The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1922

MARY SPEAKS

Martha's house is swept and garnished
Full of treasures rare—
Through drawn shades the daylight scarcely
Dares to enter there,
(Mine's a simple home with sunshine
Streaming everywhere!)

Prim and dainty, Martha's children,
Reared by rote and rule,
(My strong, sun-browned brood are
At Dame Nature's school;
Lesson rooms, the fields, the orchards
And the swimming pool.)

Martha's husband thinks in terms
Of stocks and motor cars,
(Mine—God bless him!—often falls
To lock the pasture bars—
Comes in late to supper, nights, for
Gazing at the stars!)

In our world of many women,
Always there must be
Marthas, who take love and service
Too unstintingly,
And the Marys—of life's largess
Oh, how rich are we!

GEMS OF THOUGHT

Irresolution on the schemes of life which offer themselves to our choice, and inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest causes of all our unhappiness.—Addison.

Never chase a lie, let it alone, and it will run itself to death. I can work out a good character much faster than anyone can lie me out of it.—Lyman Beecher.

Enquire not too curiously into other men's failings, neither let the one of you speak ill of another in his absence.—Koran.

After a spirit of disconcernment, the next rarest thing in the world are diamonds and pearls.—Hunjero.

No man is certain whether death be not the greatest good that can befall a man.—Plutarch.

A man of integrity will never listen to any plea against conscience.—Horne.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.—O. W. Holmes.

Steer your ships by the stars, but don't forget the sand.—Spurgeon.

The playthings of our elders are called business.—St. Augustine.

Offended vanity is the great separator in social life.—A. Helps.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.—Emerson.

COATS FROM BUFFALO WOOL

The buffaloes that are domesticated in the Yellowstone Park are now expected to pay their board. Supported in royal idleness for many years, says the New York Times, they must now become producers, instead of remaining mere ornaments.

All that the park authorities ask of their star boarder is his old clothes. Every spring the big Yellowstone herd of five hundred grown animals sheds several hundred pounds of wool, which could be increased by clipping. In past years the wool has gone to waste, but recently a collection of some of the finest fibre has been made for the purpose of making coats and blankets for the park rangers.

The Canadian government and private individuals in the United States have succeeded in utilizing buffalo wool, and official reports show that the cloth produced is lighter in weight and offers greater resistance to cold than material made of sheep's wool. It is those qualities that particularly interest the park authorities, who have the comfort of the rangers at heart. The men have to tramp many miles on skis or snowshoes and carry heavy packs filled with "grub" and bedding. Under such conditions every ounce that can be saved is of great importance.

OLDEST MILKING COW

A grade Shorthorn cow, 32 years old, and still giving milk enough to make about four pounds of butter a week, has been found by dairy professors of the Ohio State University on the farm of Miss Libby Hamilton, five miles south-east of Columbus. This is thought to be the oldest milking cow in Ohio, and possibly in the United States. Miss Hamilton, who is 80 years old, has had "Rexy" since April, 1892, when "Rexy" was born. The cow is now almost three times the average age, say the University dairymen, and is to be regarded as a curiosity, equal to a person 150 years old, or older. Quite as remarkable as "Rexy's" age is the fact that she has a daughter eight years old, having freshened at the age of 31.—Creamery Journal.

ADVERTISING

If every item in your stock was a rapid seller, you'd make a lot of money.

"Shelf-clingers"—slow moving goods—cut down profits and tie up capital.

Salesmen call on you every day to introduce new products. Why not ask them an important question:

"Will your firm advertise in the local paper to help me move these goods?"

Your customers all read the local newspaper. That's all the reading that some of them ever do.

So, newspaper advertising is the sure way to reach them.

Insist on newspaper advertising.

If the salesman says "No" you get rid of him quickly.

WHAT IS CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE?

An old darky had been in trouble for stealing chickens, and was convicted on circumstantial evidence.

"What's circumstantial evidence?" he was asked.

"Well," he said, "as near as I kin 'splain it, fum de way it has ben 'splained to me, circumstantial evidence is de feathers dat you leaves lyin' around after you has done with de chicken."

