The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1927

"MOTHER'S DAY"

'Tis "Mother's Day"—aye! every day
Is Mother's Day to me!
And though the day be sad or gay,
E'er Mother's Day 'twill be.
God's blessing rest upon her head,
His guiding hand o'er lead—
As she, our infant footsteps led,
Fulfilling every need.

'Twas she who taught us how to pray,
When clustered round her knee—
To Jesus, "Keeper—night and day,"
In all simplicity:
Ah! Mothers throughout all the land
They need our love to-day:
Nor less do we her guiding hand—
For Mother leads the way.

Heard not your treasures 'til too late:
Nor think to bring some day
Your trophies to lay at her feet—
That never was her way!
Your flowers of affection, lay
Not one day in the year:
Your roses scatter while you may,
To bring their wanted cheer.

To-day we wear within our hearts
The emblematic rose,
Whose pearly petal'd grace imparts
The fervent love that glows;
And links with this, in memory,
The chaste carnation lends
Its fragrant breath to "Mother's Day":
And sweetest incense blends.

What bitter tears repentance knows
When anguish wrings the heart:
All through the vale of years there flows
This stream—life's counterpart:
Fleet be the shadow, bleak and gay
The sun whence sorrows flee—
Let every day be "Mother's Day"
For you, dear friends, and me!

—Jeanne Valdez.

Neighborhood News

OAKVILLE

Work is being rushed on the new brick store building for J. M. Campbell by Blakelock Bros.

F. O. Brand, of Saskatoon, Sask., was in town last week, after an absence of nine years.

Mrs. E. P. Lunau has returned from a short visit to her sister, Mrs. W. G. Duke, at Mono Mills.

Mrs. Condor, Dundas Street, and daughter, Miss Mildred, went to Buffalo for the Easter holiday, and while there the latter took ill. They had to prolong their visit for a week.

Little Irene Very, who was so severely injured in an auto accident on Colborne Street some weeks ago, was brought home from the hospital in Toronto on Monday. She will have to remain in bed for several weeks yet.

Leading the list of building permits which have been taken out recently is one for a house, colonial style, for $9,000, to be erected by the Mrs. T. Eaton estate—Record.

MILTON

Cpl. F. H. Deacon and Messrs. J. M. Bastedo and Stanley Andrew, all of Toronto, attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Wm. Bews last Monday.

Fred D. Dewar, who has been assistant postmaster here for about a year, has been appointed postmaster, pro tem, pending the appointment of Postmaster Robert Stewart's successor.—Champion.

Several of our local teachers attended the O. E. A. convention in Toronto last week.

The Trustees of the High School are having the school grounds levelled and otherwise improved.

Mrs. Gorham has returned from Philadelphia after spending a week there with her daughter, Ruth, who is taking a post-graduate course in dietetics.

The Town Hall auditorium has been newly papered and painted, and now presents a most wonderfully improved appearance. The artist in charge of the decorations, Mr. Alex. A. Armstrong, has certainly made a fine and most creditable job of it.—Reformer.

BURLINGTON

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Emery arrived home on Sunday morning after spending the winter in Florida.

J. B. Leonard has sold his farm to J. H. Stirling, of Oakville. We understand Mr. Leonard may become a resident of Burlington.

Rev. G. W. Tebbs gave an address at Appleby School, Oakville, on Sunday evening last, and Mr. E. Holtby officiated at St. Luke's.

Miss Davies, of Port Nelson, is leaving for England on April 29, sailing on the steamer "Montrose." Her many friends wish her a safe voyage.

Mrs. A. Musson and Mrs. Maltas arrived from Burbage, Leicester, England, on Tuesday to spend the summer with the former's daughter, Mrs. John Troughton, Clark Avenue. They came over on the "Doric."

Mr. Calvin Washburn met with an unfortunate accident while working on the property of Mr. C. F. Coleman, next to the High School grounds, on Friday afternoon last. He was ploughing, when the plow struck the roots of a tree, breaking the traces. The horse made a plunge, dragging Mr. Washburn over the handles on to the plow, and injuring his ribs. He was taken to Hamilton on Sunday for an X-ray, and we are pleased to learn that his condition is quite satisfactory, and he is progressing favorably.—Gazette.

