The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1922

THE OLD HOME DOWN ON THE FARM

When a boy I used to dwell
In a home I loved so well,
Far away amid the clover and the
hens;
Where the morning-glory vine
Round the cabin porch did twine,
And the robin redbreast sang among
the trees.
There were brothers, young and gay,
And a father, old and gray,
And a mother dear to keep us from all
harm;
There I passed life's golden hours,
Running wild among the flowers,
In my boyhood's happy days,
Down on the farm.

Many weary years have passed
Since I saw the old place last,
But memory still steals o'er me like a
charm;
Every old familiar place,
Every kind and loving face,
In my boyhood's happy home,
Down on the farm.

And to-day as I draw near,
To the home I love so dear,
A stranger comes to meet me at the
door,
Round the place there's many a change,
And the faces all seem strange,
Not a loved one, now to greet me as of
yore.
My mother dear was laid
'Neath the elm trees pleasant shade,
And the golden summer sun shines
bright and warm;
In the old familiar place
I can see a stranger's face,
In my father's old arm-chair,
Down on the farm.

THE SALOON AND CHEMICALIZED BOOZE ARE DEAD

Nothing is funnier than the antics of the wets and their allies in the effort to make prohibition appear as a failure. People should survey the spectacle with attention because it offers this generation a vivid comment on the historical and moral fact that evil kills itself. The liquor business, as typified by the saloon, killed itself; it doped its goods with poison, thus maddening and murdering its customers. The distilling of whiskey in the old-fashioned manner which required skill and consumed 10 years of time and produced an article which had no delirium tremens accompaniment, gave way to the 10-day method of juggling poisons together and selling them under the name of whiskey. Liquor-making toward the end of the saloon era was not the industry it was in its former days, because a certain gang had taken hold of it and changed it for quick profit, thus outlawing the business in the minds of all right-thinking people.

The same gang saw legal prohibition approaching, but, undeterred by its threat, turned their agile minds to the problem of making even prohibition profitable. This they did by a national organization of bootleggers—a national organization—the directors and big profit-takers of which are all of one class. They are playing the game wildly, and not without the connivance of government officers. Fortunes are being made and lost, but even the lost fortunes go to swell the winnings of a certain gang.

Well, there is to be an end to that also—an end that the jugglers will not be able to juggle. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," and madness has marked the liquor business ever since it ceased to be the purveyor of an honestly made product. Its own poison killed it. And its own poison will put an end to the bootleg rebellion against the Constitution of the United States.

It is fortunate for the country, of course, that there are militant persons who go out to do battle against the bootleg evil. But there is also need that they keep their sense of proportion. This is the way the giant dies, with prodigious threshings which make fearful folk fancy he is recovering his strength. The saloon and chemicalized liquor were never so dead as they are to-day. That which is still in circulation probably has a mission in the world—a mission to finish off quickly the unreconstructible boozers who insist on making their exit by the booze route. At least 95 per cent. of former drink victims have been saved. The other five per cent. cannot hold out very long—especially on bootleg liquor —Dearborn Independent.

HOW'S YOUR HEART?

There are better men in jail than out of it. It may be no credit to a man that he is at large. The only thing that keeps some pepole from stealing or doing wrong is the fear of being found out. Evil is not a matter of feet, hands or tongue. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." That is why the Prophet of Nazareth said, "Not everyone that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." When we get to understand that it is not what we say or do that matters so much as what we think or are, the kingdom of heaven will be in our midst. "Not that which gooth into the mouth defileth the man, but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth the man. For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornication, thefts, false witness, blasphemies." If we spent half the time we devote to avoiding contact with disease to keeping our minds free from the miasma of evil thoughts, we would be healthier as well as happier. It takes diligence beyond the ordinary, but it makes angels rejoice and devils weep to find a man of clean hands and a pure heart, who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity. "Keep thy heart."—Shoe & Leather Journal.

PROLONGED THE HONEYMOON

Most love stories come to an end when honeymoon commences, but I think it is the place where the best love story of life ought to begin. I have no sympathy with the notion that the first moon of married life has the most honey in it. True love, like true religion, grows sweeter every year. If you have married the wrong woman, bear the fruit of your misjudgment like a man.

Being married, you are bound by every law to pull together; and if you are hitched wrong, pull your best anyway. You supposed she was all honey. Now you find her a jar of vinegar—but are you quite sure you are all honey? Here are some rules which, if adopted at the beginning of married life, will make every moon a honeymoon: Be absolutely true to your wife. Never give her the slightest cause to be jealous. The Bible says: "Jealousy is cruel as the grave." Some one has well said: "Take care that your hearts don't need much washing, for they may perhaps need wringing also if they do."

