The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1921

A DAY

A little smile, some cheerful words,
  A happy greeting to the sun;
A thought of growing things and birds
  Whose all-day song is just begun.

A kindly word for fellers who
  You passed a-struggelin' on the road,
A hunt for little things to do
  An' mebbe lighten all their load.

A praiseh a-swellin' in your heart,
  When taperin in the west of day—
Plumb glad that you have played your part—
  Content with your humble way.

Home praise to God for restful sleep,
  For things thats gone, w thought o' morrow—
A hope for tender things that peep—
  An' hopin' for the same to-morrow.

DO HORSES THINK?

We have been reading much of late of many men who have excelled in their particular line of work, whatever it has happened to be. We realize that a man or a woman to become prominent must have a brain above the average. I wonder what you will think of "Nip," a beautiful black horse that lives and works in Los Angeles. It surely seems as if he came in this class.

Nip's working day begins at seven in the morning and ends at eight at night, with an hour or so for lunch and recreation. I am ignorant of his weekly wage, but whatever it is, I think that it should be more. I went down to the Salt Lake Station on First Street to watch him work. After I had been there a while I wanted to take a picture of him, and then my troubles began. He had the notion that the kodak had something in it to eat. He simply made up his mind that he was going to have it. By the time I was ready to snap my camera, Nip would have his nose on it. It seems that everybody feeds him, and of course, he expected that I had something for him, too.

The loop-like affair that he wears has a sort of a snap that fastens to the trucks. With his head turned so that he can look over his shoulder, he will back until his loop bumps the hands of the truck and lo, he is hitched up. When a truck is filled with trunks the place of unloading is quite different from that of a truck load of melons or some other perishable commodity.—But no one needs to tell this wise horse where to go; he knows. He hurries down the platform and backs up to the proper car where one of the boys will unfasten the clasp. Then back he hustles into the depot, backs up and runs out another one. There is no loafing on the job here.

The engineer on one of the trains always has candy in his pocket for Nip, and when this train pulls in it behooves some one to see that the horse is not attached to a truck, for he canters down the platform in violation of all traffic rules. He knows the exact spot where the engine will come to a stop and he is going to be right there.

The Salt Lake Station is on the bank of the Los Angeles river. California rivers are queer. The bed is narrow and the banks are high, but there is usually no water in them. This river is true to form; in the bed is a patch of grass and a shallow little pool. It occurred to some one that the bed of the stream might be an inviting spot in which Nip could spend his noon hour. At no little trouble a pathway was levelled so that he might easily make the descent. He certainly enjoyed it, as long as some one stayed with him. But when his human friend went back up the path he followed closely behind. He likes company, and this peaceful solitude does not appeal to him at all.

All of the boys that work around the station love this horse. He has worked with them eight years and he is well worth loving. Just as we like to tell the cute little sayings and clever tricks of the children we love, so do the boys at the station like to tell of the "stunts" that Nip will go through. They think that it shows brain work, and after I had spent about an hour with him I thought so, too.

Here is a horse that works hard, loves his work, and, as far as I know, has no superior, perhaps no equal. That is about all we expect of a man in order to think that he has attained success in life.—Georgia Rose, in Our Dumb Animals.

CARRYING EGGS

How rats and other small rodents can carry eggs for comparatively long distances has puzzled many naturalists and farmers. Therefore every observation is interesting. In an article in the bulletin of the French Zoological Society, Xavier Raspail relates a few. He tells of an ermine which used to rob the nests of seagulls in an attic and carry their eggs downstairs. It would hold an egg with its forefeet against its throat and let itself slip from step to step. And this is how a squirrel handled eggs from the nests of wild ducks: It held the egg against its throat with its left forefoot and leaped with undiminished agility from ground to fence and from fence to trees. The marten has a large mouth and is able to open its jaws wide enough to take an egg between its canine teeth and hold it there while it runs to its burrow.

