The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1927

### FROM ONE TO THREE

The year she had one candle
Upon her birthday cake
She couldn't blow it out, and so
We did it for her sake.
Only a crumb we let her have,
She cared not in the least,
For, she we'd well begun, alas!
She nodded at her feast.

The year two candles glimmered
Upon the sugar-too,
With bib and pin beneath her chin,
She finished off a slice.
She made us happy speeches while
A crumby smile she wore,
And that birthdiy, I grieve to say,
She went aloud for more

To-morrow, when we gather
In honor of the day,
Nuptial, we'll find, is left behind,
With crumbs and tears for aye.
A hostess in bedibboned white,
A graceful bow she'll make;
Almost a grown-up girl will light
Three candles on a cake!

—Nancy Byrd Turner.

## Neighborhood News

### BURLINGTON

The annual meeting of the Strathcona School on Wednesday morning last. Hugh Cleaver re-elected as a trustee, and Mr. George House was appointed to fill the vacancy.

A large congregation assembled in Knox Presbyterian Church on Wednesday evening last, on the occasion of the induction of Rev. Moorehead Legate as pastor of the church. The ceremony was very impressive, and created a lasting impression on those present.

The annual meeting of the Nelson and Burlington Agricultural Society will be held in the Council Chamber on Monday, January 17th, at 1.30 p.m. for the purpose of electing officers and general business.

On New Year's morning the Burlington Citizens' Band serenaded the residents of town, and were well received. They received over $13.00 in donations, and anyone who was missed can leave their donations at Jocelyn's book store.

Mr. Murray Fisher was one of the outstanding winners at the annual show of the Elgin Poultry and Pet Stock Association held at St. Thomas last week. In addition to capturing several firsts and seconds, Mr. Fisher also won three silver cups.

Prof. Southwick, president of Boston School of Oratory, which is affiliated with Hamard University, will give a recital under the auspices of Wesley Church choir in the church on Thursday, January 20th. The programme will consist of readings and musical numbers. —Gazette.

### MILTON

The electors of Milton gave wholehearted support to the proposal of a fixed assessment of $10,000 for ten years, on the factory buildings of Canadian Woollens, Limited. The vote was 376 to 17.

The annual meeting of the Milton Horticultural Society will be held in the Council Chamber on Friday, Jan. 14th, at eight o'clock, to receive reports and for the election of officers for ensuing years.

At a meeting of the Hamilton Presbytery on Tuesday, the resignation of Rev. Dr. McRobbie of Nelson, was accepted with great regret and Rev. Dr. Nelson suggested that a grant of $500 should be given the retiring minister for his self-sacrificing work of 54 years as a minister.

The annual meeting of the Halton Agricultural Society will be held in the Court House, Milton, on Wednesday, Jan. 19th, 1927, at 2 p.m. for the ensuing year and any other business that may be brought up.

The hockey season opened at the arena last Thursday evening with a very good exhibition game between Acton and Milton, which the locals won 6 to 2.

Any child one year old or more can be protected from diphtheria by treatment with diphtheria toxoid which will be given free by the Medical Health Officer, on January 14, 1927. School children will be attended from 1.30 to 2.30 p.m. Children from 1 year old to 9 years will be treated from 2.30 to 3.00 p.m. The second dose will be given in February on a date to be announced. No child will be given the treatment without a parent's written consent.—Champion.

### ERIN

Mr. and Mrs. S. Horton, left for toronto recently, where Mr. Horton has taken a position.

Mrs. J. C. Kirkwood and Miss Mary Kirkwood, of London, England, were recent guests with Mr. and Mrs Charles Overland.

Mrs. Sam. Gibson, of Mimosa, who has spent forty years or over here, first in the Blacksmith Shop and then farming for the last nine years, has bought a home in Hillsburg and has gone there to live.

The funeral of the late Wm. Campbell, who died at Stoney Creek, took place to Coningsby Cemetery, on Monday last. Deceased is a brother of Mr. Archibald Campbell, of this village.

Mrs. Wm. Miller has returned from the General Hospital, Guelph, where she underwent an operation. She is convalescing.

Mrs. F. Right slipped and fell on the ice, recently, and was painfully bruised and shaken up.

hTe annual meeting of Erin Agricultural Society will be held in the Town Hall, Erin, on Thursday, January 20th, at two o'clock p. m. for the purpose of receiving the financial statement of the Society for 1926, the election of officers for 1927 and other business.

Our school meeting last week was well attended and Mrs. H. L. Matheson was re-elected school trustee. Many improvements have been added during the year, greatly to the comfort of the teacher and pupils.

