The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1937.

A WISE CONCLUSION

Home's the nicest, after all!
Once I went a long, long way;
Took a car and travelled far,
On the train a night and day;
Many funny things I saw—
Rivers, cities, mountains tall,
But I begged for leaving-time:
Home's the nicest, after all!

Once the shepherd dog and I
Thought we'd journey through the wood;
Took enough of bread and stuff,
Played that I was Robin Hood.
Oh, how very lost we got!
How I had to cry and call!
Tell you home looked mighty good;
It's the safest, after all.

Sometimes, when I read the tale
Of a great man's wanderings,
When I see swift bird or bee,
And begin to wish for wings,
Long to have a big balloon,
Fret because I stay so small,
I remember certain things:
Home's the best place, after all!

—Nancy Byrd Turner.

REPORTING AT HEADQUARTERS

"If the cap fits, wear it," runs the old adage. Sometimes the knowledge that it might easily fit cannot be concealed by the conscious ill-doers, and he publicly puts on the cap, and thereby confesses his guilt. Mr. Frank Wilkeson, the author "Recollections of a Private Soldier," had an experience of this nature. He was scarcely more than a lad, a young private in the Civil War, when the incident occurred.

On the fourth day of the Battle of Cold Harbor the captain delivered to me an order to repair at once to headquarters and report to Adjutant-General Williams. My heart sank. I had been shelling haversacks; I had been impudent to officers; I had been doing lots of things I ought not. Now for it! "This ends my career," I thought.

The captain said, "Wash up, get a horse, and accompany the orderly." I ignored the first portion of the order, but obtained a horse, and rode off, slouch-hatted, blouseless and supremely dirty. I had full belief I was to be severely punished. Certain sheep weighed heavily on my conscience. I ransacked my memory and dragged forth all my military misdeeds. I knew I must at least be court-martialed. I concluded finally that I should not escape with less than shooting.

I asked the orderly if General Williams was very savage-tempered. He replied that the general was the kindest man in the army, and I felt a little reassured. At last I burst out with:

"See here, what do you suppose he wants of me? I've been disobeying orders, stealing haversacks, and been impudent to some of the incompetent officers."

The orderly laughed loudly.

When we reached General Williams' tent I was really frightened half out of my senses, and I strode in, hat on my heart. The handsome general smiled kindly at me, and asked me to be seated. How I wished I had washed and brushed the dirt off! He asked me many questions. I grew confidential, and finally confessed my fright and my sins. The general tried to look severe, but he had to laugh. When I had finished he said, pleasantly:

"You are not going to be shot; your crimes hardly deserve that. I have sent for you to tell you you are appointed second lieutenant to the Fourth Regiment of the United States Artillery. Get your discharge, and come to me if you need money to travel with, or for clothes."

He was so gracious to me, a dirty private, that my eyes filled with tears. I could not speak to thank him, and I came very near to crying outright.

"TO-DAY IT'S QUINCES"

Mrs. Ashley sniffed as she entered.

"Quinces?" she asked. "You must not let me interrupt if you're preserving; I can just as well come another time— Oh, very well, then. My, my, how good they do smell! There's no preserve anywhere's near as rich and fruity to my mind; and then they always make me think of Mary Glynn. Mury Glynn's quinces are a sort of byword in our family when there's trouble.

"You see, I was the one to break it to her when that wretched cousin of the Glynns muddled up his own affairs and theirs and the firm, and then bolted. It seemed likely they'd lose everything; and I'd about as lief have walked up to a cannon as in to Mary's door to tell her.

"After all the other troubles she'd had—there'd been a perfect siege of sickness for one thing—it did seem the last straw. Just as things had seemed to be getting comfortable at that, too.

"I found her putting up quinces, and I told her, plain and straight. I'm not one to have patience with feeble sisters, but I don't know's I'd have blamed Mary, considering all things, if she had fainted, or had hysterics, or any other sort of breakdown. I was prepared.

