The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1921

THANKKSGIVING

Over the clods did the blooms come forth
To cheer the earth,
Over the violets beat the skies,
While wistful eyes,
Sought 'neath the blossoms the spring-time bed clad,
And happy were feet of the chasing one
To seek each new surprise.

Over the fields spread the golden grain
For sun and rain,
Over the acres the busy ones
Wrought 'twixt the suns;
And garners are laden with precious store
For the days of the winter, for need and more,
Till the year her journey runs.

Over the lands do the angels sing
Of Christ, my King,
Over the continents are his stars
Till sky makes,
Life in the floodtides of sunshine sweet,
Christ is enthroned, with the worlds at his feet,
The Victor of all wars.

Over the wide world the God of love
Looks from above,
Over our hearts with their toil and care—
His kiss is there!
This is the day for our true heart's praise!
Thanksgiving Day is the day of days,
With hovering glory there.

—B. F. M. Soura.

THE CANADIANS' CONSERVATIVE TASTE FOR FISH

The people of this country are eating more fresh fish than they did last year. Records show that in all parts of the country the ration of fish is being increased. For the first six months of this year there was nearly seventeen per cent. more fresh sea fish consumed than in the corresponding period of 1920. From January to June close to 22,000,000 pounds went from both coasts to interior markets, but the volume is still restricted to not more than twenty varieties.

Although more than six hundred species inhabit our waters, of which more than two hundred are edible, many of them extremely palatable and nutritious, not more than twenty-five are familiar to the consuming public, and the great portion of the trade is limited to six or seven species.

It is rather strange how tastes for fish develop. The United States, for example, will buy all the swordfish Nova Scotia can produce and paid wholesale this year as high as twenty-eight cents a pound, yet it is next to impossible to market the species in Canada. In Great Britain the sole is the delicacy among sea foods. In this country it is very little known and in fact our flat fishes are not appreciated. The Italian people regard the tentacles of an octopus as a luxury. Canned squid, so prolific in the Atlantic, would appeal to them very much, but would it be safe to place it on the tables of Canadian housewives? Now the Germans prize eels. A large load taken from the St. Lawrence brought as high as seventy-five and eight cents a pound among German and other foreign nationals in New York. In Canada the sale of eels is very small—the price is not high.

These are just a few examples to show how very conservative we are in the selection of sea foods. When eels are placed before us we think of the wriggling, slimy creature as it comes from the water and immediately the food seems repulsive. Likewise when octopus is suggested, the unsightly creature is brought up before our mind and the food is condemned on that account. Personally the writer has no high regard for the slovenly filthy creatures which give us our pork, but the meat is not condemned for that reason.

People seem satisfied with a daily, weekly, monthly round of pork, beef, lamb and fowl. That limits their choice of meats. With seafoods they have practically an inexhaustible supply to choose from. The main thing is to drop unreasonable prejudices as to the physical character of the fish or its habits in its own element, but to judge the food solely on its merits. The writer has no doubt that people who shun the very thought of eels as food would appreciate them if served as a nameless dish, and the same with many other fishes.

A rose by any other name smells just as sweet, but conversely, the name "rose" applied to any other flower would not bring the scent of the rose. The name has nothing to do with it. The same with fishes. The names are accidental. The quality of the food counts.

THE CHEMICAL ENGINEER

Here are some examples of the work of the chemical engineer in aiding the industrial progress of the South. Chemistry is responsible for the utilization of cotton seed that was formerly wasted in oil making, the use of the pressed hulls as cattle feed, the production of glycerin from cotton-seed oil, and for obtaining turpentine from waste sawdust, slabs, and old trees and stumps. Owing to the work of the chemical engineer, the new industry of wood distillation has become very important. A vast quantity of former sawmill waste is now used in a surprising number of ways. The chemical engineer turns slabs and limbs into wood alcohol, acetic acid, charcoal and wood tars, besides utilizing the gas that is given off in distillation as a fuel for operating gas engines in the plant. This gas is reinforced by the operation of a gas producer that utilizes the small edgings and sawdust, and the ashes from the wood are used in making potash. Waste sawdust is also made into fuel briquets by adding some of the tar obtained from the distilling process, or it can be used for obtaining oxalic acid or alcohol. All these products, for a long time imported from abroad, are supplied to the consumers of America at lower prices than formerly, employment is found for thousands of workmen and a part of the output is now exported.

