THE HOME OF

The Acton Free Press

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THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 13, 1925

EDITORIAL

The Condition of Fairview Cemetery

The letter of "Citizen and Plot Owner" last week has evidently stirred up the people who are interested in Fairview Cemetery, and they are expressing themselves with a freedom never before manifested. The people are evidently in real earnest now in the request—if not the demand—that proper steps be taken to ensure that conditions which have existed this summer shall not again occur. There appears to be two things now decided upon by those placing their views before the public. These are that a caretaker must be placed in charge who can give his whole time to keeping the cemetery, its walks, plots and drives, in neat and satisfactory condition through the summer months; and that the administration of the premises be handed over to a Commission properly appointed, with adequate authority. These steps being taken, the adoption of the perpetual care system, so successfully in operation in many other cemeteries throughout the country, will inevitably follow. All interested should now act and not allow this important matter to end in talk.

Coming Back to Town

It does not matter much how pleasant the vacation has been, how delightful one has found the change from town life to country or lakeside life; when the time for returning to the old surroundings and the old routine arrives, we are seldom very reluctant to go. Our home may be little and the furniture shabby, but we feel that we will be glad to see them again. Our occupation may not be the most interesting in the world, or our success in its astonishment; yet somehow the more agreeable activities of vacation tend to make us contemplate it with less distaste and more hope. And we quite rejoice at the prospect of seeing again the faces of our friends and fellow workers; we did not in the least mind leaving them, but we are aware of a distinct eagerness to rejoin them. Perhaps the foretaste of return is sweeter than the fact. The house is uglier and the furniture shabbier than we remembered them as being, your check book shows a smaller balance than we had intended it to show, the work is as dull as ever, and our friends are not half so excited by our reappearance as they might be. But the disappointment is fleeting; we are more alive to the compensations of our life than we were before we broke away from the routine of it; we find in the streets, in the shops, the houses and the crowds a stimulus to which before departing from them we had ceased to respond. So we get into our stride again; we say to ourselves, "After all, the old town is a pretty good place to come back to;" we are happy to be earning our living at the task for which we have fitted ourselves. The afterglow of the well-spent vacation is really the best part of it.

It Is Appreciated

"That's a splendid evidence of community spirit," a visitor noted on Sunday evening, while the open-air band concert was in progress. "For a town of this size to have a band like that means more than your people can realize. I hope they appreciate it as it deserves." The appreciation was evident, to a good extent, in the hundreds of town people and the scores of cars gathered around Sunderland House, most of whom remained through the whole programme. But other appreciation was expressed in hundreds of homes in the neighborhood and at a distance, where the programme of sacred hymns and sacred numbers was a very pleasant feature of a quiet Sunday evening after the church services. Acton does appreciate its band. But it occurred to one listening to its numbers on Sunday night that a little more evidence of this appreciation in whole-hearted applause would not be amiss. True, there was a scattering of hand-clapping after two or three of the numbers but little enthusiasm or spontaneity about it. Indeed, there was quite as much noise in three or four Ford cars, the drivers of which were discourteous enough to start and race their engines while numbers were in progress, as in the hand-clapping. The band does its best to entertain the citizens and visitors, and in these Sunday evening concerts is usually careful to preserve the spirit of the day in its music. Something more can be done in the courtesy to be shown to the band and the other listeners. That sort of thing means just a little more of the community spirit the visitor admired, and which goes such a long way in helping to make people happy. This, after all, is the secret of the truest and best community.

Canada is a great country with wonderful resources, but Canada lacks some in unity of purpose. There is too much provincialism and not enough Canadianism. "Canada first and Canada all the time" should be out motto.

EDITORIAL NOTES

What's the matter with our boys and girls? A statement issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics show that juvenile delinquency is increasing, with the greatest increases in Toronto among cities and Ontario among provinces.—Mail and Empire.

"In three months in Winnipeg," remarked Editor Thomas, of the Bracebridge Gazette, on his return from a tour of the West, "more cars of grain were inspected than all the grain at Minneapolis, Duluth and Chicago put together. It is well that Canadians should keep such things in mind."

The press of Ontario has been showering compliments on the ACTON FREE PRESS on its fiftieth anniversary and congratulating its editor, H. P. Moore, on the excellent manner in which the FREE PRESS is edited and printed. There is certainly none better and it has but few equals.—St. Marys Journal.

King George has appealed to the public to protect the parks from unsightly litter, says a dispatch. Yes, and if King George could see the streets and sidewalks at the Main-St. Lawrence Street junction, at Winchester on a Sunday morning, he might change his appeal to a demand for a better condition.—Winchester Press.