SAFETY RULES FOR MATCHES

1.—Use "Safety" matches which strike only on the box.
2.—Do not buy matches which break, lose their heads or glow after being put out.
3.—Never throw away a match until every spark is out.
4.—If matches are spilled, pick up every one.
5.—Do not carry matches loose; children do not need to carry them at all.
6.—Matches should be kept out of the reach of little children.
7.—Keep them in covered boxes away from the heat of stoves or stove-pipes.
8.—Strike matches away from you. If striking on a box, first close the box. Strike downward on the box.

A BOY'S DEFINITION

"Herbert," said a school teacher, turning to a bright youngster, "can you tell me what lightning is?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the ready reply of the boy; "lightning is streaks of electricity."

"Well, that may pass," said the teacher encouragingly. "Now tell me why it is that lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

"Because," answered Herbert, "after it hits once, the same place ain't there any more."

GLADSTONE LIKED TO SING

Sir Walter Parratt told at Oxford an interesting little story of Mr. Gladstone. He said he had been speaking to Mr. Gladstone of the great composers quite unmusical people often possessed.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Gladstone. "I used to like to hear my voice. It rang inside my head."

Of course, Mr. Gladstone was very fond of singing, and as a young man sang negro melodies with great gusto. His eldest son composed many hymn tunes, and the present Viscount Gladstone sang in a choir for several years. —London Chronicle.

Say, they seem to read the "Old Man's" corner wherever the Free Press goes. The editor has just handed me the following note which he says was enclosed by a subscriber, away down at Brougham, in Ontario County, in a letter, with a renewal subscription the other day:

To the Old Man of the Clock Tower

When reading recently the old-time stories of your excellent reminiscences and particularly the amusing story of our old friend Albert Nicklin and the wood box scheme, I was forcibly reminded of an amusing incident told by the late Trueman Hall, for years an esteemed resident of Acton. His sister-in-law was at their home and he had often suggested finding a lover for her. One day he saw the young man he had in view coming in to the home, and the sister-in-law was sitting on the edge of the wood box. He mirthfully pushed her in and hurriedly opened the door. He brought in the young man and introduced the couple. Later they were married.—F. P.

Well, that's a new one on me. My old friend, Trueman Hall, was a warm friend. Many a good chat did we have together. But he never told me about this bit of romance. I suppose he didn't want to give the sister-in-law away so soon after her marriage. Trueman's talks with me seemed always to veer around to Churchville, his birthplace. He used to talk as if he thought the sunshine was brighter, and the crops better, and the people more wise and friendly at Churchville than anywhere else on this old sphere. Well, Trueman's gone these many years, but it's surprising how many incidents are brought back to me that I heard from him, through it. I'm note.

Well, last week I got as far as William Watson's cottage and family in the home at the Queen Street crossing of the G. T. R. I hear some folks would like some more about the old school trustees and the pupils' register. Say, I've got that steeping for some fine day, and when I'm good and ready I'll tell you about the building of the stone school, and the engaging of Robert Little in 1867, and I'll give you a copy of the agreement Mary Thurtell signed when she became a teacher here, and the names of some of the early pupils, and so forth, and so long. They'll be worth waiting for. But this week, and perhaps another, we'll move westward on old Queen Street.

The comfortable brick house on the westerly corner of Queen and Young Street is not an old property. That lot was vacant for many years. Then James Sharp and his Yorkshire wife, Elizabeth Batts, came along from Erin and bought it. They built the house and for years Mr. Sharp had one of the finest gardens in town. Those who didn't know this industrious old man, may wonder what there is worth mentioning about in that. Well, when I tell you that during the whole of his life James Sharp had the use of only one hand, you may be somewhat surprised. During their frugal life time this worthy couple accumulated sufficient means to keep them living in comfort. They were generous in their givings for the support and improvement of the Methodist Church, and when Mr. Sharp passed away it was found that his will instructed his executors to pay $1,000 to the parsonage fund. They had no children.