A husband will keep his wife's love usually if he keeps his own. Most women can say: "I loved him because he first loved me." Love is born of love, and grows with the habit of it. He who rests content with the love received at betrothal will soon lose that. If the courting keeps up, the honeymoon will never be over. Marriage

Say, folks, I'm under orders to cut down my recollections this week. I had no idea that my wandering memories last week would run over into the third column, and I'm not blaming his ulsu, the editor, a little bit for putting his foot down and saying: "Hoa here, my venerable friend, we're giving you a column and a half a week for your old-time scribblings, but you must keep within your own preserves. Here you are this week, filling up nearly a column of extra space that I intended to use with some really good matter of my own. Keep your old head from wandering out of bounds, or our friendship may be fractured. Well, as I said, I don't blame him; so here goes for a short one on the Young Street section this week.

Right at the corner of Mill Street, where you turn off to Young Street, is a comfortable brick house occupied by my bachelor-poet friend, Bob Milligan. Bob can swap yarns, recite Marco Bozzaris, or reckon up the profits on a crate of poultry equal to any story-swapping or poetic friend I've got. Well, I think this house was built by William Iamond—anyhow Hill and his family lived there when it was a new house, after they came from Erin. You know there was quite a family of the Iamonds, and they all made names for themselves. I don't know that I can trust my old head to remember them all. Melvina, the eldest daughter, married Donald Mann—that's Ronald's Donald, I mean—after Emma Martin, his first wife, died. Mabel, the baby daughter, and youngest of the family, grew up a pretty girl and married John Sanderson, of Orangeville; but I believe they live down in our own county town of Milton now. The boys I remember were Robert and Albert and Charlie and Oscar, and I think one or two others, but don't remember distinctly now. They all gravitated to the Western States, Bob first, and then the others, and all of them prospered. They always got a cordial welcome when they came home on their periodic visits. Well, William Iamond, the father of this home, was quite a character. He always had time on his hands and took a good deal of interest in the things of the town. He and Charles T. Hill were firm friends. About thirty-five years ago William was elected to the Municipal Council. He knew how to build roads, and why shouldn't he? Wasn't he a pathmaster for several years upon one of Erin's concession lines. Well, after a year or so in the Council Hill was appointed road commissioner for Acton, at a salary, mind you. This was a great innovation for the Council to make. No member of the Council had ever before been paid real money for doing a Councillor's work. The glory of it was enough. But William did his work; did it as well as he knew how; and he got his money for the work as the Council had pledged. But he was the first Councillor who ever received money for his services while a member, before or since, till last year, when the Reeve and members of the Council voted themselves salaries for the work which all their predecessors, except Bill Iamond, considered the honor of being Councillors sufficient compensation.

William Iamond and his wife died in this house and the home was then broken up. John M. Warren, Toronto, now owns the property.

The first house on the east side of Young Street was built by Thomas T. Moore, and largely with his own hands, for Principal Moore was a first-class carpenter as well as a pedagogue of note. It was a very comfortable and happy home. Here there came to this estimable family great joys and keenest sorrows. It was from this home in the year 1900 that the second son, John, familiarly known as Gunner Moore, went when he and Gunner Gould left as Acton's soldier representatives in the far-away South African war. It was to this home that the sad news came, after six months' of strenuous campaigning over Boer veldts and rivers, over mountain passes and through African valleys, that the beloved soldier son and brother had died of enteric fever and was buried in the military cemetery at Pretoria, the capital of the state. To Acton's credit be it said, a hero's monument of massive proportions was shortly thereafter erected to his memory, and occupies a commanding position near the entrance of Fairview Cemetery.

It was in this home that Emma, the eldest daughter, and H. P. McCorthon, of Toronto, were joined in the bonds of holy wedlock. Here too, Nellie, the second daughter, and that prince amongst Acton's young men, Charlie Jenner, were married. And it was to this home a few years afterward, that the earthly remains of this beloved one was brought, death having claimed him after a brief illness at their home at Gloversville, N. Y. From this home a few years later the funeral of the revered principal of Acton Public School—whose faithful services for a quarter of a century had left their impress for good upon hundreds of the children and young people of Acton—was held. He, too, sleeps in our beautiful "City of the Dead."

