The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1922.

WHEN WE HAD OUR RIGHTS

Rouse, ye Boosomgent Red-nosed men,
Outraged citizens! Listen, then,
While I break your hearts
With a tale that starts
Back in the I Can Remember When:

When a man might trade a whole week's pay
For a glorious jag that would last all day;
A wonderful day and a wonderful night,
Including a free lunch and a fight.
And when at last
The glad hours passed—
When swooning Nature could stand no more,
He could fall asleep on the sawdust floor,
With his weary head in the cuspidor.

Them was the days! And I drop a tear
On the mournful grave of that Yesteryear.

Did ever you think of the sinful way
We waste our jack on a Saturday?
Blowing the wages on grub and shoes
Which once on a time would have bought good booze!

Ah, cynical one, ne'er shake your head!
The dime that you spend for a loaf of bread
Would have bought you a schooner of foaming beer
In the joyous days of a vanished year!

Dear old songs! Dear old fights!
Back in the days when we had our Rights!

Ah, golden days! When a yegg could make
A barrel of hooch from one rattlesnake,
One rubber boot and a drug or two,
And pass it over the bar to you
At ten a throw; then, deft and brisk,
Humming a carefree ditty, frisk
Your Sunday suit from tie to pants
And kick you out to lie in a trance
And sleep it off in a watering trough
Till the gang came round with the ambulance.

Them was the days! Them was the nights!
We lost our dough and our liver and lights
And an eye or so—but we had our Rights.

Rise, fellow Suckers good and true!
Somewhere a Voice is Calling You!
Somewhere a yegg is catching cold,
Out in the night with a piece of old
Rusty sausage! While he hiffs
Poor old scared commuting stiffs
On the beam, he pensive sighs,
Wiping his poor bleary eyes
In an absent way as he wonders when
We'll get him back on the job again.

Shall we then endure to behold his pain?
Shall his weeping rise to the stars in vain?
Shall the poor yegg's tears, like the summer rain,
Water a land that is crass and crude
And sown with the seeds of ingratitude?

Shall we tamely sit by our bank account,
Watching it mount and mount and mount?

Shall we hold our peace when the Suckers then
Tell how they got it in Goucher's Den—
Knockout drops in their pail of hope—
Back in the I Can Remember When?

Shall we ever forget sweet days gone by
When we went home loaded with drugstore rye
And woke wife up with a crack in the eye,
And a bump in the nose when she started to cry?

Dear dead days! Dear dead nights!
When the yegg and the Suckers had their Rights!

—Lowell Otus Reese.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

Nothing in life is more remarkable than the unnecessary anxiety which we endure and generally occasion ourselves.—Disraeli.

Wealth without virtue is a dangerous guest;
Who holds them mingled is supremely blest.—J. H. Merivale.

Men of the noblest dispositions think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.—Duncan.

A generous man places the benefits he confers beneath his feet; those he receives, nearest his heart.—Anon.

Society is well governed when the people obey the magistrates and the magistrates obey the law.—Solon.

Talkative people who wish to be loved are hated; when they desire to please, they bore; when they think they are admired, they are laughed at; they injure their friends, benefit their enemies and ruin themselves.—Plutarch.

The true order of learning should be, first, what is necessary; second, what is useful; and third, what is ornamental. To reverse this arrangement, is like beginning to build at the top of the edifice.—Mrs. Sigourney.

Jails and prisons are the complement of schools; so many less as you have of the latter, so many more must you have of the former.—H. Mann.

The disease of an evil conscience is beyond the practice of all the physicians of all the countries in the world.—W. E. Gladstone.

The finest qualities of our nature, like the bloom on fruits, can be preserved only by the most delicate handling.—Thoreau.

I never knew any one interfere with other people's disputes, but that he heartily repented of it.—Lord Carlisle.

Let thy speech be better than silence, or be silent.—Dionysius the Elder.

