The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1921

THE THINKER

Back of the beating hammer
By which the steel is wrought,
Back of the workshop's clamor
The seeker may find the thought.
The thought that is ever master
Of iron and steam and steel,
That rises above disaster
And tramples it under heel!

The drudge may fret and tinker,
And labor with lusty blows;
But back of him stands the thinker,
The clear-eyed man who knows.
For into each plow or sabre,
Each piece and part and whole,
Must go the brains of labor
Which gives the work a soul.

Back of the motor's humming,
Back of the belts that sing,
Back of the hammer's drumming,
Back of the cranes that swing,
There is the eye which scans them,
Watching through stress and strain,
There is the mind which plans them—
Back of the brawn, the brain!

Might of the roaring boiler,
Force of the engine's thrust,
Strength of the sweating toiler,
Greatly in these we trust.
But back of them stands the schemer,
The thinker who drives things through;
Back of the job—the dreamer,
Who's making the dream come true!

—Burton Braley.

THE FRIEND WHO MAKES US SMILE

"Whether the road winds up or down
There's ever the weary mile;
How can we help but love him best,
The friend who makes us smile?"

All of us can call to mind friends of this kind, and we know in our own experience with life that they are the friends we are always glad to see.

But what of the friends of exactly the other type—the friends who rarely smile themselves and who would deprive us of smiling by bringing their own woes and cares to us? Warm and deep as human sympathy, may be it can hardly extend far enough to make ever welcome the friends of this kind. It is so much better to:

"Own if you can one of those smiling faces
That carry the sunshine into darkened places."

The preaching and the teaching of to-day is in the direction of cheerfulness. The doleful song, the doleful story, the doleful outlook on life—all of these things are out of favor. Doleful people are not wanted. Cheerfulness is at a high premium. We have come to know that it is essential to the highest success in life. It is looked upon as one of the cardinal virtues of life, and the Bible teaches it in the words, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." The world is in need of comforters.

The man with the smile and the twinkle, whole laugh rings hearty and true, and who spreads the contagion of good clean mirth, free from sting—he is the man who is welcome everywhere. He is everybody's friend. He is good to play with, and good to work with. He is good to drive away the blues, and make the way joyous and the burden light."

But it is only when the laugh is joyous and free from a sting that it is well to create it a fact that young people should bear in mind. The laugh with a jeer in it better be held securely in check. It can create no true joy and often it gives real pain.

During the recent war a great American Rally printed an editorial in which it said: "From near and far have come the response to our proposal that a Legion of the Cheerful be formed at once to withstand the assaults of anxieties, hardships and losses, to do away with gloomy talk and depressed action. We, therefore, proceed forthwith to salute the Legion of the Cheerful and to issue, as it were, the order of the day."

There is no organization in the world it is more worth while to join than the Legion of the Cheerful. Every young person in the world should become a life member of this fine and helpful legion. The victories of its members are many. They go smilingly forward with laughter as their slogan. It is told of the famous Thomas Carlyle that when he heard that Margaret Fuller, the noted American writer, had said that she had decided to take the universe as she found it Carlyle dryly remarked:

"She'd better."

All of us would do well to do the same and take the universe as we do find it without complaint about it, our effort being directed in the line of trying to make it better instead of finding fault with it. Faultfinding is one of the most unprofitable things in the world, and it is much easier and better to laugh away many of the trials of life than to frown them away.

—Paul Creighton.

"READING FAMILIES"

The increase in forms of outside entertainment has probably had an unfavorable effect on the old-time custom of reading aloud in the family circle. Indeed, what with automobiles for the prosperous, and picture shows for everybody, reading itself has undergone a relapse with most disastrous results.

Brander Matthews once said to one of his classes in English literature in Columbia University, "I could go through all my classes and pick out with unerring certainty the young men who belong to what may be called 'reading families.' Nothing in the college curriculum ever takes the place in education of a refined early environment and intellectual atmosphere."

If this is the atmosphere of your home, you have no reason to envy the companions who cannot give anything better than culture. If at home you are learning to make friends with books, to love the best in literature, you are receiving the indefinable stamp which will set you apart from those who have grown up in a different atmosphere. This college professor, dealing with young men who are receiving the advantages of a college education, had no difficulty in distinguishing those who came from "reading families" from those who did not. And whatever the future attainments of those students the early lack would always leave its stamp upon them.

