The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1921

ECHO ANSWERS "WHY"

Why is it that the tenderest feet must
tread the roughest road?
Why is it that the wakest back must
carry the heaviest load?
While the feet that are surest and
firmest have the smoothest path
to go,
And the back that is straightest and
strongest has never a burden to
know.

Why is it that the brightest eyes are
the ones soon dim with tears?
Why is it that the lightest heart must
ache and ache for years?
While the eyes that are hardest and
coldest shed never a bitter tear,
And the heart that is smallest and
meanest has never an ache to fear.

Why is it those who are saddest have
always the gayest laugh?
Why is it those who need not have
always the "biggest half?"
While those who have never a sorrow
have seldom a smile to give,
And those who want just a little must
strive and struggle to live.

Why is it that the noblest thoughts are
the ones that are never expressed?
Why is it that the greatest deeds are
the ones that are never confessed?
While the thoughts that are like all
others are the ones we always tell,
And the deeds that are worth but
little praise are the ones that are
published well.

S. O. S. FOR THE DOCTOR

A woman sat rocking her baby one Saturday at sundown in the steamship Venetian, homeward bound in the Bay of Biscay, from Alexandria. For a week past she had nursed her dying child, and there was no doctor on board.

The grey outline of a man-of-war appeared in the distance, and a wireless message was sent asking for help. The war vessel flashed back a reply. The Venetian stopped, the war vessel drew to within a quarter of a mile, and in spite of the heavy swell a lifeboat put out to her.

Passengers on the Venetian watched their progress breathlessly as the little boat swung up and down in the trough of the sea. At length the side of the Venetian was reached, and the man whose help was so sorely needed mounted a rope ladder prepared for him. The baby's life was saved. The name of the baby was Elizabeth. The name of the warship was the Queen Elizabeth.

Some time ago James Arthur, a fireman of the Canadian Pacific liner Monmouth, was attacked in mid-ocean with severe internal hemorrhage. He owns his life to wireless. The Monmouth carried no surgeon, but her commander secured wireless communication with the Allan liner Hesperian, gave details of the man's symptoms, and received daily prescriptions from the doctor on board the Hesperian. The fireman was well on the road to recovery when he reached Montreal.

The captain of a tramp steamer in the Gulf of Mexico was taken ill with ptomaine poisoning. With death staring him in the face on account of inadequate medical aid, he decided to call by wireless for assistance from a naval station many miles away.

A liner 700 miles farther away picked up the call, and the ship's surgeon made haste to reply with the necessary prescription, which was then filled from the tramp steamer's medicine-chest, and the captain recovered.

The mail-packet was crossing from Ostend to Dover, and one of the passengers, donning his overcoat in half a gale, put his shoulder-joint out, and was in great pain. A wireless message was sent from the vessel to Ostend and thence to Dover for a surgeon to meet the boat; and on arrival at the Admiralty Pier the passenger was promptly attended to.

NEW COURT OF "MIRACLES"

The "Court of Miracles" so vividly described by Victor Hugo in his novel "Notre Dame" has been discovered in Paris, says a correspondent. Every night the beggars of the city—blind men, lame men, deaf men, dumb men, paralyzed men—came to the house of the "King of Egypt," behind the town hall, and in true beggars' style spent their no mean "earnings" in revelry all night long. Neighbors complained to the police, who one night recently descended on the "Court of Miracles" with an ejectment order. But not at all disheartened, the beggars set up house again in the open air on a piece of waste ground and the revelry began afresh. The blind saw, the deaf heard, armless men took out musical instruments and played, while the crippled flung down their crutches and merrily fox-trotted in the ruddy glare of a camp fire. The police were met by a stubborn resistance and blows were rained on them with crutches.