COULDN'T OBLIGE

"George, you may bring me two fried eggs, some bacon, a pot of coffee, and some rolls," said the man to the country waiter.

"Yes, sir."

His companion said:

"You may bring me the same. No, just wait a minute; just eliminate the eggs."

In a moment the waiter returned.

"Excuse me, sir, what did you say about them eggs?"

"I merely told you to eliminate them."

"Yes, sir."

And he hurried away to the kitchen. In a few minutes he came back once more, leaned confidentially and penitently over the table, and said:

"We had a bad accident this morning, sir, and the 'liminator got bust, right at the handle. Will you have them fried, same as this gentleman?"

THE FIRST TALKING MACHINE

The teacher was exasperated. The class was idle and inattentive, and just a little out of hand.

In desperation she changed the subject from mathematics to science, and began to ask each boy and girl questions about the great inventions of the age.

"Now, then," she said impatiently, "what was the first talking machine made of?"

After a while a voice from the back of the class broke the silence: "Please, miss, a rib."

Hail, Memory, Hail! In thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought, and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And place and time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.

Childhood's loved group revisits every scene,
The tangled woodwalk, and the tufted green!
Indulgent memory wakes, and lo, they live!
Clothed with far softer hues than light can give,
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams.

That's so. It really seems to me that memory has an exhaustless mine. I catch myself reflecting upon the early days in this community, and in a moment memory has me in her clutches. As I obey her call, time and place march past and events of half a century agone come up with a vividness I never dreamed of since they were enacted. "Childhood's loved group revisits every scene," and I find myself away back in those early days I write about in these columns, and which you all appear to enjoy perusing.

This morning I am back again on Bower Avenue. I see very vividly the old farm lane; and the erection of the various homes comes back to me one by one with force and interest. I recall the vacant lots where the roughcast cottage and McKenzie's flat-roofed domicile now stand. This lot was the kitchen garden of Bell's tavern for years. William Bell kept the tavern where the Ratlin Hotel now stands. William and his wife were good tavern keepers, as tavern keepers went in those days. They were thrifty, and the rich garden plot in the rear of their hostelry afforded many a tempting and succulent vegetable, fresh from the soil, for the meals of the travellers or boarders who patronized their board.

The roughcast house was for many years the property of Rev. R. R. Cook, father of E. K. Cook of the store next to Brown's drug store. I am not sure whether Mr. Cook built the house or not. He owned it, however, when he was pastor of the Baptist Church here. This was the home of Mr. William Hawthorne and family when they came from Collingwood a score of years and more ago.

The next lot has also a history. It was bought by the late Edward Moore in 1855 or 1856, just after the "Rooshian War." The war of the Crimea in 1854 had a far-reaching effect. Wheat sold in Acton for $4.00 a bushel. All exportable products reached fabulous prices. Even real estate in Acton was effected. This war and the Grand Trunk Railway, then building through town, were going to make everybody rich and prices became wonderfully inflated. The books in the county registry office show that Mr. Moore paid $400 for this lot. He first thought of building the home for himself and his bride on this lot. But when he bought it, and stepped off its dimensions it looked rather circumscribed to a young man recently off the farm, and he looked around for another site. Finally, he chose the three lots on which Moorecroft now stands. These lots also cost him a pretty penny, but he wanted them, and got them, and built his home on them, was married and took his beloved wife there; lived most happily there; saw his family of three sons and three daughters come to further bless his home, and it was home in very truth to him there until his untimely death there forty-three years ago this month. The property has ever since been in the family and still bears the family name.

Well, Mr. Moore kept the Bower Avenue lot for twenty-one years, always hoping it would advance in price to recoup him for laying out of his $400 of hard-earned money as carpenter and framer for all these years. Finally, however, it was sold to Thomas Watson and family, as a place for their proposed new home. And believe me, the price paid Mr. Moore by the Watsons for this $400 "Rooshian War" lot, after twenty-one years, was the splendid sum of $70.00. Mr. Moore's real estate speculation proved just about as profitable (?) as the ventures in real estate some of the rest of us have made in later years in Northwest town plots and Pacific coast city lots.