HOLD FAST TO YOUTH

The unanimous verdict of age is that youth is one of the greatest blessings that come to us and that no days are happier than those of childhood. And yet innumerable young folks are in a hurry to reach maturity. The Sunday School superintendent who always addresses his flock as "dear children" is liable to make himself unpopular with the boys and girls in their teens who are all the time striving to impress their fathers and mothers with the fact that they are no longer children, but entitled to the respect due grown men and women.

As life is divided, maturity gets its full proportion of years. If you live only the conventional three-score and ten, you can count on fifty years of being grown up. But childhood is brief, youth fleeting. Instead of discounting their joys for the responsibilities on ahead, hold them fast. Do not be afraid of being thought young. Get all you can out of youth.

Opposite Fairview Avenue, or Ransom Street, as the short street leading to Fairview Cemetery was originally named—after Ransom Adams—the only one of the sons of the founders of Acton who accumulated any considerable amount of wealth in Acton, is the home of George Wilds. I cannot remember who built this house. It must have been built seventy years or more ago. A little over fifty years ago it became the home of George Hynds, father of ex-Warden George Hynds, who settled there when he came from Guelph to take the foremanship of the beam house, and who, with his family, spent many years in Acton.

After Mr. Hynds this was the home of Mr. Wilson Ramshaw, who settled there when he retired from farming in Nassagaweya. It was here that Charlie Speight, one of our merchants, found his bride. But Charlie didn't marry Maggie Ramshaw there. Rev. Richard Hobbs was always his favorite minister, and when the wedding was to be celebrated Charlie and his bride went to Washington, to which charge Rev. Mr. Hobbs had removed from Acton, to have the nuptial knot tied. That was somewhere about forty years ago. Mr. Ramshaw and his family lived there for a good many years. I think it was in this house that Josiah Adams, the eldest son of Earp Adams and Jane Ramshaw, the eldest daughter of Wilson Ramshaw were married. After Mr. Ramshaw's family began to scatter away, George Wilds, one of our present longest residents, bought this property and here he and his family still reside. His eldest son, James, lives in a second house, built on the south side of the property by H. Ramshaw, photographer, son of Wilson, but who removed to Detroit about twenty years ago.

The large field south of the Wilds' property on Main Street, which for half a century was a big pasture field, is now occupied on the street line by seven or eight new Beardmore cottages for their workingmen. In the field in rear of this there were three links of Acton's once famous golf course. One of the putting greens was at the extreme south-easterly corner of this big pasture field, the eighth hole was on a pretty green near the lower east corner of the Wilds' property, and the ninth at the south-westerly corner, where the cement block house now stands. The willow swail in the hollow between the three links formed a splendid "hazard" which always taxed the skill of the golfers to avoid. These three links were the favorites of the course with most players. The late Dr. John Lawson spent many happy hours on this part of the golf course. If he could not get any other golfer to play with him he would play the round of these three holes by the hour alone, and he became very proficient in his drives and putting on the greens. It was on this part of the course that the editor of this journal had a mishap one afternoon, which I think he still remembers vividly, though it must be nearly twenty years since the painful accident occurred. In making a long mashie drive from six to seven his golf ball sailed over the fence into George Wilds' garden. He went into the garden and after driving his ball out, essayed to reclimb the fence on the side hill. The top board gave way under his 200 pounds of avoirdupois and the editor was precipitated head-foremost over the fence and down the side hill. In alighting he turned on his left ankle and the bones snapped. I think it was Harry Holmes who was his playing partner that afternoon. Harry helped him home and went for Doctor Gray. When the Dr. got through with him the ankle was in a plaster cast, and the editor was on his back for a month as a result of that afternoon's sport. He afterward was quite proficient on a pair of Reuben McNabb's crutches. He finally got over the accident, but I don't remember ever seeing him with his outfit on the golf links again after that unfortunate experience. I may say, however, in passing that it is pretty nigh sixty years since I first saw this editor of ours playing on these hills, where he forty years later played golf.

