# The Acton Free Press

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#### EVENING :

The deep'ning shawods steal across The sun is low; and from you distant A blackbird sings its parting note, while o'er the stillness of the

mist-enchanted lake Come bleatings from the folds. The The tree-tops fly, and up the dark'n-The ploughman plods for home. The stars come out One after one and everything

When day and night, and heaven and And all is hushed into tranquility-The thoughts that come are thoughts of things undone;

For twilight is a deepining mystery Which brings to us when nature's A sense of God and immorality.

### SHE WANTED A HOME

She who wanted a home was no an orphan, but a young woman of education, accomplishments, and charming manners; in her own town, she had been a valued member of a large social circle. - So, when she went to work in a big city a few hundred miles away, -she was determined to enjoy her new home to the best of her ability.

But to her astonishment, she could find no home. Boarding-houses there were in plenty, and pleasant-looking houses with the sign, "Room for rent" but people were not willing to reccive a stranger at their table or in their daily life. Finally she rang the A pleasant-faced woman met her, She kind of matched the butterflies a very eventful experience for them. back from the Florida golf courses, and showed her a charming room, in flitting walk and size; Mr. Haslett had purchased the lot struggling up Broadway, dragging an bell of the last house upon her list. and showed her a charming room, Her little twelve-year sister could now occupied by the store of Nelson alligator. but when she asked about meals, she

then said, "I want a home! Isn't there any place in this city where I can find one? I've lived in one all my life. L would do my part gladly.
I can play, if you care for music; and
I can do anything about a dinner table
Sometimes it twinkled merrily somefrom decorations to coffee, if you ever! need help. I can read aloud-I can do anyhing. Won't you take me in?" The frank and unusual plea was successful, and the door once open the For me in every meadow path girl soon won her place. But the incident is significant, for the difficulty of finding anything that de- Sometimes the shricking winds of serves the name of home is one that contropts many girls in many cities. Let not the seekers condomn to harshly those who hesitate to open the door. Money will always buy food and shelter, but a real home is never knew the world was well—a matter of bargain. You must be Son, all the hurts of yesterday have on the other hand let the keepers of Because I had a comrade who the door take heed lost they guard it too narrowly. The stranger who knocks may be the very one who will bring light and laughter and singing into vacant places that have long in town who believes right down to

## SOCIAL AWKWARDNESS

more and grow bored at home and gether; and that Friday, the 13th of long to be out among people to hear their chatter and merry laughter. It seems to you to live is to be where others are living, not to mould in cold time—a long time ago, in fact—who had a good reason to believe in the solitude. You envy those who seem appearance of a black cat as a warnto have a social gift by nature and are ing, and here's the story. Susanna, at home in any company, who appear Brown was her name; and the story

You would give the world to be like planned to visit: that. Somehow the wrong thing "Susanna didn't come after all! always comes naturally to you. You And you'd flown round so for two make clumsy and inappropriate move- days, getting ready, and had done the ments and are intensly conscious of it, south chamber all over! That's what You say words that are not fitting, I call downright aggravating," said not gracious, not tactful. The min- Mrs. Jones, sympathetically. "What ute you have said them, you would kept her, Sarah Jane? I haven't heard give enything to recall them. Per- there was sickness to the Brown's." haps you try to do so, and thus draw the attention of ten people where otherwise not one would have noticed. "But you know Susanna Brown and If you keep still you feel like a block her warnings! A black cat crossed If you make a determined effort to talk her path just as she was starting out you wish you had kept still, and you for the station, and that was enough." suspect that others wish so too ... . "Not really? Well, that beats any-

The most painfull part is the mom- thing in Susanna's record so far! Of ory afterwards. A great orator fells all the fool notions for a grown wous that he spent the night before his man with a brain bigger than a peaspeeches thinking of what he was nut to give in to! A black cat, ingoing to may and the night after deed! Poor, harmless creature!" thinking of what he wished he had "I know, Maria, I know. Susanna's said. After every social occasion you signs and warnings are enough to rile