OUR SPLENDID POSSIBILITIES

Every life has splendid possibilities. Every one of us can be a success in the highest sense of the word, a success in the way of doing something worth while, something that will benefit our fellows and make the world a little better off than if we had not lived. The young people who encourage themselves in thinking that they have no chance, who make themselves believe that while effort repays some people, it is no use for them to try, are overlooking their own wonderful potentialities. Most of us live on the surface of our natures, never boring down to find what rich deposits may lie out of sight, or what reservoirs of power are awaiting discovery. Not every life is a success, of course, but every life has the possibility of success.

ENORMOUS SIZE OF ELEPHANT'S FOOT

That twice around an elephant's foot equals its height seems almost incredible, yet such is the fact, and a little reflection will show you that it is not so wonderful as it appears to be. Things are large or small, comparatively, and if we could see the foot of an elephant by itself, it would present a far different appearance as to size from what it gives when overshadowed by the mountain of flesh it supports. The elephant's ear is also enormous, one ear from a giant animal, killed by a collector for the New York Museum of Natural History, now forms the top of a table at which the hunter and seven of his friends may sit in comfort.

DON'T ALWAYS LOOK OUT FOR —NO. 1

"Look out for yourself," was the motto given to Edward on graduation day, by an experienced friend. But Edward soon discovered that the more carefully he obeyed this injunction, the less his friends and folks seemed to care about doing it for him! He soon found them all busy trying to help the young people who were looking out for others. He then changed to a newer motto which says: "Look out for others and they will look out for you."

QUITE SUGGESTIVE

The teacher had asked "Why did David say he would rather be a doorkeeper in the House of the Lord?"

"Because," answered a boy, "he could then walk outside while the sermon was being preached."—Boston Transcript.

Last week I gave you a screed on the ancient history of Queen Street. This took me to the old days of fifty or sixty years ago very vividly, and recalled incidents and faces, and places, which I had forgotten for years.

The old G. T. R. freight shed, a commodious frame building with a slate roof, and wide platforms on both fronts, stood between sidings nearly opposite the Noble grain elevator. This building was used not only for receiving and shipping general freight, but part of the space was utilized for storing grain.

The grain buyers fifty years ago were R. & E. Nicklin and George E. Tolton. The Nicklins had the low store houses which still stand beside the elevator; and George Tolton stored his at the freight shed, or sent it down to his mill at Glen Lawson, which was flourishing in those days. Large quantities of grain were brought here to market, and there was great rivalry between the buyers as to who would secure the wheat or peas or barley. Strings of farmers' teams came here from long distances. Often the buyers would go down town to meet the farmers coming in, with the idea of securing the grain before their competitors got a chance at it. I remember one time Thos. Trott, who was buying for Mr. Tolton, and the buyer for the Nicklins getting into an argument over this alleged unfair competition. A black eye and a bloody nose was the result. After that the competition was keener than ever. In the course of time, however, my old-time friend, George Tolton, got the western fever, disposed of his mill at Glen Lawson, and took up his abode in the State of Washington. Here he conducted a grain business for some years. He had the misfortune later to fall while boarding a train in the west, and lost his right arm at the shoulder. A few years ago he passed away. His brother Edward, who at that time was a prosperous farmer on the second line, Erin, near Ospringe, was in partnership with George for a number of years when he was in the milling business here.

The Nicklins sold their mill to John Harvey; Mr. Benjamin Nicklin died, and Edward and his son Albert went into the flour milling in Guelph. The Tolton mill was secured by Freure Bros., but later the old mill was converted into a tannery which Moses Smith operated.

But the lively grain buying of those days, forty to fifty years ago, was never again seen in Acton.

Across the G. T. R. tracks on Queen Street, on the G. T. R. property, beside the east siding, there stood in those days a white-washed cottage which was occupied for years by William Watson and his fine family. Mr. Watson was an employee of the G. T. R. for years. Mr. and Mrs. Watson raised three fine daughters in this home. They made many friends in their school-girl days, and when they grew up to womanhood were much sought after by the young men of this and other communities, who were sincere and anxious in their efforts to secure them to grace the home: every respectable young man in those days naturally intended to establish. Eliza, the eldest, was won by Sam McLam. They made a happy good-looking pair, and their lives together have been happy all through. Sam was a carpenter; served his time with Dick Hamilton, and finally took a position with the G. T. R. bridge-building gang. The new family moved to Barnia, where they are still living. Their two sons are fine stalwart citizens, and successful business men. So far as I know Sam and Eliza are now grandparents. They're happy in their home ties anyway.