During the twenty-one years Mr. Moore held this lot he did not make much money from it, but it became a utilitarian objective for Mr. Bell, the tavern keeper and his friends and brethren, the Orangemen, on each successive Twelfth of July. In those days Acton had "Orange walks" that were "some potatoes." No place in the country was more popular as a centre for spending the "Glorious Twelfth" than Acton, and nearly every year there was an Orange demonstration. The dining room of the tavern was entirely inadequate for the accommodation of the crowds of visitors. To make room for all Mr. Bell always secured permission from Mr. Moore to erect a temporary dining room on this lot, as it was immediately behind the hotel. Lumber was cheap in those days and Orange helpers numerous. The dining tables were generally lined along the fence for the whole length of the westerly side of the lot, and a lean-to roof shaded them from sun or rain.

It was the pride of William Bell to have new potatoes and green peas galore as the leading vegetables at his Orange dinners. Being usually the first of the season for the diners they were in brisk demand. It was therefore a common thing for the well-known Irishman, who superintended this outside dining room to be heard shouting over to the kitchen girls at the hotel, who were bringing over the table supplies, in his rich Irish brogue, "Bring on some more of them new pitaties and green peys." It was Bill Bell's boast that no one ever went away hungry from his table. If was certainly their own fault if they went away unsatisfied from this Orange layout in the Moore lot, and all anybody paid for it was a quarter, or two York shillings as was the more common term for a quarter, dollar in those days.

Well, after the Watsons secured the lot it wasn't long before the very comfortable house where Mr. Harry Goldham and his family now reside, was erected. Mrs. Watson died before they moved to this new home, and the eldest daughter, Mary Jane, took the mother's place in the home. And she was a real foster mother to them all. There were two other daughters, Lizzie and Maggie. I think Maggie died during one of the diphtheria epidemics of those early days. Among the Watson boys there were Bob, and Tom, and Will, and Alex. The whole family removed from Acton many years ago. Mary Jane married John A. C. Addison, of Nassagaweya. They have lived in Toronto for a long time. Bob removed to Tampa, Florida, over thirty years ago. The editor has just told me of receiving news from his wife there that Bob died on April 19, after a couple of strokes. Tom went to Hillsdown and was for several years Mayor of that town. Will has gone from my memory. Alex., you all remember Alex., the little runt that used to be errand boy for Alex. Record when he had a grocery and crockery store in the shop were Charlie Speight is now. Well, Alex. went to Kitchener afterward and became manager of one the big furniture factories there. I do not know where he is now.

Thomas Watson, the father, who was for years a faithful workman on the G. T. R. track gang, met a painful accident one day when distributing ties off a flat car. A falling tie caught him and he was thrown off the car and under the wheels and lost one of his legs. He was never able to work again. I think Mr. Watson died in this house.

It was in the shed in rear of the house that Walter Pearson started a broom factory fifteen or eighteen years ago. He removed to Guelph.

David Tovell and family, of Eramosa, made this house their home when they came to Acton and remained there, I think, until their removal to the West.

And these are my recollections for this week.

The Old Man

AMBITIOUS TO DO HELPFUL THINGS

Many young people when taken to task for spending their time on certain things, defend themselves by saying, "Why, I can't see that there's much harm in it." And such a defense is in reality an accusation. Suppose the thing in question may properly be called harmless, that is very far from being a sufficient justification. We should be ambitious to do helpful things, splendid things. We should tingle with the desire to make our lives count. Suppose we assure ourselves that a certain occupation is of no especial harm, what of that? It becomes a harm to us if it takes time that we could us better.