On Monday evening, December 27th, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wheeler, lot 22, Con. 11, Erin Township, entertained a number of their friends and neighbors, it being the twentieth anniversary of their wedding. They were the recipients of many beautiful pieces of china. The Cedarvale Orchestra furnished the music for the occasion.—Advocate.

### THE PUNISHMENT OF IMPUDENCE

A farmer driving along a country road was thus rudely accosted by a young man whom he met:

"Hello, Reuben! Give me a lift to Hightstown, will you? I might as well ride with you as walk."

So the young man climbed up, and beguiled the way with lively chatter. After a few miles had been travelled, he said:

"It's quite a distance to Hightstown, isn't it? It's a good thing for me that I met you."

"It is quite a distance," answered the farmer.

After a few more miles the young man asked, "Say, farmer, how far is it to Hightstown, anyway?"

"Well," replied the farmer, "keepin' right on the way we're goin' now, I sh'd say 'twould be about twenty-four thousand miles or so; but if you wanted to sit out and walk back, it wouldn't be very much more than ten miles."

# The Free Press' Short Story

## HOW OUR LEADER LEFT US

BY WALTER WELLMAN

HIS NAME was John Miller. Though only twenty-four years old, he had spent half a dozen years travelling in remote parts of the earth. Unrest had been his since he was a small boy. Something within him, something he could not himself analyze or describe, had driven him wander to and fro. He had been in Australia, bushwhacking on the range; in South Africa among the diamond-diggers; in the almost unknown interior of China; in the valley of the Congo, where fever had left its poison in his blood; and now he was with us, far up toward the north pole, in glacier-shrouded Spitzbergen.

One tie there was that now and then took him back to the old home in New England—his mother. No other woman's love had he ever known. Brave, rugged adventurer as he was, he might still be called a "mother's boy." Her picture he always carried with him, and her memory, we his comrades knew, was ever green in his heart.

There were four of us, young fellows all, and things were not going right. We had set out in July from the schooner which carried us to Spitzbergen. Our route lay across the southern end of the main island to the sea on the other side, where we were to be picked up again by the ship. Sport, science, adventure were our objects.

It was a harder journey than we had thought. Nor had we been careful enough in providing our outfit. Our clothing was too thin for the air of the ice-cap, two thousand feet above the sea. Our shoes were nearly worn out. Our little tent had been torn half in tatters by the storms. Worse still, the schooner was not there waiting for us; and although we had been for a week or more at the rendezvous, not a sign of a ship or sail had we seen. And the artic winter was fast coming down upon us. Already the sun sank below the horizon at midnight, and the night were much colder.

Our provisions were running low. We had been told there were many reindeer on this coast, but not one had we set eyes on. Only one seal and a few gulls had fallen before our guns. Our prospects were gloomy enough.

One there was who never lost courage. It was John Miller. Though we had set out simply as friends and equal partners in the little enterprise, by tacit consent he was now our leader. We naturally looked to him for guidance, and were ever content to obey him. His was a gentle leadership, steady, practical, cheery. It is not surprising that we all loved him, not alone for himself, but because of the love he bore for that mother of his.

John did not seem to be in good health. He was growing thin. Artic fever and artic hardships did not make a good mixture. We all saw this—all but John himself. He wouldn't hear a word of it.

"Why, you fellows," he would say, "I'm the strongest man in the bunch; Don't you worry about me. I've just about shaken off that Congo poison. This northern air is a perfect cure for it, you know. That's what I came here for."

And to show us he was well and strong, he did more than his share of the work, ate the smallest part of our scanty rations, made the longest excursions after deer. He was so cheery, too. He wouldn't admit that we were in any danger.

"Don't you boys worry about any thing," he had a way of saying. "I've been in tighter places than this and got out all right."

Somehow we believed him. We pinned our faith to his judgment. He was just about that sort of a man. He never bragged. He never told us stories about his travels unless we coaxed him. He was simple and modest about everything.

But for some reason or other we all had confidence in him. We believed him when he said the ship would come. We believed him when he said that even if the skipper failed us, the cold weather would drive the reindeer down from the mountains to the warmer coast country, and then we should have venison a-plenty, and skins to make warm sleeping bags and jackets, and we should built a hut out of snow-blocks and pass a jolly winter.

"But the ship will come, boys—it will come," he always added. "A Norwegian never goes back on you if he is alive."