Isabella won Jim Wilson, a baker, for her husband. They settled in Lucan and were in business there for many years, and may be yet.

Rachel, the youngest, with the beautiful white hair, is said to have been the most successful in the matter of securing a husband with large means. No one ever told me who he was, but I understand Rachels' home has also been a happy one. She deserved it.

I recall a little incident in which I figured in Mr. Watson's home between fifty and sixty years ago. You know, in the early days we had no matches such as those we use with such prodigal waste to-day. Some friends of Mr. Watson had been in Toronto, and found that a sulphur match had been invented and was put on the market. He bought a few bunches and when he came to Acton gave William one of these bunches. I happened in that day and William pulled off one row of ten matches and gave them to me as a great curiosity and wonderful invention. The matches were in little blocks about an inch square. They were split down about three-fourths their length and easily split off in rows. They were called "Telegraph" matches. They rapidly grew in favor and it was not long before everybody in this section was disposing of the old tinder box and steel and using "Telegraph" matches. They were shorter, and only about half as thick as the matches of to-day.

Well, in the course of time, the girls having gone to homes of their own, and the old folks having reached ripe old age, they were called to their long home, and laid tenderly to rest among the people of the hamlet where they had lived as good neighbors and sincere friends ever since they came from the old home in good old Ireland.

Well, there goes Mary again. She's been at me three or four times now to come to bed. You know, when I get out my pen to write these old stories I often have to spend hours at it, and it sometimes gets pretty late before I get through with enough to fill this space the editor gives me. I can't shove my pen along like the youngsters Miss Bennett teaches at school, but I believe that man who runs the big type-setting machine in the Free Press Office can read my writing just as well as theirs. He often praises my hand, considering its so old and been so crippled up with plowing and rheumatism. And then, you know, sometimes I have to go slow with my thinking. I try to get all the little details correct, and that often costs me a lot of time in thinking back.

The Old Man

SUNDAY READING

You can mark the date of your birth, but some one else must mark the date of your death.

An hour a week at church not only cares for one's immediate necessities, but gradually builds up a sinking fund of spiritual capital, upon which one may draw heavily in a moral emergency.—John Andrew Holmes.

The sincere follower of Christ recognizes that the most difficult of the many problems which are constantly facing him is that of living in the world and yet not being of the world. He is forced to meet daily those who recognize only the world moral code, and to shape his conduct at least to some degree to fit in with those who reject the idea in which he believes.—Church Times.

The Christian life is essentially a serious life, and it utterly inconsistent with frivolity. Does it not rest on certain great truths, the apprehension of which involves earnest and patient thought? And how can a man think that is in an eternal giggle for, that is largely engaged in light and trifling pursuits? We do not mean to intimate that it is a duty to be glum and long-faced. On the contrary, we hold fast to the doctrine that believers should always "rejoice in the Lord." But even about Christian joy there is a certain dignity and sobriety of demeanor. The flippant and tripping way in which many persons talk of their relations to the Lord, as if these were things to make merry over, appalls us.