GEORGETOWN

Mr. Henry Tost, who underwent an operation at Guelph Hospital last week, is progressing nicely.

Miss Annie Ryan spent Easter week with Mrs. W. H. Darlington in Chicago.

Mr. Rene Livingstone, of the Toronto police force, was a visitor in town during the week.

A meeting of the Humane Society will be held in the Waterworks Building on Thursday evening, April 28, at 8 o'clock.

There was a large attendance at the annual tea and sale of home-made baking in St. George's Parish Hall last Saturday afternoon.

Misses Margaret Dickie and Alison Moore attended the Associated Artists' Musicale at Massey Hall, Toronto, on Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Warren and Mr. John Warren, of Toronto, were in town on Tuesday evening attending the concert in the Baptist Church.

Messrs. E. Y. Harrcuough, Major Grant, J. H. Wallace, Samuel Kirk and J. M. Moore attended the funeral of the late J. O. Rose, city treasurer of Guelph, at Guelph on Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Coo returned home last week after spending the past three months in Toronto. Mrs. Coo's many friends are sorry to learn she is not in the best of health just at present, but hope for her speedy recovery.—Herald.

Ready-made Medicine.—You need no physician for ordinary ills when you have at hand a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. For coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchial troubles, it is invaluable; for scalds, burns, bruises, sprains it is unsurpassed; while for cuts, sores and the like it is an unquestionable healer. It needs no testimonial other than the use, and that will satisfy anyone as to its effectiveness.

The Free Press' Short Story

A Question of Mother

By Wilma Stubbs

The cheery January morning streamed in through the windows of the chamber where mother, shrouded in warm wrappings, was convalescing in the comfortable depths of an easy chair. Snow had fallen the day before and the world outside sparkled and gleamed under the magic of fairy light-beams like a world of dreams.

"Emma!"

At the sound of her mother's voice a slender girl in a neat gingham gown appeared in the doorway. Emma Sylvester, the oldest daughter of a large family, though seeming hardly more than a girl, was, however a senior at college. At least she had been a few weeks earlier when summoned from her studies to help nurse her mother through a severe attack of pneumonia. That illness had brought consternation upon the Sylvester household, who were accustomed to take mother as a matter of course, the very dearest, most patient and unselfish loving mother you could imagine, of course, but still a sort of tireless and indestructible machine necessary to the comfort and well-being of the home.

"Emma, are the beans in yet? And what about the brown bread?"

"The beans are bubbling in the most approved fashion in the oven, and the brown bread is serenely doing the same in the steamer and baker beside them. Don't worry, Mother dear, just enjoy this glorious morning and expend your energy in getting well as rapidly as possible."

"I do try, Emma. I know you are capable and willing to do everything. But when I think of the things to be done and I sitting here helpless—"

"Don't think of them. You have thought of these things and allowed them to fret you too much. Don't you know that the doctor said it was this which made you succumb to the cold in the first place?"

"Yes, and I'll try not to. I do want to get my strength back so that you can return to your studies. It troubles me to think—"

"There you go again. Whatever am I to do with you, Mother? Do you think college counts when it is a question of health?"

"It's a question of your going back to college very soon now, Emma, remember that." The invalid's tone was firm and a pink flush swept over the pale cheek. Her daughter's quick eye noted the sign.

"I'll go the sooner, if you will leave the care with me now, Mother dear," she answered. Then suddenly discovering a flock of chickadees in the willow hedge she fed her mother's thoughts to the out-of-doors.

The Sylvester family were holding a council called by the oldest daughter. Mother Sylvester was safely asleep upstairs. Father Sylvester had at last been persuaded to leave his desk and accounts and the younger Sylvesters had been induced to put aside their school-books—which was not as difficult as it should have been—to consider a matter of great importance, so Emma warned them.

"Heave ahead, Em," exclaimed Tom the incorrigible, when father joined the group around the table. "Don't keep us guessing long—it isn't good for the digestion."