Until about two years ago Mrs. Moore and her youngest daughter, Mae, continued to reside in the home which held so many hallowed recollections. Miss Mae married Mr. Herbert Hohnfer, of Kitchener, and a new home was established. Here Mrs. Moore, the widowed mother, resided in the midst of the most loving care and solicitude.

The home here is now occupied by most worthy successors in the persons of Messrs. Duncan and Donald Robertson and their sister, Miss Catharine Robertson. They are enjoying a well-earned rest after a lifetime of industry on the well-known Robertson homestead in Nassagaweya, opposite the old farm of Squire Campbell, and now the home of my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Fyfe Somerville.

I told you a few weeks ago about the Glendenning house, a sixty-year-old home which stands in the lot next to the Teacher Moore property. It was here that Bob Gibbons and his devoted wife, a daughter of Jacob Snyder, one of the pioneers of "The Hill," spent the happy years of their retirement. And here, a year ago last summer, Jane was called home, and Robert was left in loneliness. His daughter, Mrs. Billy Byers and her husband, are doing their best to make him feel at home with them in Toronto.

And right here I stop for this week, and will let Young Street sleep in peace for another week or so.

The Old Man

SHOOTING THE CLOUDS

It is very interesting to watch the rain-makers at work in the vinegrowing districts around Lake Geneva, in Switzerland.

Dotted about the country are numbers of little sheds, from the roof of each of which protrudes a great bell-mouthed funnel. If you could examine these sheds from an airplane, you would find that they are arranged in great circles.

Inside each is a gun, the muzzle of which is connected with the bell-mouthed funnel. Charges of noisy black powder are used, and the funnel, acting in the same way as a gigantic gramophone horn, magnifies the sound of the discharge enormously.

When rain is wanted a man is placed in charge of each hut. Presently a small cloud drifting across the sky comes into the circle of guns. Bang! The cloud, shaken by the noise and the shock of the discharge, begins to float towards the other side of the circle. Bang! bang! The cloud is chivvied about for a time inside the circle, and eventually the shaking up which it receives causes it to break up in rain. The writer has seen these rain-guns used with success on dozens of occasions.

They have another use, too. They can be used for driving off unwanted clouds. When the grape harvest is approaching the farmer's greatest foe is hail; the stones cut his vines to ribbons. When hail-storms are about, the batteries once more prepare for action! But this time their method is different. They open fire whilst clouds are outside the circle, and by means of heavy firing prevent them from entering it.

ONTARIO'S PREMIERS

Hon. J. S. MacDonald was the first premier of Ontario. His term was from July 16, 1867, to December 19, 1871.

Then followed Hon. Edward Blake, who was prime minister in this province from December 20, 1871, to October 25, 1872.

Hon. Oliver Mowat was the third premier, holding office for the long period from October 26, 1872, to July 9, 1896.

Hon. A. S. Hardy was the next, commencing on July 25, 1896, and continuing until October 17, 1899.

Hon. George W. Ross was the fifth premier of Ontario. He assumed office on October 21, 1899, continuing until February 7, 1905.

The political fortunes of the province changed here after nearly forty years, and J. P. Whitney, formerly leader of the Conservative party, became premier, the date being February 8, 1905, and his death on November 14, 1913, terminated his office.

His successor was Sir William Hearst, from October 2, 1914, to November 14, 1919.

The present premier, Hon. E. C. Drury, accepted the position of leader of the U. F. O.-Labor coup and formed a cabinet, becoming premier on November 14, 1919.

The above information is a little record of Ontario history worth preserving.

RUBBER GROWTH FAILS

In parts of Brazil plantations have been abandoned and rubber manufacture reduced almost to zero. Some of the rubber land is being planted to cotton, a little is being worked barely enough to keep paths open between the trees; it means practically no rubber from this territory for the fiscal year ending April, 1922.

THE PRESENCE OF AUTHORITY

"Does your wife believe what the ouija board says?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton. "And she's right. If my wife puts her hand on a ouija board it's going to say what she believes or nothing!"

TIT FOR TAT

The teacher told an apparently stupid boy that while Mr. Lloyd George was the pupil's age he was the top of his school.

"That example cuts both ways," was the boy's ready reply. "When Mr. Lloyd George was your age he was Prime Minister."

A SUGGESTION FOR RAISING MONEY

This apron would we send to you,
And this is what you're asked to do—
Measure with care around your waist,
You know large waists are in good
taste.

When for each inch two cents you
count,
Place in the pocket that amount,
And bring this with you when we meet
Cake and other good things to eat.