Speaking of the Sharps reminds me that I knew James Sharp's father and mother well. They lived in their farming days on the place on the second line where Mr. and Mrs. Harry McDonald and family now reside. I recall that they had famous cherry trees in the lane there. Those traps not only supplied their own need but that of half the villagers as well. When they retired Mr. and Mrs. Sharp came to Acton. They secured the lot on Church Street where Mr. and Mrs. James Brown now live. The house was built by Messrs. Hugh and John Cameron.

When John Sharp died and was buried by John Speight, Mrs. Sharp lived in the home alone. One day a member of our family made a neighborly call. The talk turned to Mr. Sharp and he was referred to as the late Mr. Sharp. The old lady at once bridled up and said: "John isn't the late Mr. Sharp; I'm the late Mrs. Sharp."

My, how my old wits go off woolgathering. Here I started to write about Queen Street's early days and find myself toting over all creation.

On the other corner of Queen Street, across from the old James Sharp residence, Mr. John Russell, and his wife, other former Erin folks reside. This house was built by William Auld, son of the late Tailor Auld, of the second line, away back in last century. William learned the carpenter's trade when a young man and put his skill to work to erecting this house for a home. After a little he got the city fever and moved to Toronto, where he has been ever since. He comes up to the old home occasionally, but is such a busy fellow that he seldom gets out of the city.

When he went to Toronto I think he sold the place to Thomas Hasten. Over thirty years ago Thomas Bingham and his family lived there. It was here that Carlow Williams and the eldest daughter, Hannah, were married. The family moved to Sault Ste. Marie soon after and last year, my old friend, Tom, died in Saskatchewan. Hannah also passed away last year at the Soo and was brought home to rest with the friends of her youth.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell have been very happy since they retired from the farm and came to this comfortable home.

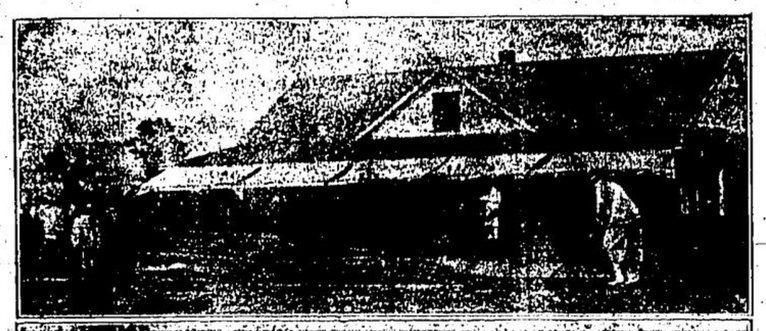
Wellington Street, which runs off Queen, parallel with Young, was a street unknown in the earlier days. While it was indicated in Young's survey, made over sixty years ago, it was not opened until some time after Acton's incorporation as a village. For many years the corner lot at the east side of Wellington at Queen was owned by James Brown, now of Los Angeles, Cal. About the time Mr. Brown was leaving Canada, Henry Denny—now Councillor Denny, forsooth—bought this fine property. Councillor Denny is a son of the late Robert Denny, of Swackhamer's Hill, who spent his last days in Acton, and a grandson of Hiram Denny, the old-time preacher, who was instrumental in having the Churchill Church and Cemetery established. The old gentleman was a power in the community. That, he was believed is seen in the fact that numbers of the mothers of his day were proud to call their baby boys after him. As a result we have Hiram Swackhamer, Sr., and Jr., Hiram Smith, Hiram Gibbons another Hiram Denny, Hiram Ryder, Hiram Fisher and others whom the older folks will remember.