"Not much need to fear for your digestion, my boy," retorted his sister, to whom Tom's appetite was a never-ceasing source of wonderment. "It's about mother, of course," she began. "As I see it, we are all in part responsible for this sickness. We have thought that mother could do everything because she was willing to try. We have let her wait upon us and do our work for us and have never once thought that she might wear out some day. It was 'Mother, this,' and 'Mother, that,' until she had no strength left. Her body is having a rest at last, but not her mind. So long as she is within sight or sound of any of us the habit of years will assert itself. There's only one thing to do according to my way of thinking and that is to send her away for a time, meanwhile setting to work to learn to take care of ourselves."

As she finished, Emma Sylvester glanced from one to another of the family group for support. "We came very near losing her, you know," she added softly.

If one were a humorist, it would be interesting to picture the consternation apparent on the faces of the Sylvester family at that moment. Not to have mother to go to, to consult, to lean upon! Why, mother always knew what a fellow wanted. Mother could always find lost things. Mother would make a cake for the picnic or supper when you were "just dying to have it," no matter how busy she was. Mother put things away for you and mended and did—oh everything. Not to have mother—why it was not to have home. Even now when sickness and weakness were upon her, mother was still counselor for every member of the family.

But—if it were true, what Emma had said, that mother could "wear out," and might, just because of their selfishness, it was a fearful possibility and a fearful experience through which they had passed a few weeks earlier when, an unwelcome guest, Death had hovered on the threshold seeking admittance—an experience none of them cared to have repeated. This thought sobered them and they began to settle down and consider Emma's suggestion. Father Sylvester was the first to speak.

"There seems to be truth in what you say, my daughter. I dare say the doctor would bear you out in it. Have you any definite plans, however?"

"Heaps of them, too many for one evening. Besides, some of them must be kept until mother has gone. But this to begin with—that we insist on having her spend the remainder of the winter with Aunt Ada in the South."

Father whistled softly. Tom and Alice exchanged looks of despair and groaned audibly.

"Emmie, you don't mean for all winter?" remonstrated Beth, the baby of the family, who in all the short span of her life had never known mother to remain away for more than a day or two at a time.

"Yes, for all winter, dear. Don't worry, Bethie, darling, sister will try to make up for the loss of mother, the very best that she can."

"But surely, Emma, you don't thinking of giving up your last year at college?" This from father in an anxious tone.

"Only for this winter. It really doesn't matter whether I receive my diploma this spring or next, you know, but at least as it matters whether mother is kept for us or not."

"We can have a housekeeper and doubtless manage very nicely." Father Sylvester urged.

"No, I have thought of that, but it won't do. You see we are to go into training while mother is gone, and who but a prospective 'schoolmarm' is fitted to put these young folks into form? Besides, I have other plans, not to be divulged yet, which will require my direction."

So it was settled and after long and earnest presentation of every conceivable argument on the part of every member of the family, one bright morning in February, mother set out on her journeyings towards the sunny Southland.

It was a novel experience for the lifelong stay-at-home and once fairly away from the demands at home, Mrs. Sylvester gave herself to the enjoyment of new scenes and the strange sense of uninterrupted leisure with the rest of a girl. At first, to be sure, in the midst of blissful forgetfulness she would be suddenly brought to her old self with compunctions of conscience at worrying so little over Tom's lessons or Alice's colds or Beth's possible mishaps. But with every mile and hour separating her from familiar scenes, Mother Sylvester found her good sense asserting itself. By the time she was well settled in her sister's comfortable bungalow among the magnolias, these visitings of an over-sensitive conscience were dying a natural death.

Meanwhile strange, mysterious proceedings were ruffling the usually placid atmosphere of the Sylvester household. They were all in the secret now, and the letters which travelled southward gave no hint of volcanic disturbances. So February snows became March blizzards and the blasts of old Boreas mellow into the warm winds of April and May. At last the message came, setting them all on tiptoe with expectancy and excitement. "Am as 'fit' as you please. Shall be with you on the evening of May 7."

"Why, that is the night before Mother's Day," Emma exclaimed. "How things fit together, don't they? We couldn't have planned her coming better, if we had set the date of her return ourselves."