But there'll be no danger of any golf player being either injured or edified on these old golf links again. The expansion of the business of the Acton Tanning Company and Beardmore's sole leather tanneries have obliterated nearly the whole of the old golf course with mammoth buildings, railway switches, filter beds, tan yards and workmen's houses. The old-time golfers have transferred their love of exercise and recreation to the bowling greens and they are having just as much real sport and healthful exercise at bowling as they ever found in golf, and the bowling on the well-lighted greens affords opportunity for recreation in the evenings, while golfing was impossible except during the daylight.

The first house erected on the golf course was on the putting green of the ninth hole. It was a cement block house, built by John R. Watson and was the residence of himself and his family for several years. Messrs. Beardmore & Co. finally bought the house, and lot and re-built and remodelled it and added it as another of the fifty-odd dwellings they provide for their employees. The lot on which this house was erected has a history. Away back nearly sixty-five years ago William Grant, waggon maker, wooed and won Elizabeth Ryder, daughter of the late Henry Ryder, who lived on the third line on the farm at the foot of Swackhamer's Hill—the farm on which his son Thomas lived and died and which is still owned by his widow, Mrs. Thomas Ryder, Mill Street. One bright day this popular young pair were married, I think by the Rev. Hiram Denny, who had much to do with the founding of the church on the Hill. A year or so later a bright little son and heir was born to Mr. and Mrs. Grant. That day the late John Burns, who owned the farm now belonging to the Beardmore Company, happened into Mr. Grant's waggon shop for some repairs. Naturally the happy young father told of the blessing that had come to their home in the new baby boy. "Well, William, I congratulate you," said Mr. Burns. "And I'll do more if you'll call the laddie after me. If you give him the name of "Burns" I'll deed him two of the best lots I have just surveyed off my farm, fronting on Main Street, and near Ransom Street." Mr. Grant was nonplussed for a moment, but he esteemed the offer very highly. He and Elizabeth had already decided that the name of the new son and heir should be Henry Alma. But the little fellow's future prospects were a consideration, and he finally replied to Mr. Burns: "We'll do it." And when they invited Rev. Richard L. Tucker, the Methodist minister, their pastor, in to tea and to baptise the baby a month or so later, the name he was christened was Henry Alma Burns Grant, and through all these sixty years or more their first-born son has carried honorably the name then given. In due time Mr. Burns made out the deed to the lots and it was duly registered in the County Registry Office at Milton. For many years Mr. Grant had a fine garden on these lots. When he was leaving Acton he sold them and I think Robert Craine bought them; and later they went into the possession of James McLaurr; and then to John R. Watson, who built the first house erected there. The last transfer was to Messrs. Beardmore & Co. William Grant, after a long and useful career died three or four years ago and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Georgetown. His widow is still enjoying a fair degree of health, although she has reached the ripe age of fourscore. She is very happy as a member of her first-born son's family, Henry Alma Burns Grant, at H. Marys, and Mr. Grant is an honored and useful citizen of the Stone Town.

Say, I got another shock the other morning when I took my early morning around-town walk. I strolled leisurely along John Street—that street leading to Mill Street from the old Rufus Adams farm, you know—when I noticed that Ransom Adams' old barn had the roof off and was being torn down. Why bless me, I almost had a fit. That old barn has been there for two generations. That's where Ransom had his headquarters for his livery, wood-buying, horse-trading, money lending and other general business for years. My! the memories that old place calls up! Why, I can see Ransom there now dickering in all kinds of transactions, all the way from taking mortgages on farms to buying old iron, bones and bottles from the boys of the seventies and eighties. What a story that old barn could tell, if it could just talk. Why! I borrowed a couple of hundred dollars from Ransom there myself one time, and he was glad to loan it to me when I agreed to pay 10 per cent.

Well, well. Another old landmark gone, with all its memories of sixty years and more. I understand Mr. J. R. Ramshaw bought the big structure from Mr. Johnstone and will re-build it on his farm on Main and Queen Streets—we'd have said "the second line" when I was a boy. Say, if he gins to look as if Austin Tubby, and Jim Hill, and Jack Hutchison, and Ed. McClarvin and Oliver Anderson and John Shaw and Will Synder and Jake Dempsey and Dave Lightheart and a lot more of the old fellows won't know the old town if they don't come home soon to have a look at it again.