Well, Henry Denny always liked that lot. They say when he was a printer's apprentice nearly forty years ago he had his eyes on it, and when he was courting Maggie, daughter of my old friend, James Moore, of Mount Pleasant Farm, at Crewsons Corners, he said every time he passed it, "There's where we'll build our new home, Maggie." Well Maggie and Henry were married but they lived on the farm for years, and years more in town before "Our new house," was built. It finally came around that Henry got time fifteen or eighteen years ago to build this very comfortable and homelike residence, and now they're "snug as a bug in a rug" in the "new house," happy as the day is long. They feed their chickens, and make their garden, and take trips in their motor car, and work when it pleases them, and there's nary a chick nor child to bother them in their happy home. They serve the church and serve the town, and are good to their neighbors, and their fellow-citizens hold them in highest esteem.

And right here I knock off for another week. It's after ten again and Mary is calling me to put out the cat and lock the door, and turn out the light and come to bed. Good night.

The Old Man

THE PLEASANT GAME OF GOLF



Upper picture shows the Golf Club house at St. Andrew's by the Sea.

Lower picture—On the Golf Links at St. Andrew's by the Sea. There are innumerable picturesque scenes like this.

Golf is now universally recognized as an ideal game for men who lead sedentary lives. It encourages walking, the most health-giving of all exercises; it provides a fascinating recreation, it employs muscles that would otherwise be rarely exercised, and it is played under conditions that conduce to the highest possible enjoyment. The extraordinary hold this old Scottish pastime has taken on the continent is phenomenal, and it has happened within the present century. Only half a century ago it was mostly confined to Scotland, where it had been played for centuries. Then the unexpected happened. From being deemed an amusement for elderly people it rapidly jumped into a commanding place as its qualities and possibilities became better and more widely known and appreciated. To-day links are numbered by the thousand and its devotees find in golf a perennial source of interest and enthusiasm.

Golf is enjoyable anywhere, but there is an added charm to the enjoyment when the game is played at St. Andrew's by the Sea, New Brunswick. The golf links are beautifully situated overlooking the sea, and partly enveloped by woods of tall pine trees. But from any part of the links the sea is always in view. There are two courses, one of 9 holes and one of 18 holes. Both are fit for the play of the greatest exponents of the game, and they are kept in the best possible condition. The links are adjacent to the magnificent Algonquin Hotel. A sufficient recommendation for links and hotel is to say that both are owned and conducted by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The St. Andrew's course was selected this year for the Annual Tournament of the Canadian Senior Golf Association, and including an international match between the United States Seniors and the Canadian Seniors for the Duke of Devonshire trophy.

In addition to golf there are excellent facilities for bathing, fishing, tennis and motoring at St. Andrew's. There are many beautiful summer homes also there. Several of the most noted people in Canada spend vacations in this spot.

The summer population of St. Andrew's is happily free from the boisterous element so common at seaside resorts near large and populous cities. It is not, however, a purely aristocratic gathering, though society is well represented. Shining lights in all professions live there, though it is not exclusively an intellectual throng. It is a selection of people who have found in St. Andrew's the spot where the highest degree of daily pleasure may be had with the least effort.

GOODWILL

When you walk past the first newsboy in order to buy of another a block away—you give an example of the value of good will.

When your note is renewed without debate you are enjoying the credit advantage arising from your asset, good will.

When someone insists that a dealer supply your product as named, that is good will.

When reputation carries a man far in the front of the general line—good will has been one of the forces at work in his brain.

In all our human relationship there is in existence an invisible and tangible radiation, a heart wave or a brain thought or conviction which is called good will.

Endless it is in its ramification and multiplications, the first few links, truly forged, are added to link by link in an endless chain. The growth goes on without end as long as hammer and anvil continue to ring with the sound of honest work, reputation and endeavor.

What is it worth?

Only the slow process of neglect can destroy it.

THE MOST COSTLY THING IN THE WORLD

Always be ready to listen to advice. It is a bad sign when young people cannot take a step without asking all their acquaintances what they think about it, but it is an equally bad sign when counsel irritates them. An idea is the most costly thing in the world, and one who gives you the result of careful thought and mature judgment, is making you a valuable present. Of course much advice is not the product of thought, but probably the giver supposes that it is, and deserves well at your hands for his good intention. Ponder advice whether you accept it or not. Sometimes it helps us by forcing us to see reasons against taking it.

