

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1922

THE FRIGHTENED NEW YEAR

The New Year comes with thoughtful fare. And small children in big, hand, and small hands, are frightened. He watched the swiftly running sand.

"The Old Year takes no leave to die. He instruments with a sigh, at last; 'Oh, who will come my turn to fly Down on the midnight road?'

And hear the laughter and the mirth That always greet the Year on Earth?"

At last! at last! the sand is run. The New Year's reign has now begun, And the world is safe from further fear. What clamor breaks? What sounds he hears?

From the factory and mill,

From tug and steamboat whistling shrill;

From hailing bells and canons' blare;

From rockets whizzing through the air!

The Old Year turned his face to me,

And almost fell, I thought, to cry,

"Oh, oh, he wailed amid the din."

"I wish—I wish—I'd not come in!"

Annie Johnson Print.

A RURAL POSTMASTER AND MERCHANT'S VIEWS

To the Editor of The Globe:

I have read with much interest your advertisement, which, bounding the new postal C. O. D. service, also your question, and thought it would be of interest to give you my view on the matter, from a rural postmaster, and, secondly, a retail merchant in a rural district.

The C. O. D. service, as we know it, came into being, I believe, last year, collected from all parts of the Dominion, yields large profits that are invested in Toronto.

However, to be safe in this matter, we must look in all sides of the question. In every post office in the country the Postmaster and his assistants spend all their time and energy in a service that is more arbitrary and exacting than any other post office service, with less pay and longer hours of work, and are finding themselves every year more and more an "Annoy" to the postal authorities.

This Postmaster's salary is dependent on the mail matter he distributes, or the damage that he handles, but on the number of stamps that he sells. Consequently, two or three stamps that he sells, cost him forty or a hundred pounds of mail matter to distribute, for which he receives nothing, pay by commission.

This itself would seem to be a sufficient reason for us to have a very poor post office, but here is another Government, instituting our "American" neighbors, makes the Postmaster already more crowded out of his office with mailing orders, and responsible, for the collection of the Department store accounts, through the C. O. D. service. It is a service that is a burden on the public; a package cannot be delivered unless the charges paid, and it simply adds work and expense. As an instance of this, in Toronto, a two-dollar package, at a special price of one dollar, a return of this office sent the dollar, and the article is mailed to him with a C. O. D. charge of twenty-five cents, the amount to him is \$1.25, which he must pay before he gets his purchase.

That is the postmaster's side of the story, now, look at it from the stand-point of the public, in those places where the public receives any benefit. True, the Toronto merchants are enabled to unload "night unseen," as some say, but this is not so good, a quantity of goods that they could not handle over the counters, and the money they receive is invested in Toronto, and nine times out of ten they say, "We are not getting back our money." And this is so, because it is loss to the trade, and it is loss to the class of goods sold by advertising, and the like, in the stores, where the public receives any benefit.

It is generally assumed that the beginning of the New Year will be joyful, but the other day I was asked to hold my shadow by regret. And yet it is a question why this should be so. The New Year is a new, blank page, though the unknown. The old year is filled with the record of the next twelve months just closing, we have only been marking time. For the New Year is, so far as is likely to be, the same as the previous twelve months, will be full of failure and success, joys and sorrows.

It is an important question whether this year, 1922 stands for gains or losses, and it is important to show its record of achievement. For the compilation of another year means that a considerable amount of time has elapsed. And life is, which is more important, a series of the all the gallantry of a great humanism. Joe's wife lived only a few years, but he found a worthy helper in one of his children, brothers and sister in law, and his daughters. They are spending their declining years with peace and happiness and plenty, and their grandchildren think they are no other people so dear as their grandfather and grandmother.

On New Year's Day, fifty-one years ago, two pairs of our finest young people in town were married by the same minister, the late Robert Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen and Anne Moore, and James and Jessie Moore.

This was quite a big concern among us. The shop stood on the lot where the Hydro-Electric Power House and the old Moore home stand now.

James Moore was a brother of Mr. Storey in the Canada Glove Works, at that time. Annie Moore and Jessie Moore were both expert glove makers and their skill was well known.

Their wedding was a brilliant affair, and the next twelve months will be full of happiness, but we have not told the tale of the last twelve.

We may be pardoned for a little optimism, but we stand on the threshold of the unknown, but nothing can take from us the joy of the victories we have won. Everyone who has been driving to live in the New Year is in for a treat. And life is, so far as is likely to be, the same as the previous twelve months, will be full of failure and success, joys and sorrows.

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