I stopped one night at Freeburg, Switzerland, to hear the organ of world-wide celebrity in that place. I went into the cathedral at nightfall. All the accessories were favorable. There was only one light in all the cathedral, and that a faint taper on the altar. I looked up into the venerable arches, and saw the shadows of centuries, and when the organ awoke, the cathedral awoke, and all the arches seemed to lift and quiver as the music came under them. That instrument did not seem to be made out of wood and metal, but out of human hearts so wonderfully did it pulsate with every emotion; now laughing like a child, now sobbing like a tempest. At one moment the music would die away until you could hear the cricket chirp outside the wall, and then it would roll up until it seemed as if the surge of the sea and the crash of an avalanche had struck the organ pipes at the same moment. At one time that night it seemed as if a squadron of spirits weeping up from earth had met a squadron of descending angels whose glory beat back the woe. I said to myself, "That organ pipe is the point at which the harmonies of earth meet the hallelujahs of heaven." As I stood there and looked at the dim taper on the altar of the cathedral; I said, "How much like many a Christian's life! Shadows hover, and sometimes his hope is dim, and faint, and flickering, like a taper on the altar. But at what time God wills, the heavens break forth with music upon his soul, and the air becomes resonant as the angels of God beat it with their shining pinions. O! the Lord God has many fair and beautiful daughters; but the fairest of them all is her whose ways are pleasantness and whose paths are peace.—Dr. Talmage.

NATIONAL SLANDERS

The origin of national slanders is a mystery. Someone starts them, others continue them, and the rest of us accept them as Gospel, and give them further currency.

Englishmen are alleged to be superchy and reserved. Their life on an island is said to be responsible. Rubbish! They have been, and are, the biggest travellers of all the nations. If Englishmen were shy and reserved they wouldn't have been the pioneers in colonization, Empire-building, conquest, commerce, and the like.

As a matter of fact, the average Englishman is super-sociable, and if any proof of that is needed it is to be found in the fact that England is, par excellence, the home of sport. Sport demands sociability. Imagine a tennis boom among a "super-shy, reserved" people!

Scotsmen are alleged to be mean—unco' careful wi' th' bawbees. Thousands of jokes have been built up on that slander. But, as a matter of fact, the Scot, as all who have had to do with him know, is extraordinarily generous and kind-hearted. Ask the treasurer of any hospital! There's the test.

The Irish are doubly slandered. They are alleged to be a gay, witty race, care-free and careless. This is a slander. The Irish are a sad people. All their beautiful melodies are in a minor key. "Irish humor" doesn't really exist. The Irish are really intensely serious. And as to being "careless," it is a fact that they are thrifty, clean, and super-moral.

The French are supposed to be irresponsible and excitable. An obvious slander, which the Great War killed—or ought to have killed.

Then there is the "wily, unspeakable" Turk. For a fact, he is about as simple as they make 'em! The Dutch are alleged to be "stolid," and all that the term implies. Its a slander, for the Dutch are very much all there! The tale might be continued, but the result would be the same, whether dealing with the "cute" Yankee, the "emotional" Welshman, the "treacherous" Spaniard, or the "gay" Italian. Slanders all!

WHERE POSTMEN ARE SCARCE

What is declared to be the loneliest mission station in the world is situated on the Roper River in the Northern Territory of Australia.

Here dwell a missionary, and his young wife. They are cut off entirely from the companionship of their fellow whites, for only a few Australian aborigines live in the district.

The nearest doctor is five hundred miles away, and it is two hundred miles to the nearest white settler. Only once a year does the missionary obtain news from the outside world, and sometimes eighteen months elapse before a mail is received.

Some months ago the homestead was buried twenty feet under water through a sudden flood. It was a trying time for the missionary's wife, who had just given birth to her first baby. For three days and nights her husband, assisted by blacks, rowed them in a small boat to hills sixty miles distant, heavy rains drenching them all the time.

JUSTICE IN POTSDAM

Charged that the crowing of the cock in her poultry run, prevented school children learning their lessons, a Potsdam woman was hauled before the local judge charged with being a public nuisance. The woman having declared the cock was old and hoarse, and that therefore his crow could not be a source of disturbance to the school children, the judge adjourned the case to enable the cock to appear. The cock, however, which came to the court in a capacity resembling that of a co-defendant, refused to crow, and the judge, after making some remarks about the valuable loss of legal time thus occasioned, dismissed the case.

SLEEP

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TEN MINUTES DIFFERENCE

"It was just a matter of ten minutes that turned the course of my life and made the different between me and my chum Harry Gatch," said Judge Bartlet, looking up from a news item telling of the disastrous ending of Gatch's life in poverty and misfortune.