QUANTITY, NOT VARIETY

One of the commonest mistakes made by campers is that of carrying too great a variety of foods. Remember that hunger is the best sauce in the world, and that one wholesome dish well cooked and eaten outdoors is far more healthful and tastes far better than the most elaborate meal eaten in a badly-ventilated restaurant. The cans with which a man can live in the open is illustrated by a "timber-cruiser" in the Olympic Mountains, who regularly went into the forest with a food outfit consisting of oatmeal and salt. A frying pan answered for a cooking utensil and plate, and fish and small game rounded out his simple bill of fare. Our forefathers followed the same plan, but they substituted parched corn for oatmeal.

—BE A HISTORY MAKER

Stay in school. Make sacrifices if necessary, forego pleasures if finances are short, work your way through school if the money problem presses; whatever the apparent handicaps there is a way somewhere and the years spent in study now will be the most valuable investment you will ever make. Parents who encourage their sons and daughters to keep on in school are doing a favor to the next generation as well as themselves. Let there be no mistake about it. The world wants educated men and women. The educated citizens will make the history of the next decades as they are making the history of this one and have been making the history of past ones. Be one of the history makers.

IDENTIFIED

Mr. Boaster had his portrait painted. It cost him a goodly sum and he was proud of it. When it came home he showed it to his cook.

"Well, Mary," he said, "how do you like this portrait?"

"Sure, sir," said the cook, "it's lovely. It's beautiful. It's divine."

"And, of course," said Boaster, "you know who it is?"

"Oh, of course I do, sir," replied the cook. "Of course, of course." As she spoke she kept drawing nearer to the picture, studying it more and more closely. "Of course, sir, it's that old deceiver, Lloyd George."

We often hate for one little reason where there are a thousand why we should love.

SAMPLES SUPPLIED

A clergyman was very fond of a particularly hot brand of pickles, and finding great difficulty in procuring them at hotels when travelling invariably carried a bottle with him.

One day, when dining at a restaurant with his pickles in front of him, a stranger sat down at the same table. Soon he asked the clergyman to pass the pickles.

The divine did as he was requested, and in a few seconds had the satisfaction of seeing the stranger watering at the eyes and gasping for breath.

"I see by your dress," said the man when he had recovered, "that you are a parson."

"I am, sir."

"I suppose you preach?"

"Yes, about twice a week, usually."

"Do you ever preach about Hades?" inquired the stranger.

"Why, yes; sometimes I deem it my duty to remind my congregation of eternal punishment."

"I thought so," said the stranger; "but you are the first of your class I ever met who carried samples."

A COLLEGE COURSE BY AUTOMOBILE

One of the most interesting and unusual college courses given in America this summer was that conducted by Professor Lynds Jones, of Oberlin College. Professor Jones took a party of students by automobiles from Oberlin to the Yellowstone, Glacier Park, Tacoma and Rainier Park, making the journey in about seven weeks. Six full days of each week were spent in study, most of the time being devoted to birds, though botany, physiography and geology naturally came in for a share of attention. Every night of the trip was planned to be spent in the open and the morning and evening meals were prepared in camp, with a substantial midday dinner eaten at some hotel along the way. After the completion of the trip, students were required to write a paper and do a certain amount of assigned reading. They were then given full college credit as a reward for this most delightful of summer vacations.

SMOKERS AND GERMS

Strong tobacco smoke blown into glass cases containing small plugs of thin paper soaked in germ-cultures such as the bacilli of cholera, influenza, diphtheria, typhoid fever, and meningitis proved that tobacco smoke can affect only the weakest germs, and then only after long exposure, the experiment showing no effect on the typhoid and diphtheria germs. After making a number of experiments an Italian professor has come to the conclusion that not only does tobacco smoke fail to kill germs, but it is apt to irritate the throats of smokers and render them less resistant to the attacks of germs.