We even had faith that John himself would get well. He appeared to be growing weaker and weaker, and he ate little, almost nothing. But he kept on working just the same. He roamed night and day after deer. He showed us how to mend the tent. He led the way in carrying stones from the beach and building a wall round our headquarters. He couldn't lift as he used to, and his breath ran short, and we begged him to knock off and save himself; but he wouldn't do it.

Before we could finish the wall a storm came down out of the mountains. We had to weight down the edges of the tent, and crawl in and do the best we could. When the rations of cold meat and biscuit was passed around, John said he wasn't hungry—we should eat his share. We rebelled. "See here, John Miller," we declared, "you must eat your rations. You are getting weaker and weaker—and what would we do without you?"

He laughed, and nibbled a bit, and passed the remainder over to us.

"Now, boys," he said, with a smile which gave us hope, "I'll make a confession. I'm having my last struggle with this Congo fever. I must starve it out—starve it out, you know. But I'll win. And when the reindeer come, —this storm will bring them,—and the fat, juicy steaks are going round, why, just count me in."

This cheered us all. Curious, the faith we had in that man. We would have died for his own cause; we believed his instead. We saw that he was wasting away; his blood was running thin as water; the color was gone from his face; his eyes were the brightest things to be seen in the gloom of the tent. But he said he was going to be all right, and that was enough for us. We did not doubt it.

More and more violent became the gale. It was an artic blizzard. The snow blew all through our tent, and we lay shivering in our blankets. Three days and nights the storm continued. We couldn't sleep much. Every hour or two the tent threatened to go to pieces, and it was John who always rushed to fix it or place another rock on its frozen edges. We simply couldn't make him keep still. He would in and out, looking for the storm to break and the reindeer to come, he said. He cracked his jokes and told us stories, and made each one of us ashamed to admit his discouragement even to himself.

At last the wind died away. The snow stopped blowing through the tent. The sky cleared, and a calm, intense cold set in. Oh, how cold it was! We couldn't sleep, and after an hour or two of shivering we got up, shaking the thick, white mantle from our blankets and pounding our benumbed limbs. John was not there. His blankets were nearly buried in the snow; he must have been gone some time.

Just then we heard a shout. It came from up the shore. The voice was John's.

"Reindeer! Reindeer!" he cried.

We three grabbed our guns and ran out. There were reindeer, sure enough,—a score or more,—running straight toward us; and behind them was John, waving his arms and shouting, driving the herd against our rifles.

In a few moments seven deer were lying dead in the snow. The others had run away, but we were going after them as soon as we could swallow some more breakfast to fill out take us long to get the cooking lamp lighted and some nice venison cuts into the pot. John tried to help us dress the deer and prepare the breakfast but he was so weak he could hardly stand, and his face was as white as the snow on the ground. So we took him in and wrapped him up in the blankets.

Just as the savor of boiling meat was wafted through the tent, one of our comrades rushed in.

"A ship! A ship!" he cried. "I see a schooner headed this way!"

Our ship was coming at last. The reindeer and the ship together both of John's predictions verified. We turned to look at our comrade. He was laughing softly. His eyes were like two coals of fire, and there were tears in them. He clapped his thin hands together without making any sound; the muscles were too weak. There was a look of peace and of triumph in his face.

We were too happy to worry much about our comrade just then. There was the ship to talk over, the breakfast to make ready. No further need of economy, of scant rations. Out with the coffee, the sugar, the dried fruit—everything that was good. We should have a feast to celebrate our deliverance. John must eat, too—brave, splendid John!

A strange sound from our leader's corner caused us to stop our chatter and turn and look at him again. He shivered, like one who was freezing. We could see his hands clutch nervously, as if he were dreaming; then his fingers interlaced and rested on his breast.

"Mother! Mother!" he called. "Come here, mother, and tuck the covers in around me! I'm so cold!"

Then the smile came back to his lips. The expression on his face was childlike. He reached up his arms as if to put them round his mother's neck and kiss her good night. Like a sleepy boy his eyelids parted, then closed over a vacant stare. And they never opened again.

### TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press, of Thursday, January 17, 1907

Sleighing again.

Logs and wood are coming in freely now.

No fear of the failure of the ice crop this season.

Twenty-five or thirty cars of hemlock bark are coming in daily.

A meeting will be held in the Town Hall this evening for the purpose of organizing a Retail Merchants' Association.