This ta hard weakness to overcome. don't mean to say that you take stock The best receipty is to realise the un- in any such foolishness? I can't be importance of what you say or do to lieve it" anyone except yourself. Reflect how .. "You needn't. But, honestly, that ittle you notice or care for the black cat meant trouble. Annabelle awkwardness of others, and remember Brown drove over with young Walters that yours is equally indifferent to in his gig to explain why her aunt

although you seek society to get rid of was at the door and Susanna'd picked yourself and to live the life of others up her suitcase when all of a sudden you take yourself with you altogether she got a nervous notion the man too much. The next time you so who'd been whitewashing out in her into company, try to become wholly half lattice shed might have left some absorbed in what is going on about matches or cigar butts or something you, to think of others words dangerous, she'd smelt him smoking,

"That excellent thing in woman," a voice low and sweet, equally applies to the other sex in woman's cars," the stepladder. She was just gathersays a woman writer. But, unfortun- ing up her skirts to step in careately nowadays the male woice ful and investigate when the black somehow seems to lack that engage out appeared out of a dim, dark, dis-

According to an advertisement it of the ordinary sort

feet are worth one in the jaw. Isobel, the seaside air often leaves that bus away! I'm not going. I've chaps an girl's hander

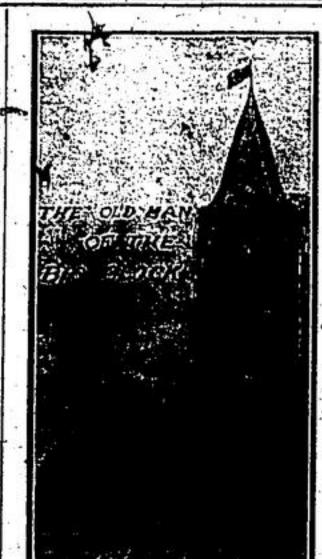
another finger. people don't get far up the ladder of after all, besides feaving the shed door

year ago has just married her. If all the house clinging to it, like it was were forced to do the same there a life passerver. Of course, it was wouldn't be so, much reckless driving. dusk, and the shed was pitch black,

## NOT ONE WAS LOST

matter. "Nothing is ever wholly an- that scared the family most stiff, and nihilated," she said "It may change threw her suit case straight at the its form, so that you see it no longer, cat; she said afterwards she couldn't but it still exists. A solid may be- think, but she knew clear down her come a liquid, and a liquid change to spinal culyum she must keep that cat wapor, but it is just as much a part off somehow. Well, she was right of creation as ever. Not a particle of about that. Only-" it has been lost. "It is so, as I believe, in the world ! of mind. No spoken word, no thought, even, fades away into utter noth- white on that cat's back was natural inguess. It lives on, whether for good for, not whitewash; and the cat was or. bad . A minister may preach a not a cat." session and see no effect from it, but

- "I know papa never loses any of "With her best suit in it. And i his, spoke up a little girl, the daugh- hit, too. She's going to visit me next ter of one of the local pasters. "I week when her new suit's finished, Anknow here he keeps 'em. They're in nabelle says; but she'll have to bring



HER LAUGH IN OLDEN DAYS

The nip of autumn, Jimmy Boy, .. caught me out of doors; th! emell the bitter hickory leaves and yonder orchard's breath. Some day when I put down the plough these acres will-be yours. like to know my furrows will keep

running after death-But think a bit about the bride that you take to help you, lad;

color of her eyes;

But always it could make me smile

When trouble came, it was her laugh that helped me to forget. echoes yet ..

March across the quaking hills Have mixed a happy lilting like a As when I thought to bring her the spring's first daffodils

laugh with me. THE BLACK CAT'S WARNING

Tvo a real good friend living here the bottom of her heart that sooing a black cat is a warning; that no work should be stapted on a Friday; that thirteen persons should not sit down at a meal together, or go to a You love society and want it. You pic-nie nor any other function tonever to act awkwardly or to say the is told in a dialogue between two neighbors, one of whom Susanna had

feel like a great orator. In the dim the patience of an angel. But as for quiet of the night you blush for what the cat—well, for once there was you said and for what you did not something to it."