CHOICE OF ROUTES TO WESTERN CANADA

The Canadian National Railway in addition to providing unexcelled service between Eastern and Western Canada, offers patrons optional routes. You may travel westward via the Port Arthur-Port William route, returning the Northern route via Cochrane and North Bay, or vice versa. This means that you are in new environments continuously. A train leaves Toronto (Grand Trunk Railway) at 8.45 carrying Standard Sleeping Car to Winnipeg via North Bay, Cobalt and Cochrane daily, and through tourist sleeping car Toronto to Winnipeg on Tuesdays, Thursday, Saturdays and Sundays.

"The National" a solid through train leaves Toronto for Winnipeg at 10.35 p. m. every Monday, Wednesday and Friday via Sudbury and Port Arthur with standard and tourist sleeping cars, coaches, colonist car and dining car service.

Get full particulars, reservations, etc., from Local Agent, or nearest Agent of the Canadian National-Grand Trunk Railways. 41-5

THAT OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE

I can see the pink sunbonnet
And the little checkered dress
She wore when I first kissed her,
And she answered the caress
With the written declaration that
"As surely as the vine
Grew round the stump," she loved me
That old sweetheart of mine.

I'll warrant you these wandering recollections of mine bring many of you back to the old courting days, those sweetheart days of yore. Those happy days when we used to walk with "her" down Bower Avenue, and up the railway track to the old culvert; or down the track to the old semaphore. Do you remember the convenient parapets the old culvert had in those days? How convenient they were to rest on, before proceeding up to the Main Street crossing. Those were the happy days. Then there were the walks down to the old mill dam, and down to Lovers' Point at the west end of Hannah Adams' field, where the pond nearly surrounds the little grove. I can see "the pink sunbonnet and the pretty checkered dress," yet.

Last week I told the story of the Drill Shed, when it was located on Bower Avenue and Eighth Street. There have been many changes even since its removal twenty-seven years ago.

The only business place ever located on Bower Avenue was the Canada Glove Works. This fine factory was erected by W. H. Storey—about forty years ago. It was a fine factory and has always given Acton a fine reputation as a business place. Its commanding location gave the premises full view from the Grand Trunk Railway and passengers have during all these forty years been attracted by the substantial, attractive building. Mr. Storey was always proud of this building. The pretty sheet of spring water in the foreground lends it a picturesqueness which is very pleasing.

The first electrically-lighted sign in town was erected on the roof of the glove works. It was one hundred feet long, and told all and sundry that it was the home of W. H. Storey & Son, Glove Manufacturers, established 1868."

W. H. Storey was a business man and manufacturer of exceptionally able qualities. His personal attention to details in all departments was exceptional. He had great pleasure in admitting his son, William, into partnership when he became of age.

It will surprise many, no doubt, as it did me when I began to compute the years, to realize that it will be twenty-five years next March, since the lamented death of W. H. Storey. But so it is. No other man was so greatly missed who ever passed away in Acton. The glove factory, under his management, gave employment to thousands of residents here. Men and women, boys and girls, there made their livelihood. And this went on for several generations of the skilled families. Mr. Storey had more concern for the employment of the people who were on the pay roll of the Canada Glove Works than he was ever given full credit for. Often in lean years, when business was poor and unprofitable, he used every effort to keep employed those who were depending upon the wages earned there for the upkeep of their homes.

When Mr. Storey, the founder of this business passed away in 1898, he was succeeded by his son, Mr. W. A. Storey. He continued the business on the lines of policy which his revered father had laid down. No son was ever more anxious to maintain the good name of his father, and to preserve the reputation of the Canada Glove Works for products of honest workmanship and good value. For eighteen years or so he continued at the head of the business and then retired.

Messrs. T. H. Arnold & Sons succeeded Mr. Storey. They are astute business men and have continued the manufacture of gloves and mitts under the same firm name. In fact, they esteem it a privilege to trade under the time-honored name of W. H. Storey & Son.