The annual meeting of Acton Cornet Band was held in Matthews' Hall on Monday evening. The secretary gave the financial report as follows: balance on hand, $86.42; receipts, $326.54; total, $412.96. Expenditures, $359.65; balance, $53.31. The officers elected were: President, I. Francis; Bandmaster, C. W. Mason; Treasurer, Wm. Chambers; Secretary, Herbert Brown; Committee, the President and Messrs. Chas. Henderson, A. T. Brown, C. A. Goodeve and H. P. Moore. This organization will be called "Acton Citizens' Band" in future instead of Acton Cornet Band.

During the past fortnight, Mr. I. Francis, the D. D. G. M. of the Oddfellows, has been visiting the lodges in his jurisdiction, installing officers and speaking words of encouragement to the members.

Acton Fire Brigade has at last secured quarters in the Town Hall for their meetings. The rooms at the right of the main entrance, across the corridor from the Council Chamber, were handed over to them last week. The Brigade has comfortably furnished the room and will now have a regular meeting place for the members.

The first hockey match of the season was played on the rink on Monday evening, between teams picked from Beardmore & Co's tanneries, and the town. The score was 6 to 3 in favor of the leather men.

### BORN

CROSS—In Acton, on Friday, December 31, to Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Cross, a daughter.

### MARRIED

SAXE-GORSOY—In Brantford, on Wednesday, January 19, by Rev. A. Hakey, Hebrew, Morris Saxe, Acton, to Dora Gorsoy, of Odessa, Russia.

### TOOK POSSESSION AT ONCE

A new condition is a new test of character. When a rich man suddenly becomes poor, those who live with him have a chance to see of what stuff he is made; and the same is true when a poor man suddenly finds himself rich.

An old gentleman was present at the reading of the will of a distant relative, says the London Spectator. He had hardly expected to find himself remembered in it, but pretty soon a clause was read in which a certain field was willed at him. That was good. But the document went on to bequeath the old gray mare in the said field to some one else, a man with whom the old gentleman was not on friendly terms.

That was too much for his equanimity, and the old gentleman interrupted the solemn proceedings, and brought a smile to the faces of the company, by exclaiming:

"Then she's eating my grass!"

A pleasant medicine for children is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and it is excellent for driving worms from the system.

### BUSINESS WORRIES

A man who, along with his brother, ran a thriving coal business in Aberdeen suddenly became strongly religious and joined the church. In his new-found zeal he made repeated attempts to "convert" his brother, who was just as obstinate in refusing.

"But why," asked the persistent one, "can't you do like me and join the kirk?"

"Weel, if I did," was the exasperated reply, "who would be there to weigh the coal?"

## Weekly Fashion Hint

### ACHIEVING THE SLENDER LINE

This model, designed especially for the woman of larger hip, features a stunning new mode. It may be developed in satin, twill or kasha, with a note of embroidery added at the left side. The center-front seam of the dress is left open above the waist to show the vestee, which may be of contrasting fabric, if desired. Medium size requires 4¾ yards 40-inch or 3¼ yards 54-inch material, with ¾ yard satin for vestee.

### FOR VALUE RECEIVED

Nora waved her hand. "I'll be through in ten minutes. Make yourselves at home. If your $65 anything you want, I wish you would just help yourselves." Then she buried herself deep in political economy.

The girls who had entered the room accepted the invitation promptly. Joyce picked up a volume of poems, and Tess curled up in a small, yellow-headed ball on the couch.

For five minutes there was no sound in the room except the travelling of Nora's pen. Then the door opened softly, and a little freshman looked in; upon her arm she carried one of Nora's gowns, which she proceeded without a word to slip upon a hanger in Nora's closet. Spying a torn blouse, she took it down and tucked it under her arm; then with a nod to the girls she vanished as silently as she had come.

"Well!" Tess exclaimed under her breath.

It was a little more than ten minutes before Nora, with a sigh of relief, dropped her pen. "Holiday's begun," she announced. "How do you do, everybody?"

"I don't wonder that you do well enough," Tess responded, "with a lady's maid trained to the peak of efficiency!"

Nora looked bewildered; then she understood. "Oh, did Sally Dee come in? I'll warrant she spied that blouse I tore yesterday. I should have hidden it. I don't mean for her to do everything."

"Does she do all your mending for you?" Tess indulged.

"Just about," Nora replied. "Did you ever see such a lucky person?"

"I should say not!" Tess agreed, emphatically.

Nora leaned back in her chair, and clasped her hands behind her head, apparently wholly unroubled.

"I don't see how she can!" Tess exclaimed to Joyce half an hour later, when they were going back to their rooms. "I like Nora, of course—nobody could help it,—but think of her not lifting a finger to keep her clothes in order and letting somebody slave for her like that! I don't like it!"

