the happiness of believers. Its doctrines are holy, its precepts are binding, its histories are true, and its decisions are immutable. Read it to be wise, believe it to be safe, and practise it to be holy. It contains light to direct you, food to support you, and comfort to cheer you. It is the traveller's map, the pilgrim's staff, the pilot's compass, the soldier's sword, and the Christian's charter. Here Paradise is restored, heaven opened, and the gates of hell disclosed. Christ is its grand subject, our good its design, and the glory of God its end. It should fill the memory, rule the heart and guide the feet. Read it slowly, frequently, prayerfully. It is a mine of wealth, a paradise of glory and a river of pleasure. It is given you in life, will be opened in judgment, and be remembered forever. It involves the highest responsibility, will reward the greatest labor, and condemn all who trifle with its sacred contents.—Selected.

## AN UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE

A Dublin magistrate asked a prisoner to explain why he was found lying in the gutter.

"Shure, yer honor," answered the inebriate, "I just happened to walk behind two lamp posts an laned against the wrong one."

## RIDDLES

Why is a naughty baby like an unsafe bridge?
Because both are unbearable.

What is it that flies high and wears a shoelace, yet has no foot?
A football.

Why did the umbrella stand?
Because it wanted to see the doorstep a little farther along.

What flowers have we on our face?
Tulips (two lips.)

From what can you take the whole and yet have some left?
The word wholesome.

What is it that has only one foot?
A stocking.

Why is an eclipse like a man whipping his son?
It's hiding the sun.

Why is a five-o'clock breakfast like a pig's tail?
Because it is twirly (too early).

## ABOUT THE SCOTCH

No half-and-half about the Scotch character. What he hates, he hates; what he likes, he likes. And he tells you know it right away. He is altogether Liberal or Tory. His politics decided, his religion decided; get him right and he is magnificently right; get him wrong, and he is awfully wrong. A Scotchman seldom changes. By the time he has fairly landed on his feet in this world he has made up his mind, and he keeps it made up. If he dislikes a fiddle in church, you cannot smuggle it in under the name of a bass viol. We like persistence. Life is so short that a man cannot afford very often to change his mind. If the Israelites in the wilderness had had a few Scotch leaders, instead of wandering about for forty years, they would, in three weeks have got to the promised land or somewhere else just as decided.—Exchange.

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**BANK OF HAMILTON**

GEORGETOWN BRANCH—G. C. MacKay, Manager

## Business Well Maintained by Merchants Bank of Canada; Substantial Gain in Deposits

**Profit and Loss Account Shows Satisfactory Profits for Year—Surplus of $293,375 Carried Forward After Payment of Dividends and Bonus—Current Loans Amount to $112,000,000.**

The strength of the Canadian banking system during the period of deflation is strikingly reflected by the statements of the larger Canadian banks. The annual report of The Merchants Bank of Canada, details of which have been made public, is the first of the larger banks to make its appearance for the fiscal year to April 30th.

This covers almost the twelve months during which deflation has progressed throughout the country, and on this account it will be of special interest to shareholders of Bank to know that its business has been so well maintained. During the war period, as is well-known, all the Banks undertook special business for the Governments. For the past year there has been a general tendency to adjust these special undertakings and to go back to normal lines of business.

The Merchants Bank is particularly interested in the growth and development of Canadian commerce, agriculture and industry. On this account its business is closely related to the whole general public of the country. There will be special interest to see, whether during the period of deflation and lessened industrial activity the people of the country have been able to keep on adding to their savings. As far as the Merchants Bank is concerned, its clientele have been able to do this, as deposits bearing interest at the end of the fiscal year amounted to $120,904,549, an increase of approximately $6,000,000 for the year.

Notwithstanding the changed conditions and the lessened requirements of customers, current loans have been well maintained. These now stand at $112,369,195. Of this amount current loans and discounts in Canada total $109,182,593 and loans to cities, town, municipalities and school districts $3,085,602.

Of the total assets of $190,367,409, liquid assets amount to $69,427,380. Included in them are Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, amounting to $11,039,395, up from $7,323,329 in the previous year, while Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks stand at $5,020,059, as against $4,507,688. Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian amount to $13,153,757, practically the same figure as a year ago.

During the year the Capital of the Bank was increased to $10,500,000, up from $9,400,000. In the same period the Reserve Fund has also increased to $9,450,000, up from $8,400,000.

The Profit and Loss Account also contains a number of interesting features. Even during the period of lessed activity, all the dividends have not only been comfortably earned, but the Bank has, in addition, been able to pay a bonus to shareholders. Profits for the year amounted to $1,402,820. In addition there was received as premium on new stock $1,050,000. The amount brought forward from the previous year was $260,774. This made the total amount available for distribution $3,713,595, which was appropriated as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Dividends and Bonus | $1,323,635 |
| Government War Tax on Note Circulation | 96,585 |
| Transferred to Reserve Fund from Premium on New Stock | 1,050,000 |

leaving a balance to be carried forward of $293,375.

The principal items in the general statement of assets and liabilities show as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Total assets | $197,387,855 |
| Liquid assets | 69,427,380 |
| Current loans | 109,183,593 |
| Loans to cities, towns, municipalities, etc. | 3,085,602 |
| Deposits not bearing interest | 28,733,831 |
| Deposits bearing interest | 120,904,549 |

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