At last the momentous day and hour came, though Beth had declared it never would and Tom had inwardly arrived at the conclusion that the clock and Father Time were in a conspiracy to move with more than ordinary deliberation on this particular day, a conclusion that Tom would not have made known for a good deal, though it is safe to say that it was shared by all the family.

Perhaps if mother had not been so healthily tired from her long journey and so altogether entranced at finding herself again among her flock, she would have seen how with firmness, albeit with tact, one and all united in not allowing the returned traveller to invade those familiar haunts, the dining room and the kitchen. As it was she noticed nothing.

Sunday — Mother's Day — dawned with clear skies and a spring atmosphere. With Beth dancing about her, Mother Sylvester went downstairs early, meaning to have breakfast well under way before the rest of the family had awakened. She knew how they loved their extra Sunday morning nap and the scrimble necessary afterward to get to church on time.

At the door of the dining room she stopped in bewilderment.

"Have I perchance made a mistake and come downstairs in my neighbor's house?" she queried of her oldest daughter, who appeared at that moment in a doorway—not the one she knew—at the further side of the room. A sound of subdued laughter behind her caused her to turn around. Tom and Alice and Father Sylvester, gathered on the hall stairs, seemed to be enjoying the scene immensely.

"Or am I dreaming?" she finished helplessly. "Oh, you rogues."

"Say, ain't it great?" Tom was the first to find a voice.

"Isn't it?" corrected his sister sotto voce.

The mellow morning light seemed to be reflected in the golden tint of the walls. The dark massive sideboard and table and chairs, which had been Mrs. Sylvester's mother's, never appeared to better advantage than now. By the side of the breakfast table a wheel tray, which had not yet given up its load of creamers and cups and soucers caught mother's attention.

"Oh, a wheel tray! Aunt Ada has one and it saves so many steps. But the room is smaller than it used to be. Something more has been done than re-tinting the walls and adding fresh hangings. What is it?"

"We'll take you on an exploring trip, if you like."

"If I like!" Mother's face was a study for a painter.

Emma led the way toward the kitchen, Mother Sylvester following and father and the rest of the family bringing up the rear.

"Oh, now I see. And just what I wanted, too." Mother gazed delightedly at the little pantry separating the dining room and kitchen.

"For cutting bread and cake," Emma pointed to a broad shelf.

"And no more tracking through the kitchen." Father opened the refrigerator and pointed to the arrangement for putting in ice from the outside.

"And all these drawers and shelves for supplies and for dishes," mother observed enthusiastically. ..... "Father will have to look after me or I shall buy the town out."

"I'll risk it. Buy away, Mother. You know how to save money."

But it was the kitchen which almost brought the tears. Mother just stood silent, gazing at it all in wonderment—the linoleum on the floor, the white enameled sink with rubber mat, the zinc-covered work-table, the kitchen-cabinet, the delicately-tinted walls, and everything arranged with relation to one another after a manner to make work easy and steps few.

"I just can't believe that it is true," mother gasped at last.

"But it is," Emma assured her, "and here is your laundry," opening the door into a small room taken from the large shed, finished and heated and furnished with set tubs, and an electric washing machine.

"How did you think of it all?" she demanded at last.

"Why, you know how you dislike having a maid," said Emma, "and insist on doing your own work that we may keep our home our own. Well, we couldn't let you wear yourself out. We had to find a way. Do you like our solution?"

"Like it!"

"I figured it this way," father hastened to add. "We think at the mill that we must have all the latest appliances—that it's only economy to do so. I guess managing a home is something like running our establishment, or ought to be."

"And we have been learning to take care of ourselves," ventured Alice.

"And it's Mother's Day — our Mother's Day!" shouted Tom. "Three cheers for the best little mother ever. Hooray!"

Worms feed upon the vitality of children and endanger their lives. A simple and effective remedy is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

THE OLD ROAD

You know that road that thrices
through the fen
And runs so fast around the rocky
turn
As if it had a charming tryst to keep
On some far, hidden hill where gentians sleep?