"Like what? Oh, you mean Sally Dee? Did you ever think to inquire, Tess, what Nora was doing for Sally?"

"Why, no," Tess admitted. "I didn't suppose—"

"You'd better suppose!" Joyce replied. "Just because you have needle fingers I don't see why you should look down on people who haven't. Nora doesn't look down on you because you flounder in math. while she sails through it. Granted she hasn't the taste in clothes that you have; no one person has everything! And she is tutoring Sally Dee three times a week and putting courage and ambition into her with each hour. Meanwhile Sally is keeping her own self-respect by caring for Nora's wardrobe. How 'bout it, Tess?"

"I'm ashamed," Tess replied honestly.

### TEN HOME COMMANDMENTS

Commandments for wives by [illegible] they may achieve domestic [illegible] are laid down by a Boston [illegible]ron who is also a college professor. The following are ten rules which she considers most important to family felicity:

1. Thou shalt not set thy husband to work, taking the squeak out of a door or mending the electric flatiron, the instant he steps into the house.

2. Thou shalt not serve for dinner the dessert he despises; they can be prepared for lunch when he isn't at home.

3. Thou shalt not "pick up after him" all the time, but neither shalt thou berate him for "leaving things around." The nicest men will do it, and domestic disorder with peace is better than tidiness enforced by nagging.

4. Thou shalt not fuss about the burnt matches or the cigar ash he drops. Women who are captious over such details learn why men leave home and go to the club.

5. Thou shalt not give him new curtains, or a piano lamp, for a Christmas present, but rather something which is for him and not objectly for "the home."

6. Thou shalt not greet him with a nightly tale of woe about the iniquities of children or servants. Master thine own small troubles and emergencies—as he does his.

7. Thou shalt not entertain, or make engagements to go out in the evening when he admits he is too tired. After a day in an office, all many persons want is "silence and little enough of that!" Thou, too, knowest, if thou art a wife with a job outside the home.

8. Thou shalt make thy children understand that their father's domestic comfort comes first.

9. Thou shalt not fail to praise thy husband for his good works in the home—the small repairs, the running of the furnace, the cooking of a Sunday night supper. Praise is fair and gracious—and awfully good policy besides.

10. Even if thy body be surrounded by the four walls of home, thou shalt not allow thy mind and soul to become house bound, for such is not the way of comradeship with any man.

Miller's Worm Powders will drive worms from the system without injury to the child. The powders are so easy to take that the most delicate stomach can assimilate them and welcome them as speedy eaters of pain, because they promptly remove the worms that cause the pain, and thus the suffering of the little child is relieved. With so sterling a remedy at hand no child should suffer an hour from worms.

### HOLIDAY WEEK AT ACTON, ENGLAND

Items of Interest Showing Events Occurring During Christmastide

At his own expense Alf. Champness will represent Acton at the next congress of the Royal Institute of Public health at Ghent.

A horse purchased by the Acton Town Council on March 30, has died from blood poisoning.

Up to November 30, the Acton general district tax rate brought in £86,685, as compared with £93,320 for the corresponding period last year.

The question of the provision of a Cumberland turf bowling green in Acton Park has been postponed until next year's financial estimates are being considered.

Acton's share of the sale of Gunnersbury Park land is £8,901, 17s. 4d. The Acton Borough Treasurer is to be provided with a steel cupboard.

Over 300 hundred children from Acton Central Schools spent an enjoyable evening in the Grand Hall, Acton, on Tuesday, the occasion of the second annual children's Christmas fancy dress dance.

The Old Oak Wesleyan Church ladies' choir gave an interesting selection of "Christmas music, Old and New," on Wednesday week. Old carols were rendered in new settings, and were much enjoyed.

A party of the members of Acton Fire Brigade Social Club visited the Acton Conservative Club on Thursday evening, where they were entertained at a series of friendly games, Mr. W. G. Flint acting as M. C. for the hosts.

Surplus land continues to be sold at the East Acton Estate. The sale of two large plots have been sanctioned at £10,500 and £12,500 respectively, and a provisional lay-out by Mr. C. L. Pepplatt for 137 more houses has been submitted.

Definite preliminary steps have now been taken towards the formation of a Rotary Club for Acton, in touch with the Rotary Club of London, and through it, with the Association for Great Britain and Ireland and the Rotary International.

Newton-avenue Baptist Church Choir gave a concert to the inmates of Acton Hospital on Saturday.

It cost £14 17s. 5d. to repair Acton Park after the summer horse parade, and the promoters of the parade have been asked to pay.