The Old Man

OVERCOMING "MENTAL LAZINESS"

Many of us are "mentally" lazy without knowing it. We do not know it because mental laziness is a sort of mental inertia—and we can't, or at least we fail to detect it even in ourselves. The whole difficulty is that we fool ourselves. We think we are tired when we are not. We have a task to perform. It may be both difficult and troublesome—tasks often are. We put off doing it because we "don't feel like it." We may actually start it, but at the first signs of fatigue, at the first show of difficulty, we quit. We seize upon these symptoms with avidity because they offer us the desired excuse for postponing our efforts. The more often we use this flimsy excuse as a sufficient cause for postponed effort, the more easily does it become for us to quit. Till finally the "quitting habit" becomes an actual habit.

"He who seeks ease rather than service takes the way of the drone," declares an old-time proverb. The easy way, when taken for no other purpose than to avoid effort, pains, care and necessary difficulty is not the way of efficiency. Nor can it be the way of success. The one who follows the rule of "doing just enough to get by" will finally reach the place where he cannot even "get by." Life demands of us more in the way of service than that just needed for the present moment. We must work with a constructive purpose—build for the future—give big measure—do more than is demanded of us.

THE CHIMNEY UNDER THE FLOOR

A common sight in Korea is a large load of firewood being hauled along by a patient looking coolie or bull. The Korean has a unique method of heating his house. He builds the walls of thick rubble and places the chimney under the floor, so that the smoke may heat the thin slabs of stone with which it is covered. Morning and evening a fire is built on the kitchen hearth, which connects with a flue or series of flues under the living room, and the floor is comfy warm in the time it takes to cook the family rice—uncomfortably warm, thinks the foreigner, who, in accordance with custom, is given a seat of honor over the hottest spot. Though fuel is still plentiful in wooded Northern Korea, it is scarce and high in Southern Korea, where the hills have long since been denuded. There, only bamboo grasses and scrub pine are available. The inhabitant of Seoul must often spend a quarter of his income to heat his house. Korea has coal mines, from which coal is exported to Japan, but before it can be used to warm Koreans fireplaces must be rebuilt.

GET THE FUN OUT OF THINGS

Get the fun out of life as you go along. If you are a student, do not wait till Saturday or for the long vacation to enjoy yourself. Learn to enjoy the working days. Learn to get the fun out of work.

"Did you have a good time to-day?" a man asked his nephew who had just started as a wage earner. The boy stared uncomprehending. "Why," he said, "I haven't done anything but go to the office." The uncle nodded. "Yes," he said, "but when I go to my office I mean to have a good time, and there are few days when I do not carry out that intention."

Having a good time should not be an occasional thing, but a customary matter, not the exception, but the rule. Did you have a good time at work to-day? If not the chances are that it was your own fault.

THINK HAPPINESS

Many of us would be happy if we stopped to think about it. If we were called on for a frank statement, we would acknowledge that we had any number of things to be thankful for, any number to make us glad. But we are very likely to ignore these things, and be discontented, simply because we do not take the time to think about happiness.

Happiness is worth more attention than it gets. It is worth thinking about. Do not let it go by default. Clear your mind of that vague, vexing little worry, and think happiness.

"MARRIAGE LINES"

Some of the older houses in Holland have two doors, which are only used for marriages and deaths. By one door the bride and groom enter, and through the other they are carried out when dead.

In Sweden and Norway a legal marriage at one time was not allowed to be solemnized until both parties had produced certificates stating that they bore genuine vaccination marks.

Single persons are said to be more plentiful in Scotland and Ireland, and the smallest proportion are to be found in the United States.

Unmarried women in Brazil have a special mourning color—it is scarlet.

Marriage in Turkey is said to be a most prosaic affair, it being, in the majority of cases, quite a business matter. When a man wishes to wed his parents obtain a list of houses where eligible females are to be found, and the mother then calls at these.

"What can your daughter do?" she asks, whereupon embroideries, carpet, rugs, etc., are usually exhibited, as evidence of the handiwork of the wished-for housewife. If these are approved by the mother, she takes the goods home to her son, and induces him to marry the clever young lady.

If, on the other hand, she does not think much of the work, she makes some diplomatic excuse, and passes on to another house on the list. If, however, the young man is not liked by the opposite parents, the lady is advised to seek elsewhere.