The tragedy of present-day life is the exaltation of the trivial. It is easy to fill the day with occupations that have nothing against them except that they take the time and energy which might be better employed. Only a high aim and an unfaltering resolution can save us from sacrificing the best of life to things of no importance.

THE "AFTER-WHILE" WARNING

One modest little woman, who had raised a fine home-loving family, took her hint of true companionship from a chance remark of her boy of three. "I noticed," she said, "that Harold began sing-songing two words to himself continually as he went about his play—'Af'er while, af'er while.'

"For a time I was puzzled why he used them and what he meant; then one day I awoke to the fact that he was simply an innocent-hearted mimic of myself. For all the time I was fully intending to be a fine companion, and yet busy with multitudinous household duties of far less import, I was continually meeting his requests for help with the fatal 'Yes, dear, after awhile.' At once I instituted the one hour a day of complete companionship, when I met all his little perplexities and needs. And I have kept it up ever since with my big family. I can truly say that this one hour brings us into other sight or nine devoted to the material comforts of my family or outside interests. I am only too glad that my first baby's sing-song awakened me to the importance of real companionship before it was too late. Once the bird has flown the nest, it is entirely too late to coax it back for even most helpful suggestions.

MAKING THE BEST OF OTHERS

Making the best of things is really less important than making the best of people. Just as most of the circumstances of our lives have bright sides and dark sides, so most of the people of our acquaintance have side that is lovable and another that is the reverse. If we seek for the faults of those we meet and emphasize them to the exclusion of everything else, we shall form a very unfavorable impression of humanity as a whole, while if we look for what is good in each and every one, we shall find traces of divinity in all.

If making the best of things is a big factor in happiness, making the best of people is even more essential. Learn to look on others with a view to making not the worst, but the best of them.

TO, TOO, TWO

A French boy in an English school wrote "too" when it should have been "to." His master was pleased to be sarcastic, and said (we can only represent it arithmetically): "There are three 2's in the English language. Write that out twenty times, and then perhaps you will remember it." After puzzling for a while the boy asked how it was to be done, and the master had to admit that he was bowled out. It is one of the few English sentences which cannot be written.—London Morning Post.

FRUIT THIMBLES

Thimble-like contrivances that fit over the finger ends, to facilitate the hulling of fruits, are the novel invention of Amy Pearce, of Mission City, British Columbia. The thimbles are of light metal and are provided with artificial nails. To each of them is fastened a short rubber tube, which secures it upon the finger.

A LITTLE CHATTERBOX

Little Tommy was always asking questions.

"You'd better keep quiet or something may happen to you," said his mother at last. "Curiosity killed the cat, you know."

Tommy was so impressed with this that he kept silent for five minutes. Then he said:

"Mother, what did the cat want to know?"

ASK TO SEE THEIR LICENSES

Farmers are advised when being solicited by agents for lightning rods to demand to see their licenses. For their protection against fraud or worthless material, the Government has required that every agent for lightning rod equipment must carry a license bearing the signature of the Ontario Fire Marshall.

ANNIVERSARIES

Some people seem to care but little for anniversaries. They would have the days and seasons come and go without seeking to be profitted by thoughts suggested by the passing days. But the person who says all days are the same to him—birthdays, weddings anniversaries, holidays, and Christmas, New Year and national anniversaries—will generally be found to be solid, impassive and selfish, lacking in that fine flame which Emerson says is the consolation and happiness of life—sentiment.