Two new wards are to be built at the Acton Isolation Hospital, at a cost of £446. The Matron has been authorized to spend £15 on Christmas extras.

The Mayor and Mayoress of Acton wish the inhabitants a very Happy New Year, and trust that the coming year will be more prosperous than that now closing, and that it will be free from industrial strife.

Many Acton chimneys have recently caused a nuisance by emitting great volumes of black smoke. The firms concerned, stated, in reply to complaints by the local sanitary authority, that better coal would now be available.

Tradition rules that each ex-Mayor of Acton, shall be presented by his fellow members of the Town Council with a framed large colored picture of himself in order that he may return it whence it came to hang with similar works of art in the Council Chamber.

It is something of an achievement for preparatory schoolboys to give a sympathetic rendering of a Shakespearean play, but this was done when "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was performed by the pupils of Hillborough School, Creffield-road, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

Annie Nicholas, a widow, of Stirling road, Acton, was charged at Acton Police Court on Friday, with stealing and receiving, between Nov. 1 and December 17, two jumpers and other articles, value £1, the property of Ethel Puttinger, a widow, of the same address.

A fourteen-year-old East Acton lad was bound over for twelve months at Ealing Police Court on Saturday, on a charge of stealing a tin box of cigarettes to the value of 3s. 6d., the property of Nellie Lowe, from 66, Ealing Park gardens.

At Willesden Police Court on Thursday, Victor Hughes, 17, Churchfield-road, Acton, was summoned as the owner of a "Commonwealth" bus for not having a table of fares painted in the bus.

Sir Harry Brittain left home on Christmas eve (his birthday) with Lady Brittain and their two children to spend Christmas at Maloja, in the Engadine. They will be away for about a fortnight. By a curious coincidence, Sir Harry's brother, Col. W. B. Brittain, who is now in New Zealand, celebrates his birthday on New Year's eve.

When a tenant made an application to the Acton magistrates for an extension of time in which to leave his flat, his application was supported by a Salvation Army officer, who stated that he was a respectable man with three children, and that it was impossible for him to find accommodation at present.

Miss B. M. Smee, Mayor of Acton, 1924-25, ex-alderman of the borough, briefly re-visited the seat of her public work on Tuesday evening, when the Town Council was in session, to present to the Corporation a gold medallion chain of office for the use of the Mayoress (Mrs. Orange) and her successors.

Many Acton friends, especially former Haberdashers' School pupils, will be interested to hear of the marriage at St. George's, Hanover-square, on Saturday morning of Miss Eleanor C. E. Stone, M.B., B.S., D.P.H. (Lond.), only child of Mr. and Mrs. J. Stone, 44 Goldsmith-avenue, Acton, to Mr. Jas. Wilson McIntosh, M.B., C.H.B., F.R.C.S., (Edin.), eldest son of the late Mr. and the late Mrs. McIntosh, Edinburgh.

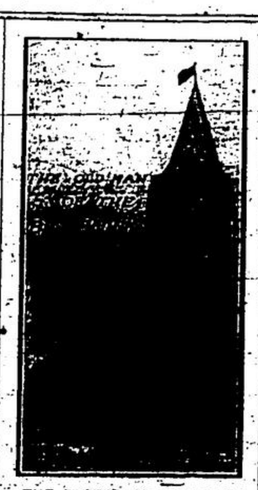
Joseph J. Turner, a milk carrier, of Swincombe, Chiswick, who was charged on remand at Acton Police Court on Wednesday with embezzling sums of 5s. 0½d. and 5s. 10½d., received for his employer, Mr. John Thomas, dairyman, of South-parade, Acton Green, pleaded guilty, and said that he was willing to repay the money; he promised to learn a lesson from what had occurred, and to go straight. He was sentenced to six weeks in jail.

There was a feast of jokes, good, bad and indifferent, as well as of material things, at the B.B.C. "Conference" dinner, and Sir Harry Brittain made one of the "hits" of the evening. Suddenly there were some horrible "atmospherics" or something of the sort during one of the jokes. The noise was prodigious. "What on earth's that?" asked the Irish Minister. "Oh, that," promptly replied Sir Harry, "is The Acton Gazette and West London Post going to press." Whereat there were loud cheers and laughter, led by Sir William Bull.

### A FAILURE

A player who had got into difficulties at St. Andrew's famous golf links, after painly hammering away for some time, said to his caddie, "What club ought I to take now?" "Ask them o'er," was the reply, "and syne awa' hame."