BLUFF KING HAL

A boy in a Welsh school essayed to write on Henry VIII, and a London paper reports him as beginning thus: "King Henry VIII was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Anno Domino in the year 1066. He had 510 wives besides children. The first was beheaded and executed. The second was revoked. She never smiled again. Henry 8 was succeeded on the throne by Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes known as the Lady of the Lake. —Boston Transcript.

NATURE WILL OUT

A Scotsman was journeying on the top of an omnibus when he was overjoyed at seeing a shilling lying in the gutter below. Of course he immediately alighted, ran back a short distance, picked up the coin and was running to overtake the bus when he was accidentally struck by another car. Unfortunately he was killed, and at the inquest which followed things looked black for the chauffeur of the car. Then, at length, one witness mentioned that the deceased was of Scottish nationality and related the circumstances which led to the accident. The proceedings were then terminated by exonerating the driver from all blame with the verdict, "Death from natural causes."

The other day while taking a little jaunt about town for a little fresh air and exercise, as I frequently do, these bright autumn days, I dropped into the home of one of my Methodist friends. Lying on the table was a copy of the last number of the Missionary Outlook, and it was open at a page of pictures of a new batch of young missionaries and their wives, who left a week or two ago for the mission field in China.

I was always fond of photographs, in fact Mary says I'll soon have both our photograph albums which are crammed full of the pictures of our relatives and neighbors for three or four generations back, worn out, because I look at them and turn them over so much. Well, one of the finest looking young fellows in this group had his name printed below his picture and I noticed it was Rev. Harold F. Swann, B. A. That name surely looked familiar and when I read the little description of Mr. Swann I found he was a son of Rev. Francis Swann, of Vancouver, B. C.

Well, now I got my bearings, and I tell you it took me back a long ways in this good old town. This young man's grandfather was Matthew Swann, who used to make bedsteads and tables and other furniture in the same old shop where Ronald Sinclair makes waggons and sleighs and repairs motor tires and furniture—plows, and reads automobile catalogues. Well sir, as I told you once, Matthew gave up his furniture and went to preaching and away back in 1872, I think it was, he was appointed the minister of the Acton and Georgetown Wesleyan Methodist churches.

Well, while he was the minister here his son Francis—Frank we used to call him—felt that he was called to be a preacher too. His father thought it would be a good idea to try him out first. So, one summer Sunday night, a young man of eighteen, garbed in a linen duster, instead of the orthodox clerical attire, entered the pulpit of the old Methodist Church at the corner of Church and John Streets, where John C. Watson's fine brick residence now stands, and preached his maiden sermon. This was Francis Swann, son of our friend Matthew and father of the young Missionary now enroute for the mission field in West China. I happened to be there that night. Rev. Lachlan Cameron, our minister, who had preached a long sermon in the morning and then "spoke the Gaelic" for another hour to the Heianders, and attended Sabbath School in the afternoon, found himself too tuckered out to conduct the evening service in Knox Church. I therefore tied me over to the Methody Chapel and that's how I happened to hear the stripling preacher with his first sermon. Well, I believe Frank Swann has done well as a minister and it must be satisfaction to him to see his boy follow in the footsteps of both father and grandfather, and give his life in the noble work of missions. This young chap seems to be a man of some experience too. The sketch in the Outlook says:

"Rev. Harold Francis Swann is a son of Rev. Francis Swann, of Vancouver, whose active ministry was spent in Ontario and on the Indian mission at Kitamat, B. C. He is a graduate of Toronto University in Arts and a specialist in geology and mineralogy. Mr. Swann was the first chairman of the newly-organized Student Christian Association at Victoria College, which includes all religious organizations among both men and women. He was also President of "Lit" and of the Student Volunteer Band. His qualities of leadership won for him the confidence and esteem of both faculty and students. Mr. Swann served overseas throughout the war, and was ordained by the London Conference last June. He was recently married to Miss Donalda Hamlin, daughter of Mr. Peter Hamlin, of Kincardine, and with her sailed for China last month."

Some boy this grandson of my old friend Matthew Swann. Say, I wish him success for his father's and his grandsire's sake, if he is a Methody preacher.