To the impressionable and reflecting heart there is both sorrow and consolation in every anniversary. Amid the vicissitudes of human life on the globe one thing has been unchanging, immutable—the return of summer and winter, the arrival of the longest day and the shortest day. We have recently passed the shortest day and are now drawing to the close of the journey of the summer solstice. With hopeful and cheerful hearts, thousands, too, started on the upward journey—but, alas! there are thousands whose hearts fail them for fear, as they contemplate the dangers and sorrows imminent in the year that is now under way. Undoubtedly the great need of the human heart is some faith to rest in, that underneath, around and over these circling years there is a guiding power, great moral ruler. The heart that has this trust can bear all things; the heart that is destitute of it is desolate indeed. All problems of life finally resolve themselves into two: Is the soul immortal, and does the Creator care for the work of His hand? If not, to what end all this multitudinous life, this capacity for suffering, and all the struggles of life? A poet who passed from earth a few cycles since wrote the following on the fiftieth anniversary of his college class day:

"Ah me! the fifty years since last we met
Seem to me fifty fellos bound and set
By time, the great transcriber, on his shelves,
Wherein are written histories of ourselves,
What tragedies, what comedies are there!
What joy and grief, what rapture and despair!
What chronicles of triumph and defeat,
Of struggle and temptation and retreat!
What records of regrets and doubts and fears,
What pages blotted, blistered by our tears!
What lovely landscapes on the margin shine,
What sweet angelic faces, what divine
And holy images of love and trust,
Undimmed by age, unsoiled by damp or dust!"

This is the record of all human life. It is well to summon our courage at the beginning of every new year and resolve that we, at least, will bear our part in the burden, our share in the strife, bravely and uncomplainingly. "Our lot is the common lot of all." Hoping for the best, we gird ourselves anew for the conflict. The years will pass,

"But as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day."

—D. R.

HUMOROUS

"Chew your food, Doris, before you swallow it; your stomach hasn't teeth to chew with."

"Mine has. I swallowed two last summer."

"Yes," said Podson, "that fellow can't tell, by feeling the bumps on your head, what kind of a man you are."

"Can he?" replied Pat. "Begorrah, I should think it would give him more of an idea phwat kind of a woman me wife is!"

"Morning, morning!" said paterfamilias genially, as he entered the breakfast-room. "I've had a splendid night. Slept like a top."

His wife agreed with him. "You did," she responded grimly—"like a humming top!"

A GOOD PRESCRIPTION FOR DAILY USE

Don't worry. "Seek peace and pursue it."

Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardily as too slow."

Sleep and rest abundantly. "The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merry Man."

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make. "Work like a man; but don't be worked to death."

Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."

Think only helpful thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Avoid passion and excitement. "A moment's anger may be fatal."

Associate with healthy people. "Health is contagious as well as the disease."

"Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders. "Trust in the good Lord."

Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."

WISPS OF WISDOM

To go forward is important. To go straight is more important.

Don't sit down and take what comes. Go after what you want.

All you've got to do is to want a thing, want it hard and it's as good as yours.

Health is the foundation both of judgment and industry and therefore of success.

LADIES FURNISHED

The Prince of Wales enjoyed many a laugh when he saw some of the signs with English inscriptions which several Japanese tradesmen display outside their shops. Here are a few which may catch his eye. "Tailor of Resistant Wet Coat," "Baggages, Rent any Direction by Internal Railway," "Horse-bif Shop," "Coats Made from any hides Yours or Ours," "Ladies Furnished in the Upper Story."

FIRST SEWING MACHINE

The first sewing machine was invented by Thomas Saint, an Englishman, in 1790. It could saw plain stitches and was designed chiefly for sewing on leather.

Some years later a French tailor named Thimmonier brought out an improved machine for sewing on cloth. He started a factory, but a party of tailors, fearing that the machines would ruin their business, broke in and destroyed them.

In 1833, William Hunt, an American, introduced the first "cook stitch" machine, but neglected to take out a patent, and the invention was a failure. A little later, Elias Howe invented a somewhat similar machine. Being unable to overcome the prejudice of American tailors, the inventor took his machine to England.

STUDY TOUR FOR BOYS

About the best thing a father can do for his boys is to encourage them to travel and see something of the world, before they become too keenly engrossed in commercial life. Travel is a great Educator—It enriches the mind and fits the youth to better fill his place in life. A normal boy is observant—he assimilates and retains knowledge. Travel gives him his opportunity—it fits him for every phase in life.