"ALL SETTING"

A farmer was sawing wood when it occurred to him that he ought to have the help of one or more of his five boys. Lifting up his voice, he called; but not a boy appeared. At dinner, of course, they all appeared; and it was not necessary to call them.

"Where were you all about two hours ago, when I wanted you and shouted for you?"

"I was in the shop settin' the saw," said one.

"And I was in the barn settin' a hen," said the second.

"I was in grandma's room settin' the clock," said the third.

"I was in the garret settin' the trap," said the fourth.

"You are a wonderful set," remarked the farmer. "And where were you?" he continued, turning to the youngest.

"I was on the doorstep settin' still."

AN UPHILL ROAD

There are many young people who say complainingly that they are sure they could succeed if someone would give them a start. A freight car will run down grade easily enough if someone gives it a push, but for a long, upgrade climb, it must be fastened to a locomotive. Success is an uphill road. To reach it you must battle against forces as mighty as gravitation itself. Do not fancy that a start is all you need. Unless you have within yourself the power which is equal to the effort of starting, there is little hope you can keep on climbing.

LIFE-SAVING BUOY

A useful invention is the line carrying buoy. Its inventor sought to devise some means of getting a line from ship to shore, and the line-carrying buoy was the result.

When released from the ship, if the wind is in the right direction, it blows steadily towards the shore, the line unwinding behind it as it goes, until finally the buoy is dragged out of the surf with the line intact.

In addition to its use in this manner, it is available for all the regular purposes of the ordinary buoy.

SOME BEAMS

"What is it that keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?" asked Jim.

"I suppose it's the beams," replied his brother.—Boys' Life.

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Notice to Creditors

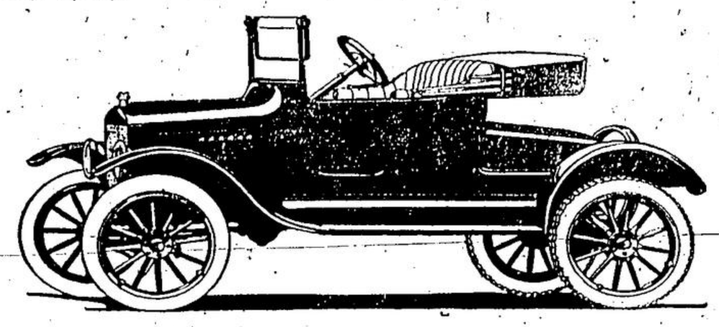
In the Matter of the Estate of Margaret Ann Bell, late of the Township of Beverley, in the County of Wentworth, Widow, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to section 56 of the Trustee Act, R. S. O., 1914, chap. 121, that all creditors and others having claims or demands against the estate of the said Margaret Ann Bell, who died on or about the 5th day of August, at the Township of Beverley, are required, on or before the 30th day of October, to send by post, prepaid, or deliver to Charles Lawrence Dunbar, 32 Douglas Street, Guelph, Solicitor for the Administratrix, their Christian names and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars in writing, of their claims, a statement of their accounts; and the nature of the security, if any, held by them.

And take notice that after such last mentioned date the said administratrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which she shall then have notice, and that the said administratrix will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received by her at the time of such distribution.

Dated at Guelph this 3rd day of October, A. D. 1921.

CHARLES LAWRENCE DUNBAR,
Solicitor for the said Administratrix.
14-3



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Read the Advertisements

The publisher of this paper draws your attention to the advertising columns, and particularly to the advertisements of the local merchants.

These merchants have invested their money in goods to satisfy the needs and desires of all.

Their enterprise is a distinct service to our community. For this reason we should buy from them to the best of our ability and in so far as our needs and judgment of value dictates.

Then, too, the general commodities advertised in our columns are worthy of consideration. It is desirable that readers should ask merchants to supply advertised goods wherever possible. By doing so the cycle of trade is kept alive and inter-community commerce stimulated. We repeat—read the advertisements.