"We were failing in algebra, and seemed likely to fail of promotion; the teacher offered to give us an extra ten minutes every day after school until we caught up. It would have meant losing our places on the school team, perhaps, for practice was called at sharp three. Neither wanted to agree to that long stretch through the school, and the fun it bade fair to take from us. Harry refused, stayed on the team, failed of promotion, quit school, took a blind-alley job, and never amounted to anything.

"I chose the extra ten minutes, learned to love the work, made up problem by problem, was promoted, went ahead and never again dropped back in my studies. Step by step upward, I came at last to the bench where you see me. But I tremble to think what might have happened had I turned down that teacher's offer for the sake of after-school fun on the playground. It's all a matter of values and getting a point of view, boys. Don't choose without weighing well all sides of the question and when that old love for fun at the cost of principle and life choices stands in your way, throttle it!"

The Judge's experience is being duplicated every day; choices are constantly being placed before us; success or failure is trembling in the balance of every young man's life. Learn to look ahead as you hesitate and weigh the values!—Elizabeth Ferguson Reid.

THE BISHOP'S UNTOLD STORY

The other day in a company of preachers and others, Bishop Candler said: "I think of a great many things when I am speaking. I do not get credit for what I do not say." The bishop had the night before made one of the strongest addresses on the subject of Christian education I ever heard. One of his propositions was that the state cannot give Christian education. The thought of this anecdote as an illustration, but he did not give it, and he got no credit for not giving it: An Irishman had been making his living by ditching. He concluded that this sort of work was too hard, and that he would go into some easier business. He thought he might do well in the poultry business. So he got some hens and began. In due time a great many chickens were hatched out, and had to be fed. The meal began to cost a good sum of money. A friend volunteered to give him some advice. He told Pat not to feed them on meal altogether, but mix sawdust with the meal—a little at first. The amount of meal might be gradually reduced and that of the sawdust increased until the chicks would learn to live on sawdust altogether. So he began the experiment. In the course of time his chickens were dead. He did not like to let his friend know he had been such a fool, so he said nothing. But his friend was anxious to know how Pat was getting along in the poultry business. So meeting him one day, he said: "Well, Pat, how are your chickens getting on?" "Oh, foine, foine," said Pat. "The other day one of me hens hatched four chickens, and three of them had wooden legs, and the other was a woodpecker."

"Now," said the bishop, "I thought of giving that, showing how the state hatches out woodpeckers; but I didn't do it, and now I get no credit for not telling it."—Richmond Advocate.

ONE THOUSAND MILES FROM LAND

It is possible for a ship to reach a point in the ocean where it is 1,000 miles from land in any direction. In fact, this can be done at several points. By leaving San Francisco or Vancouver and sailing into the north Pacific a spot is reached where there is no land, not even an islet, for a thousand miles in any direction. So, too, sailing from the southern point of ancient Kamachatka, southeastward, a ship will reach a point more than a thousand miles from land, the nearest to the north being the Aleutian Islands, and to the south the Sandwich Islands, or Hawaii. In the Southern Indian Ocean it is possible to sail a thousand miles out from the southern point of Australia and New Zealand, and still be as far away from any other land, and the same may be done in a westerly direction from Cape Horn.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

Genius without religion, is only a lamp in the outer gate of the palace; it may serve to cast a gleam of light on those that are without, while the inhabitant is in darkness.—H. More.

The world is a comedy to those who think; a tragedy to those who feel.—Horace Walpole.

WHEN CAT MEETS DOG

Most of the instinctive actions of domesticated animals may be traced back to what they did in the days when they roamed wild, and were forced to defend themselves at a moment's notice.

For example, even a Pomeranian dog will turn round and round before curling up to go to sleep—a reversion to the days when its ancestors had to trample down the grass in order to make a bed for themselves.