For the three fall months of September, October and November, the duty of 25 per cent. on grade sheep imported into Canada from the United States for bredding purposes will be removed. The reason for this step is the fact that for the past two or three years there has been a gradual decline in the sheep-breeding industry in the Dominion.

Mr. Meighen predicts that the Progressive members elected in Ontario during the next election will be able to ride down to Ottawa on a bicycle. In case of a misunderstanding of the meaning of this prophecy, why not say that it is a tribute to Ontario's good roads?—Globe. It is very likely the Progressives of Ontario will have something effective to say about this.

Almost every issue of the daily papers carry announcements of death by drowning. These accidents, almost without exception, could be avoided. Bathers and swimmers who think cautiously and use their best judgment seldom or never meet death by drowning. Think well yourself in this connection and caution your friends who seek deep water for bathing and swimming, neither of which require a greater depth than four or five feet.

The head of thhe New York police department believes that the automobile and the revolver are the greatest agents of crime and he therefore proposes that crimes committed with the assistance of these be given a double penalty. The man who is determined upon crime will find a way to commit it. The only effective deterrent is strict and prompt punishment, not for the means by which the crime is performed, but for the crime itself.—Newmarket Era.

The town of Mount Forest engages the band of a neighboring town to give a nightly concert once a week. They find it a paying investment. We have a good band in Winchester, and their Saturday night concerts are becoming so attractive that our main streets will not accommodate the car traffic.—Winchester Press. And this, too, is Acton's experience. The sacred concert given by our band last Sunday evening, after the Church services, gave the town a real reputation for superior band music.

The assets of Canadian universities in 1924 amounted to $80,864,627, the income to $10,541,874 and the expenditures to $11,716,921. These figures are given in a preliminary report on higher education in Canada issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. The registration at the universities in Canada for the academic year ending June 30, 1924, was 39,372, about the same as in 1923. Of this number about one-third were ladies.

One result of a municipality guaranteeing bonds for factories is shown by the experience of Grand Valley. A year ago the village guaranteed $10,000 bonds for the Acme Handle Co. Now the Council has given instructions to the solicitor to foreclose on the industry, which has $6,000 liabilities, including a power account of $1,000. Happily Acton's experience has not been of this nature. Our "encouragements" have proven of distinct advantage to the town.

The Canadian custodian of alien enemies' properties, Hon. A. B. Copp, Secretary of State, has now in his hands over $12,000,000 representing a balance so far realized from the sequestration of German property in Canada during and subsequent to the Great War. What action if any, may be taken toward the release of such sequestered property by the Canadian Government, is a question still undecided. Better keep it in abeyance for a year or two yet, till it is seen whether Germany is really preparing for another war or not.

A reduction of one cent an ounce on Canadian mail to Newfoundland is announced. This means a reduction from 4 cents to 3 cents on an ordinary letter. The old rate was 4 cents an ounce for the first ounce and 3 cents an ounce for each subsequent ounce or fraction. The new rate will be 3 cents for the first ounce and 2 cents on all subsequent ounces of fraction thereof. This should bring Canada and Newfoundland closer together. It is to be hoped the island colony will in the near future become federated with Canada, where it naturally belongs.

The unusual amount of space in several provincial papers being devoted to the activity of the bootleggers these days would seem to be paving the way for the introduction of a light beer and wine bill into the Nova Scotia Legislature. Our prediction may prove incorrect, but time will tell what the Rhodes administration will do in this regard. If such a bill is introduced and passed, however, thousands who assisted in the election of the new government could not conscientiously grant it their further support. It will be interesting to witness what occurs in this connection. The one evil, that of bootlegging, we have with us, why add a second?—Windsor (N.S.) Journal. Do not, by any means, permit them to persuade the people that stronger beer will eliminate the bootlegger. He is as active as ever here in Ontario where beer was strengthened under this seductive plea.

TO THE RESCUE

There are few men that are altogether worthless and bad, and perhaps still fewer beasts and birds. Real worth is hard for us to get at. Twelve men are needed for a jury; and certainly no one man ought to sit in final judgment, even upon an English sparrow, without something like twelve men's observation.

Long ago I thought the evidence was all in touching the English sparrow and long ago I brought in a verdict against him for everything bad in the first degree. But I was wrong; the evidence was not all in; is not all in yet. And I must turn and take the stand in his favor.