"Nonsonse, Sarah Jane! Why, you

wasn't coming, so I got the whole The fundamental trouble is that, story. It was this way: The bus and actions and interests, and leave -and she ran round to make sure everything was all right before leaving. When she went to open the shed door there was a clatter of comething falling,-turned out twas a lot of hoes and things leaned up behind it. -but she jumped at the idea 'twas a pail of whitewash, left standing on tant corner-'twas twilight, anywayand crossed her path slow and almost Is possible to get an extra four feet solemn, and paying no more attention out of a new expanding bed. Some to her than if she wa'n't therepeople have a job to get one foot out the biggest, bushlest cat she ever saw, with a ghastly great splotch of white-Revised proverb: Two socks on the wash on its back. She came straight

back to the front porch, looking pale Answer to correspondent: Yes, and queer, and told Annabelle, Send had a warning! Modern: The young lady who . "Well, of course Annabelle tried to quarrelled with her finances, tore off talk her out of it, but it wasn't a her engagement ring and put it on mite of use. The bus drove off, and Taking it easy: The reason some found out about the whitewash pail fame is, because they mistake it for an open; so back she went. She was so excited that she forgot to set down A motorist who ran over a girl a her suit case, and streaked it round like a cavern,-she'd ought to have had a lantern; but she was too flustered to have sense,-and just as she got there, out came that cat again, The teacher was trying to explain soft and sudden, and heading straight to the class the indestructibility of toward her. She let out a screech

> "Well?" Well?" said Mrs. Jones. Mrs. White paused dramatically. "Only, Maria, it happened that the

"My suz!" exclaimed - Mrs. Jones. that sermon is not lost. We sermon is with relishing horror in her tones. "And she throw her suit case at it?"

she opened her eyes that morning was resident, and were good customers to three black crows flying acrost the the store.

FORMER RESIDENTS Visitors who were residents in the earlier times, continue to visit the home of their former days. Last week I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. de Picaza, of New York. I confess member that John Cameron and H. it was hard for me to recognize her P. Moore were on the roof of Mcby her Spanish name, but when I saw Mackon's house adjoining, beside the

f Acton Schools for several years, afterwards. and who still has numerous friends You see, I do remember some of the here who welcome her visits. The things which happened many years family left Acton a good many years ago.

Another former resident was here last week, Miss Ellen Haslett, now of Detroit. Miss Haslett was born in Be sure she has the laughter that Limehouse, where her father was then keeping store,-I ,won't tell you how many years ago. But she came to Sometimes I can't remember, boy, the Acton with her parents somewhere about ferty-five years ago. The comrather think that they were blue, ing of the Haslett family to Acton was friend encountering a Scotchman, just shook her head. "We prefer not to But bells and brooks and bobolinks Mrs. John R. Kennedy on Mill Street. tor?" he asked. The young woman hesitated and As just her rippling laugh across the and Hugh Cameron to build him a replied the Stotchman.—New York brick store and dwelling house there-

"I should say so!" said Mrs. Jones. on. This fine new building was al-Well, I hope I'm not spiteful, but if most completely destroyed by fire one such a thing was going to happen to night, excepting the standing brick anybody, I'm willing it should be Bus- walls. Mr. Haslett had neglected to now there's worse creatures than ance during construction, and the fire black cats, and . plenty of accidents therefore entailed a very serious loss. "Maybe," said Mrs. White, dryly, severence, Mr. Haslett proceeded at But Annabelle says her Aunt Susan- once to rebuild, and when the buildna is going round everywhere ex- ing was completed moved in to both plaining to everybody, quite triumph- ptore and residence, and for a numant, that what happened was no more ber of years did a thriving business than might have been expected, con- there. The Limehouse people did not sidering the first thing she saw when forget their former friend and fellow-

> The Haslett family were energetic workers in St. Alban's Church, and their removal was keenly felt. Mr. and Mrs. Haslett passed away years ago, but the family remain and are