Nights of Agony come in the train of asthma. The victim cannot lie down, and sleep is driven from his brain. What grateful relief is the immediate effect of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. It vanishes the frightful conditions, clears the passages, and enables the afflicted one to sleep as soundly and restfully as a child. Insist on the genuine at your nearby druggist.



### THE BARTER OF THE OLD FARM

I have sold the farm where my youth was spent,
And my days of wisdom and glad content,
And my friends have come to rejoice with me,
For at last, they say, I am truly free.
But I know full well, though I may not tell,
I have sold the beauty that fed my heart.

I have sold the spaces of azure sky
Where the winged clouds went in cohorts by,
I have sold the fields that the sunshine blest,
And the wild wind played with the grasses' crest.
I have sold the groves, and the fairy cover,
And the placid pond where the lilies grew.

I have sold the flowers of a thousand hues
That have welcomed me in the morning dews,
And the tender music of bygone days
When the sweet birds sang me their roundelays.
I have sold the oak that memories woke
And the trustful love of my creatures dumb.

I have purchased ease for my weary hands,
And the way before me hath no quicksands,
But my eyes are seeking the scenes they know,
And my heart is sick for the long ago
When across the sheen of my acres green
Were inscribed in beauty the thoughts of God.

—Elma C. Wildman

### HALF A CENTURY AGO

My review of events which transpired fifty years ago here were so well received, both by old residents and young people, that I decided to glean some more items from this old file before I return it.

I find that officers of Walker Lodge, A. F. & A. M., of Acton, were installed by V. Wor. Bro. Hugh Walker, of Guelph, the founder of the lodge. The officers were:

W. M.—Bro. Harry Hunt.
I. P. M.—W. Bro. Caleb Chase, of Guelph.
S. W.—Bro. Thomas Kennedy.
J. W.—Bro. Alex. B. Wright.
Chaplain—Bro. John R. Secord.
Treasurer—Bro. James Matthews.
Secretary—Bro. John Ross.
S. D.—Bro. James Ryder.
J. D.—Bro. David Galloway.
I. G.—Bro. Tom Ross.
D. of C.—Bro. Fred Secord.
Stewards—Bros. Dr. Morrow and Dr. Lowry.
Tyler—Bro. Charles Cameron.

The retiring Master was presented with a P. M. jewel, suitably inscribed. At the conclusion of the proceedings, the members of the craft retired to Agnew's Hotel, where an excellent banquet was enjoyed. What these Masonic chaps call the fourth degree was evidently observed in those days also.

The Sons of Temperance were a prosperous body in those old days. The annual soiree was held on New Year's night, in the old Temperance Hall, on Church Street. It was attended by a full house. The record says: "After the cakes and things had been properly disposed of, Mr. D. D. Christie took the chair, and the Brass Band played stirring tunes in their usual excellent style. The choir sang 'Voted Out' in a pleasing manner, (no doubt as a soothing balm to the unfortunate victims at the municipal election). Rev. R. R. Cook gave a brief address. Charlie Dean sang in a splendid voice, the touching Scotch song about the "Drunkard's Ragged Wo'uns," and as an encore sang, "Castles in the air." The band played "Fair Canada." Mr. John Speight gave an interesting and humorous address of over an hour. Miss Clara Watson sang a sentimental song. A quartette consisting of Messrs. Dean, Hill and Gibbons and Miss Watson sang, "We Roam," and "Yon Bright Shore." Rev. T. L. Wilkinson spoke for fully an hour reviewing a speech recently delivered in Toronto by James Pahey in behalf of the Licensed Victuallers Association.

This was a real old-fashioned soiree. Messrs. J. C. Hill and Harry Gibbons are still with us, and still sing in quartettes.

The annual election of School Trustees was held on the second Wednesday of January. The terms of Edward Moore and C. S. Smith had expired. To fill the vacancy the following candidates were proposed for election: W. H. Storey, Edward Moore, Joseph Forsley, David Maloney, James Hyder and Thomas Ebbage. The voting took place by ballot at the meeting and W. H. Storey, and Edward Moore were elected. The board for the year was composed as follows: Alex. Kennedy, Eli Snyder, H. J. Hall, Joseph Leahy, Edward Moore and W. H. Storey.

At the brick school, known as "Gordon's School," Third line, Alex. H. Brown was elected trustee in place of Mr. Paul Kennedy. The other two trustees were John Warren and John Gordon.