I was crossing the square of a little village recently when I hear a sharp commotion overhead in a maple-tree. Looking up, I saw a red squirrel out near the end of a limb and I knew what had happened; chickaree had robbed their nest.

It was a mighty fight the little birds were making. They were darting like tongues of flame about him, hissing, whizzing, flashing through the leaves, thrusting viciously for his eyes, swinging for his head as he dodged and ducked.

Had it been a gray squirrel, they would have blinded him quickly and sent him tumbling to the street. But only a weasel has more grit and fight in him than the red squirrel. A sudden lull in the attack gave chickaree an opportunity to get his balance.

Rising as the birds darted, he struck at one, barely missing it. But the tide of battle was turned.

The squirrel was now attacking. From limb to limb, down to the trunk, and round and round the hole he played quick as a cat, as sure as if had wings, driving the thoroughly frightened birds and rapidly exhausting them.

I was about to hurl a stone, when there was a shrill war-cry over the square, and the rush of a troop into the tree. They came like a charge of canister, those sparrows, half a dozen of them, and they hit the squirrel like canister. He was for a moment undone. It was so sudden, so overwhelming, the wonder is he did not lose his head, let go, and fall. But he did not.

Six sparrows fighting like so many demons were too many even for a red squirrel. He could have handled the redstarts, but they were standing well back from the fight, the sparrows having made it entirely their own.

He backed into a forking branch and stood up to them with a show of courage. Yet the kink was gone from his tail. I saw it. The sparrows saw it, and they cared little for the brave show. Like a small cyclone they whirled about him, the storm of their noise utterly confusing him.

I could not see whether they picked or hit him; perhaps not. But their attack was none the less effective for that. Who could tell what they would do when they hit him?

But he gave them no chance to hit, for out of his fork he leaped, pawing the air and the leaves in a reckless random jump, and came within one of crashing to the pavement below. But he struck, by the farest chance, upon a slender branch, whirled round it like an acrobat on a trapeze, caught a foothold and scrambled to the ground, the sparrows hot upon him.

A friendly band-stand in the middle of the green saved him. In the darkness beneath this the doughty troup left him, and scattered, to wait another call of distress.

A USEFUL TEST

The milliner would not adopt as a motto Keat's immortal line,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

It is the milliner's aim to construct a hat which shall seem to its wearer "perfectly lovely" to-day, and "perfectly horrid" three months hence. The dressmaker would gladly achieve the same result, and so double the demand for new gowns. Fashion is a wilful favorite, and she is so for her own profits. The relation of a woman to her clothes often resolves itself into a year-long struggle between the caprice of the milliner-modiste and her own good sense and thrift.

In spite, however, of the apparently irreconcilablp enmity between Keats and fashion, Keats is right. In other words the thing which is not a joy forever is not truly beautiful. That fact may be made useful by the multitude of women who from their circumstances must decide for themselves what is beautiful although they have little instruction and meager examples as standards.

The charm of a home resides in great part in adornment. That may be of the simplest and be beautiful; or it may be of the most expensive and be hideous. By what magic shall an untrained home-maker distinguish between the lovely and the ugly?

The test of time is a supreme test. Let the housekepeer look back over fifteen years and observe what articles of decoration have "gone out." Then let her draw her inferences as to what present fashions will follow those discarded "joys" into the limbo of rejection.

Wax flowers under glass cases have gone. So have wreaths made of the hair of relatives and friends. So have "antimacassars" for chairs and sofas, made of stuff having no affinity for soap and water. So have those wondrous tidies known as "throws," in which were flung "careless like" over the corners of picture-frames, apparently to distract attention from the pictures. Let these head the list of those claimants to be "joys forever" which have been discredited and disallowed and which point the way down which much more "household art" will travel in the passing years.

SENTENCE SERMONS

To know when:

To be angry—is to know when to hold your temper.

To be tolerant is to know when to appreciate another's opinion.

To be just is to maintain the open mind.

To be humorous is one of the finest of the fine arts.

To be critical is to find fewer things to criticize.

To be sympathetic is the sign of unselfish friendship.

To be serious is to appreciate the magnitude of life.

A TEST OF FRIENDSHIP

One of the best tests of friendship is the ease or the difficulty one experiences in showing his highest self to another. Two young people may be in constant association in all sorts of good times, and yet neither one, if his life depends on it, would open his heart to another, as to his aspirations, his perplexities, or his inner life which is the real one. For those who have been closely associated for years to remain strangers to each other is quite possible; because neither has ever found it possible to reveal his deeper and better self to his comrade. No friendship is worth much that never gets below the superficial.