LIGHT AND POWER FROM THE SAME WIRES

It was Frederick Bedell who invented the composite transmission system for electric currents whereby light, requiring a high frequency, and power demanding low frequencies the one employing a single, the other a polyphase system, may be obtained from the same system of distributing wires.

The transmission system is applicable for either direct or alternating currents. When employed simultaneously for lighting and for running motors, the motor loads may fluctuate to the extent of operating the circuit breakers on the polyphase generators without affecting the lighting system. The method also lends itself to simultaneous operation of arc and incandescent lamps.

YOU WELL SATISFIED WITH ACHIEVEMENT

Extremes meet, and satisfaction and discouragement are likely to have the same effect. The worker who is so well satisfied with his achievements as to think that it is not necessary to keep on trying, is in about the same position as the one who is so discouraged that he says to himself, "What's the use of trying?" The great thing in life is to keep on, to keep one's eyes fixed on a goal ahead, to cherish some ambition in advance of the present achievement. It does not matter much whether you stop trying because you have done nothing or because you think you have done so much. The point is not to stop, but to keep going.

A HOPELESS CASE

A Vancouver man tells of a sea captain who, ashore, makes his home in that city, and who had loaned a sum of money to a neighbor. The latter, after the loan was a year or two old, made no effort to pay it.

Now the captain began to look upon the debt as a bad one indeed. On one occasion, however, he heard of a debt collector noted for his ability to extract money from such delinquents. Accordingly the captain called upon this collector and advised him of the circumstances.

"If," said the skipper, "you can collect that debt, I'll give you half of it."

The collector promised that the thing would be done. The captain sailed away on another voyage, and, on his return, sought out the collector again. "Any success with that bill?" he asked.

"Well," said the collector, "I haven't collected the whole of it; but I did collect my half. He hasn't paid me a cent since. I keep after him, but it's just as you said when you gave me the bill—he hasn't any conscience about it."

WHERE WAS MOTHER?

Mr. Smith, hearing music at his neighbor's house, decided he would drop in and see how they were. Mr. Jones welcomed him and ushered into the parlor, where his daughter was playing the piano and his son singing. Mr. Smith begged them to continue. They consented. The first song they selected was "Mother." They sang this very feelingly, and then father joined in the chorus. This was followed by "Mother Machree" and others of like sentiment. Then they stopped for a while, and Mr. Jones commented on songs about mother—how true they were, how dear, and how they loved to sing them. Then, as Mrs. Jones hadn't appeared yet, Mr. Smith inquired about her state of health. "O," said Mr. Jones, "she's well enough. She's in the kitchen doing the dishes, but after she has finished and taken in the wood she'll join us."

TAUGHT THE FOWL A LESSON

An ignorant chicken, unversed in the appetites of American darkies, crossed the road in front of a colored detachment. A soldier broke from the ranks and started off in pursuit.

"Halt!" bellowed the officer in charge.

Both fowl and negro only quickened their paces.

The dusky soldier made one plunge, grasped the chicken by the neck, and stuffed it, still struggling, inside his shirt.

"There!" he panted. "Ah'll learn you to halt when de captain says halt, you disobedient bird."

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

A western evangelist makes a practice of painting religious lines on rocks and fences along public highways. One ran: "What will you do when you die?"

Came an advertising man and painted under it:

"Use Delta Oil. Good for burns."

THE ACCOMMODATING COACOA-NUT

In the islands of the Southern Seas the cocoanut palm supplies all the needs of the members of society.

It supplied the natives with lumber to build their homes, their boats, and their utensils.

When the leaves of the tree are young, they are eaten. When they are old, they are woven into hats, cloths, baskets, bedding, paper, and thatch. The ribs of the older leaves are made into spears, arrows, brooms, torches and paddles.

The flowers of the tree give the natives wine, vinegar and sugar. The fruit of the palm yields oil, foods, cord, and matting.

It is said that even the roots are sometimes used as food.

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.