"But she was as quiet as quiet—just sat still a while, with the long spoon in her hand, and the clock ticking, and the kitchen all sweet and hot and quincy. Then she got up all of a sudden, and says she:

"'Well, anyway, I must finish these quinces.'

"Dear soul! I told her not to bother. I'd see to 'em; she had enough else to attend to; but:

"'No,' she would have it. 'You've your work on hand and I've mine. Tomorrow there'll be plenty I'll have to attend to, but to-day it's quinces.'

"Of course it was only 'the duty next at hand'—'one thing at a time'—just what we're always being told. But it's one thing to be told and another thing to see. Many's the time when I've needed to fight off worry and keep to work I've remembered that sweet, hot kitchen and Mary's queer little brave smile, and I've told myself, 'Never mind to-morrow; to-day it's quinces.'"

HE UNDERSTOOD

Many are the complaints made by customers over the abruptness of clerks but the Weekly prints a story to show that the shopkeeper is sometimes almost too willing for the would-be customer to explain his wants.

"I want some kind of a door-spring, one that won't get out of order," said a customer.

"A door-spring?" answered the hardware man.

"Yes, and one that won't require the strength of an elephant to open."

"Hem!"

"And it must be strong enough to bring the door all the way to, and not leave it swinging open a couple of inches."

"I see."

"And when the door closes, I don't want it to shut like a catapult, with a jar that shakes the house from its foundations."

"Yes. You want one that will bring the door all the way to, and yet do it gently."

"That's the idea. But I don't want any complicated arrangement, that requires a skilled mechanic to attend to."

"No, of course not. You want something simple, yet strong and effective."

"That's the talk! Something that can be put on or taken off easily, something that will do its work quietly, yet thoroughly, and won't be eternally getting out of order."

"I see. I know exactly what you want, sir, just exactly."

"Well, show me one."

"We don't keep door-springs."

A PRAIRIE MEMORY

Once more we catch the pleasant, pungent odor
By blazing camp fire made;
Again the ring of covered wagons circles
To form the barricade.

Within, the women hasten to make ready
The pioneers' repast;
Without, the men take horses to the stockamlet,
Then tie and stake them fast.

The meal is finished and the camp made tidy,
The children put to rest;
A voice takes up a tune, and all are joining
In singing "To the West!"

The sentinels in their appointed places,
The prairie's silence falls,
And in the deep, mysterious darkness
A lone coyote calls.

As one who slept within that circle,
A child who knew no fear,
The shadowy dream comes back with vanished faces,
Comes back to charm and cheer.

Oh, glorious pageant that has linked forever
In bonds that shall endure
The storied East with our own mighty Westland
And made the whole secure!

Some other pen must make the mighty Purpose
And the more mighty Deed;
For braver to the host that has come after
Those planters of the seed.

For me the camp fire's smoke is in the nostril,
The sage taste on the hand.
Sometimes I still am with the covered wagons
Out in that desert land.

—Edward Gordon Ivins.

As I sit in the shade of the orchard trees these fine warm hay-making days, my thoughts travel back to the earlier days of the good old summer time. I have been wondering how many readers of THE FREE PRESS to-day can remember:

1.—When Mrs. S. A. Secord's white frame store occupied the site of the fine new brick building, with the rounded plate glass front, just completed by our friend, W. M. Cooper, the merchant tailor, at the corner of Mill and Main Streets. Mrs. Secord had a stock almost as varied as Eaton's of to-day. She lived in the rear and upstairs, and had a flower garden which was a delight to the community. But she and her family of sons have one by one passed away.

2.—When Thomas Hagyard had his drug store in a big building on which the Acton exchange of the Bell Telephone Company's offices are now located. Mr. Hagyard did a proprietary medicine business as well as that of a retail drug store. He manufactured Hagyard's Yellow Oil and Hagyard's Cherry Pectoral. He sold the business to Thomas Milburn, and out of this grew the Milburn Medicine Company of Toronto.