Well, I understand some of the old folks would like further information concerning the early days of Acton school from that old record book. Well for the sake of peace in the family I guess I might as well fill up the rest of my space this week from those old minutes.

In 1843 the first school was opened in Acton. In 1847 the trustees elected were: Duncan Kennedy, Sr., Thomas Burns and Robert Swan. That year the first school house was built. Malcolm Brown was the contractor. He received £49, 0, 0 for his work; Malcolm Kennedy was paid £5, 18, 0 for the stone foundation; Duncan Kennedy, Jr., £6, 4, 4½ for plastering; and other sums were paid for work or supplies: John Holgate £3, 7, 5½; James Young, £10, 14, 9; John Burns, £4, 7, 6½; Thomas Hume, £3, 12, 7½; James McClenaghan, £6, 0, 0; Rufus Adams, £6, 5, 0; James Mulloy, £4, 6, 5; Joseph Collins £1, 15, 0; Ann Hall, £0, 12, 6; Donald McBain, £0, 5, 0; Robert Swan for school furniture, £1, 7, 6.

At the annual meeting in 1848 Samuel Smith was elected to succeed Thomas Burns as trustee; and in 1849 Ann Hall took the place of Robert Swan, "who left this place," the minute reads. The following year James Cameron became a trustee and in 1851 Angus Kennedy, succeeded Ann Hall. In that year, a minute appears in which John Holgate, Secretary, writes: "Resulted to Miss Pease, this 22nd January £11, 5, 0, on account of salary."

In 1852 Lachlan McDonald was engaged as teacher at the salary of £75, 0, 0 currency. The following year the late John Dewar, who afterward became a lawyer and practiced in Milton and later became County Crown Attorney, was engaged as teacher of Acton School. And these are the formal terms in which the mutual agreement between the trustees and teacher of those days, seventy years ago, were made:

We, the undersigned trustees of School Section No. 13, in the township of Esquesing, by virtue of the authority vested in us, by the 54th clause of the 12th section of the School Act, 13 and 14 Victoria, Chap. 48, have chosen John Dewar, who holds a certificate of qualification to be a teacher in said school section, and we do hereby contract with and employ him at the rate of sixty-five pounds currency per annum, from and after the eleventh day of January, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three; and we further bind and oblige ourselves and our successors in office faithfully to employ the power with which we are legally invested by the said section of said act to collect and pay the said teacher during the continuance of this agreement the sum for which we hereby become bound, the said sum to be paid the said teacher yearly. And the said teacher hereby contracts and binds himself to teach and conduct said school section according to the regulations provided for by the said school act; this agreement to continue for one year from the commencement of the term.

Signed, Lachlan McDonald
Thomas Moore, Sr.
Jacob Snyder,
Trustees
John Dewar,
Teacher.

There, that surely bound the trustees and teacher up pretty tight. Those old chaps didn't leave any loopholes like they have in their agreements nowadays whereby a teacher, if she or he finds they can get another job at a bigger salary, will accept the other job, whether at the middle or beginning of the term or any other old time, so long as they give thirty days' notice, and then feel free to scoot away to the new job and bigger pay. Say, our grandfathers took no risks of that kind, legal or moral. When a teacher was engaged for a year, he taught for a year, or I tell you there was trouble for him in trying to collect his pay.

Say, when I read over that agreement that my old-time friend, John Dewar, signed when he came to teach in Acton, by Jinks, I think it's no wonder he became a lawyer. He got acquainted with that maze of legal terms and "whereases" and "saids" and so forth, and I just think it put him right in the notion of studying law. And I tell you he made a good lawyer. His practice covered half the county. He had a great reputation for drawing wills and settling estates and most people felt quite free from anxiety if John Dewar drew his will and he knew his estate would be settled up properly if he suddenly "kicked the bucket" at any time.

Well, I guess I'll close up the old book right here. Sometime I'll give you a page of the minutes of one of the annual school meetings of the early days when the inhabitants gathered to elect the trustees, hear the annual report, and give instructions as to how much the school rates were to be per pupil for the year, and how they were to be collected. Those old fathers weren't afraid of amendments in those days and they'd follow them up half a dozen at a time at some of these meetings in arriving at the number of pennies each child was to pay each month in the section, and how much more they could get out of the pupils in other sections who found it more convenient to attend Acton school; that is provided they would admit outsiders at all. Sometimes resolutions were passed to the effect that the teacher did not receive any non-resident scholars.