You know the hollow where it dips,
to stay
A moment by the birch-rimmed pond
where away
To right winds the alders and the
reeds?
We always wonder where that old
road leads.

It is so long since any feet but ours
Have followed its faint track through
grass and flowers
And dreaming larches, out beyond the
pool
Through green and shadowed dimness. Always cool
On hottest days, its beagle leads us
still
From one turn to the next.

To-day the hill
Beyond the frozen pond was loud with
song
That carolled joy, though April still
is long
Away, and February grays the skies.
I heard the warm, glad notes of blunderbirds rise.

I found a dandelion's early gold,
And saw the snowy fragrant spikes
unfold
Where saxifrages starred the rocks.
The breeze
Blew pert across my face. Among the
trees
I caught the glimmer of a bright
moth's wing—
And knew this was the Secret Road
to Spring!

—Ruth Aughitree.

BEAUTY ALL ABOUT US

This is the season of the year which appeals to me, so far as the real beauty of field and forest, landscape and fleecy clouds, the singing birds and the laughing brooks and the beauties of nature generally.

I find them along the old road, and especially if Mary is with me, as she used to be on those walks long ago. We've walked together along the road where the hollow dips by the birch-rimmed pond, and as we wandered along that old road it took us to grass and flowers, and limpid pools, and on to the hidden hill where the gentian sleeps.

Long ago we found that distance is not always necessary to make the view enchanting. Those who see beauty only in things far off have little beauty in themselves, I fear. It is the discerning eye that discovers charm in people, in animals, or in scenery; and love will transform and glorify that which to the unloving seems plain and ugly.

These evident truths are suggested by Jules Breton, the famous French painter. He loved the country and its scenes. The workers in the field were to him more than mere tillers. They were fellow mortals with souls and heavenly imaginations, loving beauty and truth as he loved it.

Many Canadians are familiar, through reproductions, with "The Song of the Lark," and some have undoubtedly seen the original picture in the Chicago Art Institute. A girl is going to the harvest-field at dawn. She is not borne down with the thought of toil, but transported, rather, into the realm of the beautiful by the lark far up in the sky singing at heaven's gate.

The names of other paintings, "Brittany Washerwomen," "Gathering Weeds," "Women Harvesters," "Taking Care of the Turkeys" and "Girl Watching Cows," suggest the subjects which Breton treated, but do not indicate how he transformed the common things of life by making their beauty evident to all who had eyes to see.

It is not necessary to go abroad to find things worth looking at or worth loving. The homely things of homely life have a grace and a charm that more pretentious and more distant objects can never rival in the eyes of those gifted with the heavenly vision. And those who walk out "to see the beauties of nature," as our late editor was fond of saying, would see beauty everywhere around him, as he traversed the woods and fields, and glens, whether on the lure of the wary trout intent, or in search of wild flowers or watercress. There is beauty all around us right here in our own community, if we open our eyes and have the vision for nature's contributions.

I was talking the other day with an old-time Norval friend and the camp-meetings of fifty and sixty years ago became a topic of our conversation. The camp-meeting was another place of getting close to nature and at the same time worshipping the Author of all nature's beautiful surroundings.

Two or three of these camp-meetings were held in the fine beech and maple grove on the third line, opposite Randy Mann's farm. Two of these were notable gatherings and had a wide influence. The Ryersons—Dr. Egerton and two brothers—were preachers at the camp-meeting held there in 1855. Rev. Dr. Alexander Sutherland, then in his probationary years, was also a preacher at that series of meetings.

But the annual camp-meeting at Norval was the longest continued of any in this section. For about twenty years camp-meetings were held on the Thomas Forster farm, just west of Norval. Numbers of people from this community attended year after year.

It is good, said this Norval friend of mine, to feel young enough to be in sympathy with modern progress, and yet to be old enough to remember the old camp-meeting as it was before the innovations, and to have known it from the inside.

In those days there were no flaming handbills, no "gate receipts," no excursion trains. The camp-meeting we knew belonged to the life of the people, and was a normal expression of their religious feeling.