Songs to sing and stories to tell,
Remember this and do not fail
To set aside this important date—
February 23th, and sharp at eight.

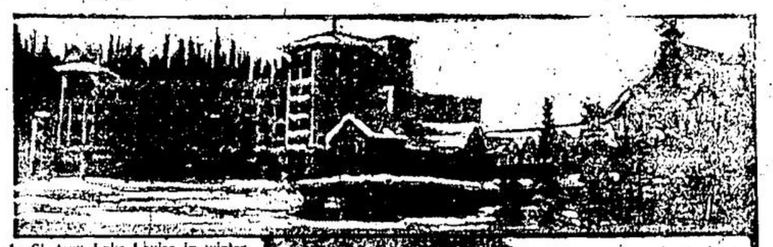
We want your husbands both thin and
fat,
To meet together and have a chat;
And nice refreshments we'll provide—
We know you will be satisfied.

So hunt up your tape-line, O open
your purse,
(It may be bad, but it might be worse)
Fill up your pocket, O come along
And enjoy the evening in talk and
song.

HER EXACT WORDS

Hill—So you asked the sweet little thing to marry you?
Gill—Yes, I did.
And she said 'yes,' I suppose?
No, she didn't.
Oh, she said, 'no,' did she?
Not exactly.
Well, what did she say, then?
She said, 'Nothin' doin'."

WINTER RECREATIONS IN CANADIAN PACIFIC ROCKIES



1.—Chateau Lake Louise in winter.

2.—A snowshoe party at Banff.

3.—These two girls are experts in winter sports.

You cannot play golf at Banff in the winter time. Neither can you explore the Lake Louise region on a saddle pony when the last grey goose has honked good-bye and the marmot and the Pika are far underground and fast asleep. For six long months, the forest filled valleys and star-high peaks are mantled in a matchless robe of spotless white.

There are many outdoor winter sports and recreations which are only made possible by deep snows and keen frosts. These pastimes are luring more people to the Canadian Rockies every Winter. At this time of the year tourists are travelling to and from the Orient and the great islands of the southern seas and a large number of them, attracted by the witchery of winter in the Rockies, are enjoying a novel and delightful holiday in this highland country where winter is a sparkling pageant.

There is no snow in the lands from whence these pilgrims come, yet were you to travel there, you would find many a pair of snow shoes which have been carried across the Pacific a souvenirs from Canada's winter wonderland.

Banff Winter Carnival allures many visitors to the beautiful mountain resort. In 1922 it was held from January 28 to February 4. The carnival featured—curling, art skating, fire arc skating, skating races, hockey matches for ladies and men, snowshoe races, toboggan races, dog races, snow shoe tramps, bobsledding, trap shooting, swimming in the hot sulphur springs, ski joring, sleighing, dancing. There was an illuminated ice palace and fire works. On the opening day there was ski jumping by professionals and a ladies' hockey match.

Snow shoe hikes on moonlit nights are glamorous events. To take part in a pic-nic in the pine woods at such a time is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. There is a primative urge which compels you to build a roaring firewood-fire—Hot coffee and toasted bacon turn your pic-nic into a paradise.

Of the many thousands of tourists who visit lovely Lake Louise in summer, few there be who do not ask about this district in winter time. Is it very cold here? And is the snow very deep? It is not excessively cold in winter. There are no high winds and no blizzards. No mid-winter thaws to spoil your furs and your sports. The average depth of snow is about five feet. It is very beautiful here after a fresh fall of snow. Trees are loaded down with it. Huge mushrooms of snow grow on every stump. Telegraph poles carry a tremendous "overhead" on their cross arms. Jack Frost has laid his icy hand on noisy streams and placid lakes, and they are fast asleep. There is the same reverent hush which awes you in a great cathedral. You wonder if spring will ever come again.

Do not forget to bring your camera because there is no close season for the person who hunts with a kodak. You will have ample opportunity to make entries in your nature book and to picture not only the scenic beauties of this winter wonderland but also the wild life which is so prolific and so accessible in the mountain region traversed by the Canadian Pacific Railway.—Dan McCowan.

AN ALPINE GUIDE OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

RUDOLPH AEMMER

"If mountain climbing is dangerous, then lying in bed is far more dangerous, since more people die in bed than on the mountains." That is the answer of Rudolph Aemmer, the famous Swiss guide of Edelweiss, British Columbia, to Montreal recently, when asked if mountain climbing is a dangerous sport.