Well good-night. I guess Mary's got the bed good and warm by this time. So long. She will talk, you know, when I try to write these old stories, so I just sit up after she says good-night and worry through alone.

The Old Man

NOW, GOOD-BYE BANDITS

A conference in Barrie the other day brought out an excellent suggestion for the prevention of bank robberies. In each bank an electric alarm has been fitted which not only will sound a gong on the street, but also is connected with the fire alarm, and a number of firemen have been sworn in as special constables for service in an emergency. A quick gathering of citizens, armed with rifles, revolvers and shotguns, would undoubtedly have a very noticeable effect on the operations of bank robbers.

HIS LIBERTY

The Hon. W. J. Bryan was lecturing on prohibition, when a bleary-eyed man arose and shouted out:

"It's a dirty, rotten shame that we must lose all our liberties, and we don't stand for your meddlin' either."

"I shall never forget," said the speaker, "how one day a farmer discovered one of his best pigs stuck in a mud-hole and almost exhausted. The man immediately went to its rescue, but the pig raved like a man and made a desperate resistance. The farmer finally got the animal out, but my, how it did squeal."

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The undersigned has received instructions from
THOS. CUTTING
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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4
at 2 o'clock the following:
Brown Percheron Mare, 6 years, weigh 1,500; brown Percheron Mare, rising 5 years; Horse mare, aged; 1 brown horse, aged; 1 cow, milking; 1 Jersey cow, milking; fat calf, if not previously sold; 1 McCormick binder, in good order; set of double harness; 1 seed drill; Frost & Wood mower; 1 cultivator; Cleary plow; 1 waggon; hay rack; bobsleighs; fanning mill; wood rack; waggon box; Whiffletrees; doubletrees; neckyokes; set of iron harrows; a quantity of grain; some clover hay; coal stove; forks, hoes, shovels, chains and cloviers.
NO RESERVE AS FARM IS SOLD
TERMS—$10.00 and under cash; over that amount 12 months' credit on furnishing approved joint notes. 6 per cent. off for cash. Cats and hay cash.
H. J. KERR, Auctioneer.
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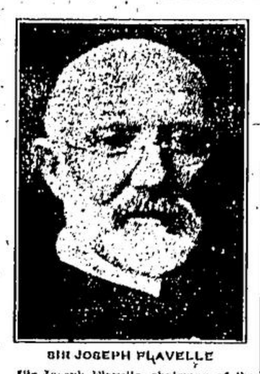
SIR JOSEPH FLAVELLE HONORS HEROIC RAILROAD CONDUCTOR

Also Pays Striking Tribute To Efficiency and Physical Condition of Grand Trunk Railway



SIR JOSEPH FLAVELLE

ALBERT NEILL

Sir Joseph Flavelle, chairman of the board of directors of the Grand Trunk Railway System, in the presence of the principal officers of the road, honored at Montreal, Charles Albert Neill, heroic freight train conductor, presenting him with the medal of the Royal Canadian Humane Association for saving life. The act of bravery for which Neill received recognition was performed at Hawkesbury, Ont., last March. Neill, who was on duty on a Grand Trunk train, saw one boy in the water of the Ottawa River and another boy on the ice. Neill jumped off the moving train, crossed the ice, and jumped in after the boy in the water, who had gone down for the second time. The boy and his rescuer came up together under the ice and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the railway man was able to extricate himself and the lad, Noel Beethiaume, 14 years old, of Hawkesbury.

Neill took the boy to a nearby house, went to his own boarding place, changed his clothes and returned to duty. He did not say anything about the incident and it was not until three days later that the railway officials learned of the plucky rescue and rejected the case to the Royal Canadian Humane Association. Sir Joseph Flavelle, in making the presentation of the medal, warmly congratulated Neill.

Sir Joseph also presented to Grand Trunk Team No. 1, from the Montreal shops of the company, the Chamberlin Trophy for excellence in First Aid (Ambulance) work and paid a high tribute to the railway and its officers and employees.