Speaking of the Haslett fire, I reit was Clara Watson, she looked very chimney, in a very hot place, fighting natural indeed. Her visit took me the fire to save McMackon's residence. back forty-five or fifty years. I re-{ with blankets and water sent up by member her father, a fine old gentle- the bucket brigade. They held on man, and her mother, one of the state- | tenaclously until the fire in the Hasly matrons of her day, here in Acton. lett place had subsided, and the home recall her brother, Alfred, the edi- of the McMackons was saved with tor of the Meaford Mirror, and for little damage. I don't suppose this many years, and until his death, strenuous work had anything to do publisher of the Creemore Star. Mr. with it, but it is a co-incidence, how-Watson was father of Miss Winnifred ever, that John Cameron took Lizzie Vatson, who was on the teaching staff McMackon as his bride a short time

ANOTHER SCOTCH GOLF STORY Duncan McCaul Mitchell tells of H

"What're you doing with the alliga-

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# September 21 and 22

Midway and Merry-go-round Scottish and Clog Dancing Old-time Fiddlers' Contest

"You're Sure of a Good Time at Acton Fall Fair"

Races, Band and Everything

# Two Sure Roads to Farming Prosperity

# Protect the Home Market

For Canada, more especially for Ontario and Quebec, the stage is all set for a tremendous development.

The fabulous wealth of our North Country-now established beyond question-needs only the assurance of honest and stable government to attract capital and immigration on a scale that will inaugurate a period of unprecedented prosperity. A few years hence in Ontario there may easily be a population of 1,000,000 north of the Great Lakes and the Ottawa River.

All of which means a big and profitable market for farm products. That market should be reserved exclusively for Canadian farmers. Elect a Conservative Government, and it will be so reserved. For the Conservative Party stands pledged to see that the Canadian farmer is as adequately protected in this market as the United States farmer is in his.

As Mr. Meighen stated at Midland on August 3rd, "We will make it as hard for the American farmers to get their surplus shipments into Canada, as they are now making it diffigult for the Canadian farmer to get his surplus into the United States."

# Promises are Good -but Actions are Better

For the United States farmer, the season for "seasonable" produce - all kinds of fruits and vegetables - opens much earlier than it does for

When your cherries, or your tematoes, are first ready to pick, his production of cherries or tomatoes is at its peak,

Heretofore, in order to avoid breaking prices in his own market, he has been accustomed to dump his surplus production on yours.

In less than three weeks from the time it took office, the Conservative administration effectually stopped this practice by rigid enforcement of the dumping regulations!

# What Others Have Done You Too Can Do!

The farmers of Canada have shown that they can march abreast of the whole world in quality production. Also they have made giant strides in increasing the quantity of their production.

But in the business-like, efficient marketing of their products they have failed to keep pace.

Little Denmark has developed a system of cooperative marketing that has made her one of the most efficient and prosperous agricultural countries in the world. Australia and New Zealand have both made the orderly marketing of their products a matter of national policy.

Don't let Canada lag behind any longer!

# Co-Operative Marketing

Every farmer who knows his business hopes to

-produce in larger quantity, and still be able to sell the increase without breaking the market;

-produce in a better quality, and obtain the premium to which he should thereby be entitled. Both hopes can be realized—quickly and in full measure—through

co-operative marketing! The proper procedure as regards organization, the proper technique as regards standards, grading, etc., and the proper methods of financing,

are now an open book that all who will may read and profit by. In the five years he was in office, Mr. King did absolutely nothing to bring the blessings of co-operative marketing within reach of Canadian farmers. But-

Mr. Meighen stands pledged, if returned to power-to quote his own words from an address delivered in Ottawa on July 20th-"to put into force such a policy as will enable the farmers of Canada to build up a marketing system which will compare in efficiency with that of any

agricultural country in the world." And this pledge will be carried out, even as Mr. Meighen's pledge to stop the dumping on the Canadian market of United States fruits and vegetables has already been carried out!

Yours is the choice yours the responsibility on September 14th, If you would unlock the double door to prosperity, the key for which Mr. Meighen offers you-

For Dr. R. K. Anderson VOIE

For Bigger and Better Markets!