J. W. Kennedy & Son

Hardware—Plumbing—Tinsmithing—Electric Wiring

It Saves You Work and Dollars
It Gives Comfort and Enjoyment

Have you as yet installed in your home a system of ELECTRIC LIGHTING? If not, it is only a matter of time until you do and there is no time like the present. We specialize in this class of work and can give prompt and satisfactory service. Do away with those unhealthy and dangerous oil lamps and see what real comfort is derived in the home from the use of electricity. We are always glad to give estimates on this work, and our prices will interest you. Come in and talk it over.

We also carry a good assortment of fixtures and appliances and your inspection is invited.

Remember Our Motto—Quality, Service, Reasonable Prices

J. W. Kennedy & Son

PHONE 95 - - - - MAIN STREET, Acton

Pain is an Indication

of interference with the normal functions of the body. It is a sign of trouble, and if allowed to continue, causes itself still further disorders.

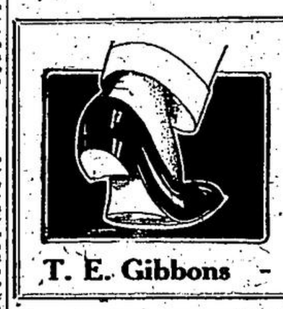
Common Sense and humanity agree that relief from pain should be the first step in the treatment of any disease which is present. Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatic, Backache, Sciatic and Ovarian Pains, ONE or TWO

DR. MILES' ANTI-Pain Pills. HEADACHES AND RHEUMATIC

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills

and the pain is gone. Guaranteed Safe and Sure. Price 30c.

For Sale in Acton by
E. J. HASSARD



Easy Walking

Is imperative for the man who passes the greater part of the time on his feet. Shoes built on the proper last, made of good leather that fit the foot should be taken care of. Have us fix up that comfortable old pair.

Our Shoe Repairing renews the life of your shoes, restores their usefulness, and means comfort, economy and satisfaction to you.

Do Not Forget that We Carry a First-Class Line of Shoes For Men and Boys

T. E. Gibbons - Mill St., Acton

Millinery Bargains

For Friday and Saturday

1 TABLE HATS $1.50
1 TABLE HATS 3.50
1 TABLE HATS 5.00

Be sure and get your hat this month. We close July 1.

Nellie M. Stockford

ACTON GUELPH ELORA

Special Tinwork Done to Order

With accuracy, skill and promptness. If you need a special article of tin or galvanized iron, be it an unusual funnel or a dairyman's milk cooler we will make it for you properly and at a moderate price.

If you have an idea of your own you would like to put in practice come and we will make a model of it for you.

W. F. Mooney
ACTON, ONT.

TANNERY CO-OPERATIVE

The Store of Quality and Low Prices

The Fruit Season is now coming on. We are prepared to meet Your Wants in Fruits, Fruit Jars, all Sizes, and Sugar at Prices that Cannot be Beat

PRICES ON MANY LINES OF GOODS ARE STILL DECLINING—OUR CUSTOMERS GET THE BENEFIT OF EVERY DROP IN THE MARKET

SEE OUR SUMMER UNDERWEAR, FINE HOSE, WORKING SHIRTS, FINE AND HEAVY BOOTS AND COMPARE OUR PRICES WITH OTHER STORES

COTTONS, PRINTS AND GINGHAMS AT PRE-WAR PRICES
TRY OUR SPECIAL TEA AT 38c—REGULAR 45c

Highest Prices Paid for Butter and Eggs—Either Cash or Goods

Tannery Co-Operative

C. A. CONWAY, Manager

Mill Street - Acton

Newspaper Advertising The Best

Newspaper reading is a universal habit; newspaper advertising therefore reaches virtually all who buy.

Newspaper advertising is the life-blood of local trade because it touches all consumer sources in every community. It gives the national advertiser the same opporunity for complete consumer appeal in any locality.

Newspaper advertising cuts selling costs because it entails no waste in locality of circulation. Manufacturers use it to cover markets where it is profitable to do business.

Newspaper advertising insures quick, thorough and economical dealer distribution and dealer good will, because retailers are willing to sell products advertised direct to their own customers.

Newspaper advertising enables manufacturers to sell where their products may be bought.

Newspaper advertising can be started or stopped overnight, can be prepared between days to meet sudden developments and to obtain immediate results.

Newspaper advertising enables manufacturers to check advertising results and costs in every market which they enter.

Newspaper advertising costs less than any other kind.

The Free Press Will Prove it to You