A WOODEN WEDDING

Several friends called on a New York clergyman one evening, and were kept waiting for him for some time.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting," the minister remarked, as he entered the library, "but I have just had to perform a wooden wedding in the church."

"What!" said one of his visitors. "I never heard of such a thing. What kind of a ceremony was it?"

"Oh," answered the clergyman, with a twinkle in his eye, "it was the marriage of a couple of Poles."

Neighborhood News--Town and Country

ERIN

Thos. Fines got $50.00 last week for wood supply for the year.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Bell and son, Donald, left last week for a trip through Western Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Morgan and two daughters, of Cleveland, Ohio, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Hunter.

Mrs. S. Ridler left last week for Rochester, where she will be accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Hough, on a couple of weeks holidays to Cleveland and Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Royce and Mrs. Bolton and daughter, of Toronto, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. William McMillan last week. Mr. and Mrs. Royce are moving to California in the near future, where they intend to make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Barbour, of Victoria, B. C., are visiting friends in the Hillsburg community.

MILTON

Dr. R. A. Willmott, of Strathroy, is visiting relatives in town and vicinity.

Mr. R. W. Fox, of Omagh, who is retiring from farming, with his family, will shortly take up his residence in Milton.

Rev. Canon Naftel, of Grace Church, left on Monday for Erin, in charge of the Boy Scouts, who will camp there for about ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Denyes and Miss Denyes set out yesterday on a motor trip to Williamsport, Pa., to visit Mr. Denyes' mother and sister.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Wilkinson left on Friday last for a month's vacation, which they will spend at Buffalo, Schehectady, Albany and Pine Plains, N. Y.

Fruit growers on the mountain, near Milton, report that day after day some thieves steal their fruit by the basket and pailful. The thieves are wary and hard to catch.

R. W. Fox has bought a brick dwelling on Martin Street from L. E. Tansley, who bought it over a year ago from the late Mrs. W. J. Dewar. Mr. Fox has retired from farming.

On Friday the butchering business and shop of the late firm of Buck & Morley was sold by auction, by T. G. Ramshaw. Stanley Buck was the purchaser, price $8,500.

The horse-shoe pitching contest, which is one of the features of the Field Day, to be held at Maple Park, Mansewood, on Saturday, August 15, under the auspices of the Mansewood Baseball Club, is creating quite a lot of interest.

Milton is still on the map. At the firemen's demonstration at Thorold yesterday, our running team won the second prize in the hose competition, and third in the hook and ladder competition, bringing home with them $160.

George Hammond, of Nelson Township, was thrown to the floor of his barn when a trip-rope broke on the hayfork which he was operating. He alighted with full force on his right shoulder, which was badly broken by the fall.

BURLINGTON

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Smith, of Moosejaw, Sask., are holidaying with Mr. and Mrs. George Blair, Brant St.

Mrs. George W. Alton, who accompanied Mr. Alton on the trip to the Pacific coast, and remained in Winnipeg to visit her daughter, Mrs. A. McGibbon, returned home on Saturday.

Rev. E. Val Tilton, occupied the pulpit of Trinity United Church for the first time last Sunday, and was greeted with large congregations morning and evening.

Mr. George Johnston, an employee at the planing mill and lumber yard of O. W. Rhynas & Son, had the misfortune to have his left hand cut on a saw on Friday last. The wound required six stitches.

Mr. C. C. Brown has been awarded the painting contract for the interior and exterior of the Central School. The board asked for tenders, and the contract is in the neighborhood of $1,200.

The teachers' salaries were increased $50.00 each in accordance with an arrangement made last year, to avoid any dissatisfaction and retain the present staff, which the board considers very efficient.

The Radial Railway service, which has been in operation between here and Oakville for over twenty years was discontinued on Monday night, when the midnight car returned from Oakville to the barn. George E. Waller, manager of the Traction system, gave out the announcement on Saturday last of the discontinuing of the service.

Burlington won first prize in the hose reel competition, and their drill corps also won first honors at the Fireman's Demonstration at Thorold last week.

On Monday evening an out-of-town motorist nearly went through Spencer Smith's store window on Brant Street. He applied the brakes, but failed to make the stop before he mounted over the curb and on to the sidewalk. The glass of the headlight of the car was damaged. Fortunately, no pedestrians were passing along the street at the time.

Citizens are reminded that all dogs must be kept closed up during the months of July and August. During the past week complaints have been made that some flower gardens have been damaged, and while the authorities have shot a number of stray canines this year, a further round up is now under way.—Gazette.