The instinctive arching of a cat's back when it meets a dog with which it is not on friendly terms is an indication that the cat has recognized its traditional enemy. It assumes an involuntary position of defence against the expected attack. The fact that the cat is terrified is apparent by the bristling of the fur, while arching the back brings the feet close together, and gives the claws a firmer grip on the group, thus permitting exceptionally rapid movement in any direction.

Moreover, the cat knows instinctively that the dog will seek to sink its teeth in the back of its neck, so it withdraws its head as far as possible.

RUBBER

Columbus reported that he found natives of Haiti playing with balls that bounced, which is the first reference to rubber or caoutchout. Priestly, the English chemist, erased lead-pencil marks with the substance and called it rubber. Mackintosh, a canny Scot, in 1823 dissolved some rubber in naphtha and spread the solution on a plate to dry. He then fastened a rubberized sheet between two pieces of fabric and so introduced the raincoat to the world. But most important, Goodyear let some of a rubber-and-sulphur mixture fall on the lid of a stove and noted with amazement that it hardened without melting. He had discovered that it was possible to vulcanize rubber, a process that makes it no longer sensitive to the changes of the seasons and increases its strength and elasticity.

THE WIRELESS IN ICELAND

An interesting application of the wireless telegraph system was made some time ago between the Shetland Islands, of northern Scotland, and Iceland. Iceland has a population of something like 80,000, and a growing farm industry, which has been fostered by agricultural schools, but has had until recently no connection with the rest of the world except through a system of slow ocean mails. To receive the news of the world fresh every day, by electric waves coming through the air, proved as great a sensation for the Icelanders as it was for the first passengers on a steamship in the middle of the Atlantic.

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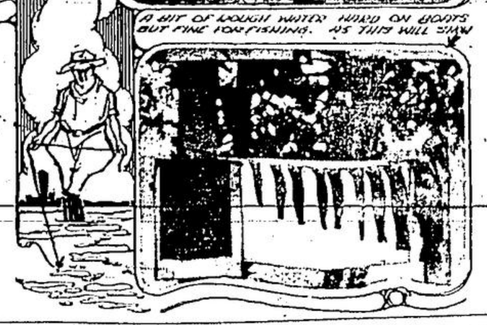

The two hundred and seventy miles of canoeing down the Mississauga River between walls of dense forests, slipping into one exquisite lake after another and making 35 portages, is accounted the acme of out-door pleasure by those who have been so fortunate as to have travelled this Ontario water trail.

The start is usually made from Biscotasing, 8 miles west of Sudbury, where outfits and guides can be obtained. This route passes through Ilisco and Spanish Lakes, then into Spanish River where one is likely to see a dozen moose in the course of a day's journeying. Spanish and Canoe Lakes and several lakelets intervene ere Mississauga Lake, the source of Mississauga River, is reached. From here the travel is all down stream through wildly beautiful scenery.

Tall spires of pines reach heavenward above the solid wall of forest that lines either bank. Moose, deer and other wild animals often emerge from the dense woods to gaze at the passing strangers. They are seldom molested and are quite fearless and present splendid targets for the camera. Excellent fishing is at hand the whole distance—speckled trout, lake trout, bass, pike and muskies are so plentiful that one seldom casts without getting a bite. Pretty little streams come stealing through the forests to pour their silver offerings into the Mississauga and to coax the travellers to leave the big river and seek the hidden charms of the hinterland. The side trips often lead to waters over which white men have never fished.

The majority of the portages are just long enough to give you a chance to get the kinks out of your calves and are a pleasure rather than a hardship. The portage at Aubrey Gorge affords a wonderful sight, that of the river surging and swirling through a quarter-mile gorge and then marking a 107 foot leap over a cliff. It takes one and a half hours to shoot the Forty-mile rapids, which is done with no more effort than reclining in the canoe and using the paddle now and then to keep it in the channel. The portage around Mississauga Tunnel is made by team over a good road that parallels the narrow cut in the solid rock through which the river churns its way for three miles.

The route really ends at the Canadian Camp Club House one-half hour above Sowerby, from this later it is a 45 minute motor run to the railway at Thessalon.

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