A tour of Europe is at present being organized under the personal supervision of Mr. T. H. Matthews, M. A., (Oxon) Assistant Professor of Mathematics, McGill University, and late Instructor-Lieutenant, Royal Navy. In addition local guides will be secured to conduct excursions and give lectures on the artistic, historic, literary and economic significance of the sights seen and the places visited.

A most carefully planned and interesting itinerary has been arranged including visits to Montreal, Liverpool, Chester, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford, London, Paris, Versailles, Fontainebleau, Rheims, Lyons, Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, Monaco, Mentone, Genoa, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Sorrento, Capri, Pompeii, Vesuvius, Florence, Venice, Trent, Innsbruck, Munich, the Passion Play at Oberammergau, Nuremberg, Mayence, the Rhine, Cologne, Brussels, Louvain, and Ostend, returning through London and Liverpool.

This exceptional tour starts from Montreal on Saturday, June 24, calling at Quebec, by the splendid White Star Line steamship "Canopic," 12,000 tons. A period of approximately two months will be occupied by the tour as by the itinerary the return trip is made from Liverpool by the fine steamship "Regina" 16,500 tons, arriving at Montreal on August 26.

The arrangements for this tour are most complete and the charge which is a minimum one covers everything in the way of transportation, hotel accommodation with three meals a day, transfers, sight-seeing fees, in brief all necessary travelling expenses for the entire tour.

Apply to any agent of the Canadian National Railways for further particulars. 43-4

"ALL ABOARD!"

At first glance, the origin of the phrase, "going on board" a ship would appear to have some connection with the boards or planks with which ships are constructed. But when we remember that we also speaking of "boarding" a train, it is obvious that the expression must have some additional derivation.

The word "board" of itself, can be traced back to the Icelandic, and it was probably introduced into the Anglo-Saxon speech by some of the great adventurers from this little island in the North Atlantic. In the original tongue board was understood to mean the side of a ship, and it was in this sense that it was first employed.

When used in connection with the supplying of food, the word "board" is simply a relic of the days when tables were made from a single plank, with rude supports at each end.

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LADIES' SILK HOSE—In Pongee, Navy, Black, Cordovan, Nude and White, back-seamed, lisle tops. This week $1.00.

BLACK SILK HOSE—Lisle tops, seconds. The majority have slight mends in the soles, 60c per pair.

SILK LISLE HOSE—In Silver, Sand, and Navy, only 75c per pair.

LADIES' BLACK COTTON HOSE—20c per pair.

LADIES' CREAM CASHMERE HOSE—Special this week only, 35c per pair.

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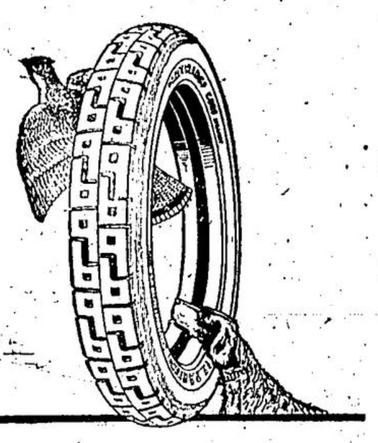

Partridge users throughout the Dominion testify to enjoying durability in excess of their greatest expectations.

A typical recommendation reads:—"Beyond all doubt the Partridge Cord tire is the best of its kind on the market to-day."

PARTRIDGE TIRES

Game as Their Name

How's Business

Advertising, backed up by the right spirit, the right goods and the right service, can rescue a sinking business and will make a prosperous business more masterful in its own community.

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In this community the public is entering those shops on which the light of advertising is falling.

A Word to the Public

Be sure of this; those who are using our columns week after week do not give you poorer goods or service, or have higher prices.

Shops which are illumined by advertising court with full confidence your favor.

Shop Where You Are Invited to Shop

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