"I was simply amazed during my tour of the Grand Trunk System, with President Howard Kelley and other officials, at the splendid manner in which the road was conducted and the general spirit of Grand Trunk family loyalty," he said. "I found this everywhere. I cannot say too much regarding the splendid manner in which the physical condition of the road has been maintained and the general manner in which the employees were evidently trying to preserve at all times good public service. In this I am speaking as a man who has been associated with large industrial enterprises from his youth up, and who knows what real efficiency and service means.

"Both on the United States and Canadian sections of the road," concluded Sir Joseph, "the loyalty of the employees to each other and the spirit existing between the officials and the rank and file was a conspicuous feature, and I speak of it with great satisfaction."

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BEEF		Loin Roast	.20
Boiling Beef	.10	Legs of Veal	.25
Thick Rib Roast	.15	Veal Chops	.25
Choice Rib Roast	.15	**LAMB**	
Briskets	.08	Front Quarter	.20
Round Steak	.20	Legs of Lamb	.25
Sirloin Steak	.25	Loin of Lamb	.25
Porter House Steak	.25	Lamb Chops	.30
Rump Roast	.18	**CURED MEATS**	
PORK		Back Bacon	.50
Shoulder Pork Chop	.20	Side Bacon	.35
Loin Pork Chops	.25	Smoked Rolls	.30
Fresh Hams	.25	Boiled Ham	.50
VEAL		Roast Ham	.50
Stewing Veal	.10	Beef Loaf	.30
Front Quarter Roast	.15	Sausages, our own make	.15
		New Potatoes, per peck	.50

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PROGRESS A FACTOR IN HAPPINESS

We wonder sometimes when we see a rich man who keeps on making money. We know he has more than he can spend, that it bothers him to find ways of investing his income, and yet he keeps on making more money, all the time growing richer.

A woman was speaking of an acquaintance of hers who had taken up flying. "It's the most extraordinary thing," she said, "that he should want to risk his life that way. He has yachts and automobiles and is a social favorite and invited everywhere, and yet he doesn't seem satisfied. Now he is trying the most dangerous sport of all, and every morning when I take up the paper, I'm afraid that I shall see he has been killed."

Now these cases which puzzle some thoughtless people, are not at all strange, for satisfaction never comes to a human being through standing still. If a man has made the acquisition of wealth his object in life, he will keep on adding fortune to fortune, and if he is unable to do that will be not satisfied. One who has no higher aim than pleasure will keep seeking new pleasures, something different, something more thrilling.

Nearly all children are subject to worms and, many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, an excellent remedy.

A BOY'S TRUE FRIENDS

Every well-informed boy has at least ten good friends to help him on to success in life. Yet many a lad is lazily waiting and wishing for some one to help him to make his way in the world, apparently ignoring the fact that there are ten capable friends all the time with him, waiting to help him if he will give them a chance.

What I mean by these ten friends will be made clear by the following story which I once read:

"I wish I had some good friends to help me on in life!" cried a youth whom we will call Lazy Dennis.

"Good friends? Why, you have ten at least," cried the master.

"I'm sure I haven't so many, and those I have are too poor to help me," Lazy Dennis replied.

"Count your fingers, my boy," said his master.

Dennis looked down at his strong hands.

"I have; there are ten," said the lad.

"Then never say you have not ten good friends able to help you on in life. Try what these true friends can do, before you go to grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."

BUSINESS barometers seem to indicate that the period of easy money and high prices is nearing an end.

A dollar saved now in the form of a Savings Bank Deposit will be worth much more in the next couple of years, after the reaction has set in.

BANK OF HAMILTON
GEORGETOWN BRANCH—G. C. MacKay, Manager

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We have secured the sole agency for Acton for the well-known HAPPY THOUGHT and all other Buck stoves. There are over 200,000 of these ranges in use now and the quality cannot be excelled. Prices are down from last year.

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With and without oven, at moderate prices. You are invited to call and inspect them.

Stovepipes, made in our own workshop of the good old staple English iron, also Elbows, Scuttles, Shovels, Charcoal and other Stove Accessories

CLEANING AND REPAIRING STOVES AND FURNACES OF ANY MAKE PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

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Mr. Wrigley spends $10,000 per day for advertising, $313,000 per year.