In those early days the farmers were strongly organized as Grangers. The records say that "The Acton West Grange meeting was held in the Grange Hall, Acton, on Friday evening, 3rd of January, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Worthy Master—John Shaw.
Secretary—H. B. Campbell.
Steward—John Mitchell.
Asst. Steward—John Warren.
Chaplain—William Moore.
Treasurer—D. McGregor.
Gate-Keeper—James McDowell.
Ceres—Nancy Whitley.
Pomona—Ella Mann.
Flora—Margery McDonald.
Lady Steward—Helen Shaw.
Delegates to Division Grange—Jas. Warren and Alex. Kennedy.

And they had dishonest men in those old days as well as to-day. The Good Book says: "The poor ye have always with you," and I think it may also be said just as truly, "The dishonest ye have with you always," too. This item appears in the paper:

Midnight Flitting

A weaver named Hugh Bell, living on a rented farm owned by Mr. Alex. B. Wright, near Acton, suddenly left for parts unknown one night last week leaving behind him very few chattels, but a large number of assorted creditors. He was indebted to Mr. Wright for nearly $200 for rent and borrowed money; about $60 to Michael Speight for blacksmithing; a considerable sum to Messrs. R. and E. Nicklin for flour, a grocery bill at Secord Bros., besides a number of small sums here and there. He also took away a large quantity of yarn and other articles belonging to neighboring farmers. Hugh Bell is unanimously voted a bad egg.

And such is life! Not much change in half a hundred years.

*The Old Man*

### ONE-WORD STORY

The one-word story can be the funniest indoor game imaginable if the players have plenty of imagination and native wit.

They sit in a circle, and one begins a story by saying just one word. His neighbor gives the second word, and this continues round and round the circle. A player who cannot supply a word or who uses a word that does not make sense must leave the circle.

The keenest part of the game comes when only two or three are left. The one who survives, after all the others have failed, wins.

Excellent for Croupy Children.—When a child is suffering from croup it is a good plan to use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It reduces the inflammation and loosens the phlegm giving speedy relief to the little sufferer. It is equally reliable for sore throat and chest carache, rheumatic pains, cuts, bruises and sprains. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is regarded by many thousands as an indispensable of the family medicine chest.

### REASSURING

An officer of the Royal Air force watched a young cadet who showed signs of trepidation while preparing for his first flight.

"Don't be nervous, man," said the officer. "You'll come down again. There's no known instance of an aeroplane not alighting!"

Corns caused chiefly when shoes are too tight. Corn Remover is applied to them, because it goes to the root and kills the growth.

### HEAT AND MOISTURE

The moisture of the earth is aided in its evaporation by currents of moving air, wind passing over it. If the wind is a current of air very free from moisture, the evaporation is very rapid. If the air is laden with moisture, practically no evaporation takes place.

The body gives off heat under very similar conditions. As we breathe out the air coming from our lungs contains much more moisture and heat than when it was drawn in. Evaporation of perspiration causes further loss by cooling the surface of the body.

Body comfort is the best indicator of efficient ventilation. The air around the body must be able to take up more moisture. The cooling and drying influences are increased and one feels more stimulated if the air gently but constantly moves at varying rates.

## Business Directory

MEDICAL

DR. J. A. McNIVEN
Physician and Surgeon
Office and Residence—Corner Bower Avenue and Elgin Street.

PHONE 43
DR. E. J. NELSON
FREDERICK STREET
Acton, Ontario

LEGAL

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Account books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.
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More winter eggs at big prices without cost to you. Your hens pay for it or we will give you your money back. You take no chances; simply use in their daily food, a little of Pratt's Poultry Regulator. Sold by Dealers everywhere. Write for Poultry Book, FREE. Pratt Food Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg, Montreal, St. John, Vancouver.

Internal and External Pains are promptly relieved by DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL
THAT IT HAS BEEN SOLD FOR SEVENTY FIFTY YEARS AND IS TO-DAY A GREATER SELLER THAN EVER BEFORE IS A TESTIMONIAL THAT SPEAKS FOR ITS SELF-EVIDENT EFFICACY.

After long tests we are convinced *Aluminum* is the best container for tea.
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These letters, properly rearranged spell the name of a late famous Canadian premier.

Can you guess what his name was?

If you are clever enough to solve this fascinating, but simple problem, you stand a chance of becoming the owner of a valuable and highly profitable lot—AT NO COST TO YOU WHATEVER—situated in the valuable oil producing district of the Province of Alberta.

All you have to do to stand a chance of becoming the owner of this valuable household property is to send in your solution of this problem. If you are declared the winner, you will receive a certificate of ownership from a well known Canadian trust company.

This is an opportunity you should not neglect. This evening, or right now, work out the solution of this puzzle and send in your answer.

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