Say, I think I'll cut my recollections short this week. The backward spring weather has made my rheumatics unusually troublesome, and then Mary is at that everlasting house-cleaning which comes every spring and fall, no matter whether it is needed or not. Most of you men know what I am going through these days, for you have a good deal of the same experience. That is, if you love your wives and make a fair effort to do some of the harder work which they feel is necessary to do. For instance, during the last week I've been beating carpets, and laying them down again; carrying water for the scrubbing, and helping Mary stretch the lace curtains on the frames. But this last job she doesn't appreciate the help I aim to give her. She says my fingers are all thumbs, and that I haven't a straight enough eye for her. But Mary is real good-natured about it. She always was. She gives me real good provender, right through the house-cleaning, and I've never had to eat my dinner off a barrel head yet. Say, I heard a good one the other day. A lady friend of ours was talking about the house-cleaning work. She said she had always found it a splendid plan to give the men of the house especially good meals during house-cleaning time, and it worked fine. They hardly ever noticed then that house-cleaning was going on, and there was nary a word of complaint about anything. A good plan, perhaps, but blest if I don't think it is rather hard on the already overworked women folks.

So long, until next week. If I'm feeling better, and the sunshiny spring weather has thawed out my rheumatism, I may give you a little longer and more varied serving of recollections next week.

The Old Man

FIRST OF THE SEASON

As the fisherman sat fishing a man stopped beside him and said:

"How many have you caught?"

The fisherman answered without taking his eyes from his cork:

"When I get this one I'm after and six more. I'll have seven, friend."

PULL YOUR OWN WEIGHT

"You know, we could slow away seven in the cottage without much trouble. Shall we ask some other fellow to go with us, he is six enough?" Donald put this question to the five boys scattered about his room, and waited for their answers.

"I should say that was up to you, Don, as long as your father is giving us the use of the cottage for the week-end," indicated Lester Morley. "As far as I'm concerned, the more the merrier."

"The same here," one or two others added, and Rufus Blake asked, "How would Jack Denny do? He's always jolly."

There was a moment's silence, and the other five boys exchanged glances. Then Donald answered the question.

"Jack is good company," he agreed. "But if you had lived in Elindale as long as the rest of us, Rufe, I don't believe you'd ask him to go on a week-end trip like this. You see, the trouble with Jack is that he won't do his share. On our little jaunt, some of us will have to cook, and some will have to wash dishes. There will be wood to bring and water to draw, and we'll have to keep the cottage decently tidy if we expect to have any more like excursions. If we have Jack with us, he'll be strong for any fun there is going, but he'll just naturally fade away when there's work on hand."

"I understand," Rufus answered with a nod. "I've seen that kind before, and they're not the sort you want when you're out in the woods. I take back my suggestion."

If Jack wondered why he was not invited to go with the boys who had planned a jolly week-end in the Horton cottage at Lake Ripley, his disappointment was short-lived, for suddenly and unexpectedly, there came a change in his plans for the summer. Mr. Denny, Jack's father, found that it would be necessary for him to make a business trip, and urged his wife to take the time of his absence for a long-postponed visit to an old friend. It was arranged that Jack should go with his Uncle Marshall for a month in the north woods, and he left Elindale the same day that the other boys went to the cottage at Lake Ripley.

Jack found the dense forests of the North very different from any woods he had seen before, and was perfectly willing to keep in the company of Pierre, who had served his uncle as guide on his previous trips.

"You like to learn to paddle?" Pierre asked him one morning soon after his arrival when Mr. Marshall had decided to stay in camp instead of going out on the lake. Jack assented. He soon caught the knack, and Pierre praised his skill.

The next morning there were two paddles in the boat when Jack and his uncle appeared, but Jack seemed not to notice and did not offer his help.

"Why the other paddle, Pierre?" Mr. Marshall asked, to which Pierre made answer: "I think perhaps Master Jacques weesh to paddle too. Then boat he go faster so."

"How about it, Jack?" his uncle asked, but Jack answered, "Oh, I'm not crazy about paddling, Uncle. We go fast enough when Pierre paddles."