Rudolph Aemmer is well known to mountain climbers and tourists to Lake Louise, Banff Field, and all the most favored of the holiday resorts in the Canadian Rocky Mountains. He has led many a party of old climbers over the peaks of the Rockies, and initiated many novices in the sport.

In the summer months when most climbing is done, Rudolph, with four other Swiss guides, makes his headquarters at Lake Louise.

Rudolph has been in Switzerland since the beginning of the winter. He went over to see the old folks in Interlaken, where he was born, and also to indulge in the Swiss winter sports. He expects a record climbing season in the Canadian Rockies in 1922, and he has been keeping himself fit to meet it. He will be back from Switzerland in May.

Though he loves his native Switzerland, Rudolph would rather live in Canada. He has been here since 1909.

Asked how he learned to climb Rudolph said he learned in the Swiss mountains when he was a child. When a young man he got his climbing diploma. He then exhibited this in the shape of a medal which he wore on the inside of his coat. One has to qualify in Switzerland before becoming a guide.

June, July and August are the best months for Canadian climbing Rudolph says. He told of different climbing parties he accompanied. The longest climbing trip he had was around Lake Louise and he and his party were out thirty-six days on this trip, there were thirteen people and twenty-six horses were employed to carry the food, Indian tents in which the party slept, and other requisites.

"For climbing," Rudolph went on "you need strong waterproof boots, with heavy nailed soles." The guides help in every way they can so that beginners starting out on a climb are properly equipped."

"Do climbers ever get nervous or dizzy?" was a question put to Rudolph.

"Yes," he answered, "but they very soon get over that. In an exceptional case of dizziness we bring the person down again."

Proceeding, Rudolph said that the guide led the climbing parties, and climbers held on to a rope, keeping about twenty-five feet apart. The guide used his axe to sound snow bridges. By the sound made when hit the guides know if it is safe to cross the snow bridge. It is easier to climb up than to climb down.

Rudolph has climbed with many famous Alpinists, both men and women. Records of climbs are kept at Lake Louise. It was he who carried Mrs. Stone on his back to safety after her eight day exposure on the ledge of Mount Eon last summer. The Swiss guides of the Canadian Rockies reside at a village called Edelweiss, built for them in Swiss Chalet styles of architecture by the Canadian Pacific Railway. It may be seen from the transcontinental trains about a mile west of Golden, B. C. There they bring up their families, and the youngsters are taught to climb from their infancy. So Canada is assured of a hardy race of mountaineers.

DEAD COVER THE SEA IN BATTLE OF WHALES

That the monsters of the deep fight in groups, as well as in personal encounters, is testified to by Capt. G. Evered Poole, a commissioner in the Gold Coast Colony, who writes the following to his brother concerning an experience during his voyage from England:

"Between Sierra Leone and Sekondi we steamed for over an hour through a blood red sea, and saw some hundreds of whales dead or dying on the surface of the water. Some were just able to move slowly along; few, if any, could move quickly. There must have been a sanguinary battle, supposed to have been put up by swordfish. It was a most appalling sight, and the extent of the bloody expanse must have represented the death of many more whales than were visible. No one on our ship had ever seen or even heard of anything approaching such a spectacle before."

HUNT SARDINES WITH SEAPLANES

California promises to be the greatest sardine canning centre of the world as the result of the use of seaplanes in the industry on the Pacific coast. Since the first of the year naval seaplanes have been flying out from the sea coast, sighting schools of fish and sending a wireless back to the naval station giving the exact location. The naval station then telephones the information to the San Diego office of the fish and game commission. Fishing fleets are immediately directed exactly where to seek their game and consequently are assured of a big catch.

TACKED ON LANGUAGE

"Can I be of any assistance?" asked the sympathetic motorist of a man who was looking unutterable thoughts at a disabled car.

"How is your vocabulary?"

"I'm a minister, sir."

"Drive on!"

HE'D REMEDY THAT

"It's very nice of you, Jack dear, to praise my singing, but you know I haven't any range."

"Never mind about the range, dearest. When we are married, I'll buy you one."

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L. Starkman — STARKMAN BLOCK Acton Ontario

Sell Cream or Churn?

In the large centres of population creamery butter has almost completely taken the place of dairy butter. Many farmers have been delivering cream to the creamery for some years and have given up churning for good. Some did this after exhaustive experiments with the returns got by churning at home and those obtained by selling the cream. Selling the cream is always the more economical because it saves a heap of labor and the skim milk stays at home in any event.

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