It came each year after the harvest, and before the frost. We looked forward to it all the year. It was there that we learned the new hymns we were to sing all the year, till the next camp-meeting. There we would meet old friends; there we would hear great preachers. It was our social and religious feast of Tabernacles.

Yes, I know it is the custom to make fun of it, and I do not forget that there were oddities and excesses; but these were largely in the life of the people, and not wholly to be charged to the meeting. The things which appear in the ordinary descriptions of those occasions are not the ones that I remember. The noise and fanaticism were not the whole of the meeting; there was much that was different.

Our family was one of the most active in the preparations for the meeting. We always went to the cleaning the week before. The brush was hut away from the grounds, the spring was dug out, the "stands" were scrubbed, and all was got ready. Two or three neighboring farmers drew over a load of straw each, and we lined the beds; and as we worked we planned and talked.

The tents were really cabins built of rough lumber for the most part, and were located round a hollow square. There were a few tents that had three or even four rooms.

Such cooking as there was the week before right here in Acton for the Norval camp-meeting! Such ironing and starching and packing! And what excitement as we loaded all into the wagon and jolted off to the camp-ground, getting our own tent settled, and watching and greeting the later arrivals as they came! And what appetites we had! And what cooking! Fried chicken never was so good. Hot biscuits and johnny cake melted in one's mouth, with the butter spread upon them. And as for the pancakes and buckwheats, how they disappeared—is the ham gravy and maple syrup!

We were long in getting to sleep the first night and early to waken in the morning. How many birds there were in the woods! How early they began to sing! And soon as we were at work getting breakfast we would hear some one singing, as she fried the bacon:

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify."

The ordinary short-meter tunes do very well for indoors, but for the early morning at camp-meeting the old long-meter tunes were the ones that fit. We would begin—humming and others would do the same—and soon there was singing all round the camp, and the song prepared our hearts for the meeting.

There were preachers from round home, and preachers from abroad, and once a real Methodist Episcopal bishop. The seats were hard and rough and backless, and the sermons were many, and long, and some of them, I doubt not, crude enough. And the things that unnise modern flippant writers were doubtless in evidence. But we knew lives that were changed and hopes that were revived. We knew the friendships renewed and the new songs learned. And all the year through we had something to remember and something to look forward to.

So I say it is good still to feel young, and to belong to a generation with more years to live, and with hopes and ideals of the present, and still to remember, not the oddities and extravagances, but the social and intellectual and spiritual benefits of the good old-fashioned camp-meetings.

A group of members of the Acton congregation always occupied tents on the Norval camp-ground. There were Mr. and Mrs. Asa Hall, Mr. and Mrs. George Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Brown, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. William Grant and some of the members of the Lasby, Chamings, Matthews, Moore and Snyder families were also present.

Those good old days, with their unpolished and perhaps crude appointments had real compensations.

The Old Man

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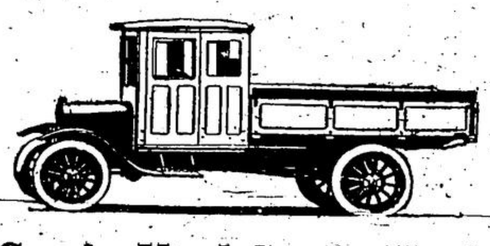

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The Public Health

CITIZENS ARE REQUESTED TO COMPLY WITH THE PUBLIC HEALTH ACT

Notice is hereby given that all residents of Acton are required forthwith to clean their cellars, drains, yards, pig sties, water closets, outbuildings, and other premises, and remove therefrom all dirt, manure, and other substances which may endanger the public health, and to have the same completed by the ninth day of May next, on which day the Sanitary Inspector will commence a general inspection; and further take notice that the section of the Public Health Act prohibiting the keeping of hogs between the 15th of May and the 15th of November, except in pens at least 70 feet from any dwelling house, and 50 feet from any street or lane, with floors kept clear from all standing water and regularly cleaned, will be strictly enforced.

All citizens are earnestly requested to keep their premises constantly clear and thoroughly disinfected.

AMOS MAHON,
Reeve of the Municipality.

Acton, April 14, 1927. 42-4