The answer set the uncle to thinking. His keen gray eyes studied Jack thoughtfully at intervals all day. From Jack's comfortable relaxation he would glance to the guide's tense, muscular attitude as he deftly dipped his dapple, now on one side of the boat, now on the other. He noted that when it was necessary to make a short portage to reach another small lake, Jack never offered to lend a hand with the boat, until it was suggested to him, and that when the work was done he invariably, Jack threw himself down in the shade of a tree, leaving Pierre to gather the wood, build the fire, and get the meal ready. Mr. Marshall's firm mouth tightened, and a gleam came into his gray eyes. When they reached camp late in the day, he lingered for a few words with Pierre, while Jack strolled off to the cabin.

No special plans had been made for the day, for Mr. Marshall wanted to drive into town, fifteen miles away.

"You can stay in camp, Jack, or go out with Pierre, just as you choose," he said as he drove away.

It did not take Jack long to decide. He would ask Pierre to take him to the foot of the Smoking Falls, at the farther end of the lake. Pierre had spoken of the trip, but his uncle had shown no enthusiasm. This would be a good day to go.

Pierre said, "If you paddle, too, then I go. You no paddle, I no go."

"You've had my uncle out all day and never asked him to paddle!" remonstrated Jack.

"Your uncle no young any more. You young, you have strong body. You pull your own weight in a boat, or we go not at all!"

Jack was anxious to make the trip and accordingly accepted Pierre's condition, though with bad grace.

"I'll have a few things to pay to Uncle Marshall-to-night," he thought, as he settled himself in his place and picked up his paddle.

When the two voyagers halted for lunch and Pierre asked him to gather wood for the fire, Jack hesitated, but only for a moment. He doubted his getting any lunch if he refused.

When Jack and Pierre got back to camp late in the afternoon, after a glorious day on the water, Jack dropped down wearily on the couch in the cabin.

"Tired?" asked his uncle, surveying his nephew keenly.

"Some!" Jack answered, adding, a little resentfully, "Do you know, uncle, Pierre wouldn't stir from the camp unless I would paddle, too! I've been paddling all day, and I tell you it's some little work. I wondered what you would think about his laying down the law to me the way he did."

Jack had meant to put his case against Pierre more strongly, but there was something about his uncle's gray eyes and firm mouth that made him choose the milder form.

"Oh, I don't know," his uncle said comfortably, picking up his tackle from the rough table near by. "Pierre usually knows what he is about. When you get out of school, Jack, you'll be expected to begin to pull your own weight, and by the time you've been in business a few years, you'll probably be pulling the weight of two or three other people. You do your part now, get into the notion of pulling your own weight, and you'll find it easier when you have to do it further on. You're a pretty red-blooded boy, Jack, and I don't believe you want Pierre to pull your weight in the boat, even if he is a hired guide."

Jack brought back from his month in the north woods a health and vigor that delighted his father and mother. And he had gained something else quite as valuable in its way; he had learned to pull his own weight, to carry his end, to do his part wherever he was placed.—John Gordon Wright.

PRICE OF TEA HIGHEST IN YEARS

During 1920 so much more tea was produced than was required throughout the world that the market dropped to a comparatively low point. So serious was the position of the growers in India, Ceylon and Java that they agreed to produce 20% less tea during 1921. The result was that less tea was produced than was required, and now all surplus stocks have pretty well been exhausted to fill the deficiency. Prices in the last four months have steadily advanced, until the market to-day is at a level as high as was ever before reached even during war years.

QUITE IN CHARACTER

The late William Terriss, who for many years was invariably the hero in the dramas produced at the Adelphi Theatre, London, seems to have been in nice accord with the characters he played. One day, writes Ellen Terry in her recently published book, "The Story of My Life," he came into the theatre thoroughly soaked.

"Is it raining, Terriss?" asked some one, who noticed that he was wet.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" said Terriss, carelessly.

Weeks after it came out that he had jumped off a penny steamboat into the Thames, and saved a little girl's life.