WHO WAS THE JOKE ON

A farmer had just built a big barn. One day as he was setting off to town he told his boys to cut a small hole in one of the sides so that the cat could get in or out at will.

The boys cut a hole just beside the big barn door, but when the farmer returned and saw it he was much displeased.

"Why can't I depend on you boys to do a single thing right?" he exclaimed angrily. "Don't you know that hole is in the wrong place?"

"Why?" asked the boys.

The farmer fairly snorted. Leaping from the buggy, he seized the barn door and swung it open, and, of course, it covered the aperture.

"Now where is your cat hole?" he shouted. "How in the name of sense can the cat get into the barn when the door's open?"

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Many people, the most skeptical of skeptics right in this town and in the country hereabouts, bless the day when E. J. Hassard and other good druggists offered Rheuma to the afflicted at a small price and guaranteed money refunded if not satisfied. If you have rheumatism get a bottle of Rheuma today.

A REMARKABLE "REDUCTION"

That the American people are too highly educated will not be believed by some of those who overheard a recent legislative debate in a state which maintains a state university. This institution has been justly the pride of all in the state who are interested in the advancement of the cause of education. But at a recent legislative session a member, who, presumably, had not himself had the advantage of a superior education, rose and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I believe that the state university is getting altogether too much money from the treasury. It is getting by law one-tenth of a mill of the state valuation. Thats more than we can afford, and I propose that it's share be reduced to one-seventh of a mill."

A broad smile spread over the assembly, and the member who had made this proposition was astonished to see a member who was known to represent the wishes of the university on the floor rise, and to hear him say:

"Mr. Speaker, the University of —— has never been modest in its demands. I have no doubt that it is willing to accept with humility the rebuke implied by the member from ——, and I shall heartily support his proposition that its share of the state valuation be changed from one-tenth of a mill to one-seventh."

When the legislator who had made the proposition heard this answer very warmly applauded, and saw everybody apparently laughing at him, he began to realize that he had made a fool of himself.

HE CERTAINLY DID

A man in the rural districts, notorious for his slovenly dress, after coming to town and imbibing a quantity of "white mule," decided to buy himself a suit of clothes and thus surprise his wife. He bought the suit of clothes threw it in the back of the buggy and started for home.

On the road to his farm he came to a very swift stream. Stopping his vehicle in the middle of it and divesting himself of his soiled garments, he threw them into the stream and watched them float away. Then he reached for his new suit. Some one had stolen it. He regarded his bare form with dismay. His new suit was gone and his old clothes were beyond recovery. He was without a stitch of clothing.

"Oh, well," he said philosophically, gathering up the reins and continuing homeward, "I'll surprise my wife anyway."

THREE KINDS OF PAY

There are three ways in which we can be paid for the work we do: in money; in our own satisfaction; and in appreciation.

The man who cares only for the first will never achieve anything great. The one who cares most of the second will be sure to accomplish something worth while. The one who receives the third will be the happier.

But the man who gets all three is the one to be really envied.

The second of those three things is the pivot on which the other two are balanced. The man who does his work for the satisfaction of making it as perfect as possible is certain to be well paid, both in money and in appreciation.

OVER THE SALT

At the breakfast-table, Tom and Margery were talking amicably, when each put out a hand at the same instant for some salt. In the confusion the salt was spilled.

"Throw some over your shoulder, quick!" called the elder sister, laughing: "Then you won't quarrel."

"Two hands came out again, and each pushed the other aside.

"I spilled it," said Tom. "I must throw it over my shoulder."

"I spilled it myself," said Margery. "I'm the one to throw it."

"Well, upon my word! I put my hand out so—"

"I put mine out so—"

"And I just touched the salt-spoon—"

"So did I—"

"And I was the one who did it!"

"Tom, how can you say so when—"

"And so I shall be the one to throw the salt."

They were looking at each other, cheeks red and eyes flashing, when, at the same moment, one thought occurred to both. Margery put it into words.

"It's too late. We've quarred already!" she said. And everybody laughed.

THE POINT OF VIEW

"No newspaper in the place!" exclaimed the tourist, really horrified. "Why, what a way to live! You never know what is going on in the rest of the world."

"Oh, well," returned the old innkeeper, resuming her knitting, which she had laid aside for a moment to answer the sojourner's questions, "it's about as bad as it's long, ain't it?

"The rest o' the world's no better off. They don't know what's going on here. Ye tell me yourself as how ye hadn't so much as heard o' the name of this place 'fore ye landed here by accident, and we-all's known about it all our lives through.

"I'd like to know what you call that, now."

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