MAKING THE MOST OF LIFE

You cannot make the most of life and not make the most of the minutes. People who think nothing of throwing away a half-hour, who fancy that it is foolish to try to utilize the five or ten minutes of waiting for dinner, who would rather yawn through the three-quarters of an hour that their train is late, than do something useful in that time, are not making a real success of life. For the minutes they squander without a thought are an integral part of the life we all prize in theory, and so often waste when it comes to practice.

AUNTY'S "BLUE RIBBON" LETTERS

Bertie—"I've been having a lovely game with this post-office set you gave me, auntie. I've taken a real letter to every house in the road."

Auntie—"How nice! And where did you get all the letters?"

Bertie—"Oh, I found a big bundle tied up with blue ribbon in your desk."

NO NEED TO RUN

A long-haired man met a little boy, who asked him the time.

"Well," replied the boy, "at nine o'clock got your hair cut," and he took to his heels and ran, the man after him.

Turning a corner the man ran into a policeman, nearly knocking him over.

"What's up?" asked the policeman.

The man, very much out of breath, said:

"You see that young urchin running along there? He asked me the time. I told him, 'Ten minutes to nine,' and he said, 'At nine o'clock got your hair cut!'"

"Well," said the policeman, glancing at his watch, "what are you running for? You've got eight minutes yet!"

LEARN TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND

Learn to make up your mind on matters of importance, but stand ready to change if new facts are brought before you. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that decided people cannot alter their opinions. The only ones who are troubled in this regard are those who never come to conclusions and so never change them.

SAVING MATERIAL

"How do you like my frock?" asked Erle's sister, when dressed for a dance.

"It's—er—quite simple," stammered the young man.

"Simple!" she laughed. "Do you know what it cost? Do you know that twenty golden sovereigns wouldn't cover it?"

"Perhaps not," said Erle; "but thirty might, well spread out."

PASSING ALONG PREJUDICES

Do not be too ready to listen to reflections on a new acquaintance. Sometimes a prejudice is passed from one to another and some unlucky individual suffers from an injustice which should have slided with the person who originated it. Remember it is true, we need to be put on our guard against a candidate for our friendship, but it is not fair that we should accept other people's prejudices as gospel, and handicap a possible friendship thereby. Neither accept the prejudices of others nor pass your own along.

A SAD LOSS

A colored lad and his would-be bride, visited the parsonage, and were shown into the sitting room. The minister entered and the groom announced their desire to be made man and wife. His manner was so dejected and his appearance so lugubrious that the preacher asked:

"What is the matter, Sam? Have you lost the license?"

"No, reverend," was the reply, "but I've done lost my enthusiasm."

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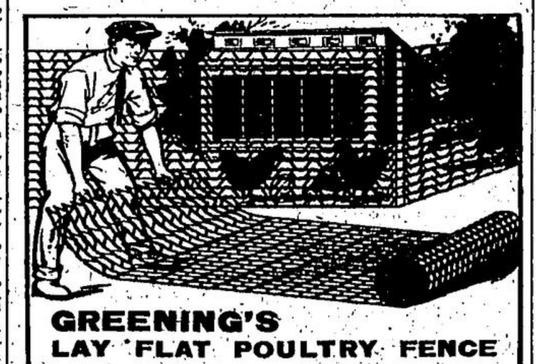
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Their covering power and lasting qualities are very great. It will pay you to insist on getting this popular brand. For whatever painting or varnishing you do, there is a special MARTIN-SENOUR Product, each one guaranteed to best serve the purpose for which it is made
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Every retailer who is alive to the interests of his customers has a message---often many messages---for his customers concerning new goods, special offerings, and things that we ought to know about. Customers and non-customers will be attentive and responsive to these messages, if they are delivered every week in the form of advertisements in THE ACTON FREE PRESS. The way to get more business is to ask for it.
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Yet some of you say, in effect, to your customers—"We're here. If you want our goods, come and get them, but don't expect us to go after you!" It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways.
Shop Where You Are Invited to Shop
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