3.—When the south-east corner of Mill and Main Streets was a vacant lot, used mostly for outdoor travelling exhibitions, perambulating photograph cars, circuses and menageries. And later, fifty years ago or more, when Messrs. B. & E. Nicklin secured the property, built the present two-story brick store and dwelling and commenced a baking business there. Since they discontinued business there have been many occupants of the premises with grocery and crockery stores, tailor shops, meat stores, with both Jews and Gentiles as proprietors. The present owner of the premises is Mr. Orrie Lamb, meat merchant, who is a member of the fourth generation of Lambs in this community.

4.—When Acton Temperance Hall, erected by Acton Sons of Temperance, No. 242, was built and occupied a site on Main Street, where Mr. D. A. Henderson's roadway now leads into his lumber mill. That it stood there for more than twenty years, and was then removed bodus-bodus to a lot on Church Street, beside the first Methodist Church. How it was conveyed across Michael Speight's garden, necessitating the cutting down of three fine maple trees on Main and Church Streets, which, though replaced with other trees, never fill the gap like the first ones. That hall was used for temperance Council meetings, and room fifty years ago, distinguished about also John Cameron, members, bought the property, rented it into tenements, been regularly occupied are to-day.

5.—When the old California House, the Dominion Hotel, the Royal Exchange Hotel on Main Street, and Bell's Tavern on Mill Street, were all doing a rushing business, with the barroom the chief attraction of each, and with four stores in town licensed to sell liquors and doing it with a vim. Those were "The Good Old Days" some folks talk about, and which a few of us can still remember; but not one of us would like to see come back again. Those were the days when hardly a child in town could go to school and return home without seeing drunken men and women on the streets or in the gutter! "In Acton?" Yes, in this dear old town. But no more of this for these modern days, we hope.

6.—When Smith & Hall operated a shingle mill on a property back of Main Street, and along the old school lane, and Moore Brothers ran a shingle mill and stave and heading factory on the land where Mr. Daniel H. Young's residence and garden are now, just above the railway. When Asa Hall teamed the shingles from the Smith & Hall mill, and Hugh Cameron from the Moore factory, to the old Grand Trunk Railway station for shipment. Mr. Hall would always aim to reach the station yard first. If he saw Hugh Cameron's team from the other mill close behind, the canny old teamster would dodge around a side street and hustle his team so as to be sure to be at the car door first. Of course some of you remember the old mills and their proprietors; and the teamsters of those days; but few are left of those who took part in the activities of those far-back days.

7.—When John Holt operated a three story knitting mill on the site where Mr. J. H. Reed's residence and garden now stand. Mr. Holt was an experienced woollen manufacturer and keen business man six days of the week. On Sunday he and Mrs. Holt spent a good deal of their time in church and Sunday school services in the old Methodist Church, of which they were active members. In the course of time Mr. Holt wound up his business here and the big mill was vacant. It was a great place for the investigations of venturesome boys. For several years the old shipping room of the mill was the rendezvous for the callithumpians for the preparation for their annual Queen's Birthday parade. It was the headquarters for "General Hiddidemadinkhardidobinjum." His processions were always alluring, and included all kinds of wild animals, such as elephants, jackasses, bears, lions, giraffes, baboons, etc. They were usually so real that the kiddies thought they were genuine wild animals.

Well, I must stop. This looking backward is getting me. I may give you another chapter of "whens" next week.

The Old Man

THE WISDOM OF THE ELEPHANT

The real test of animal intelligence, according to Mr. Samuel A. Berleaz in the American Magazine, is the ability to meet an unforeseen difficulty, to grapple with a situation for which neither training or instinct has prepared. Here is a good example:

A traveller by the name of Tenant was once riding horseback along a road in India, on both sides of which grew a dense jungle. Suddenly his horse shied violently, and Mr. Tenant saw coming toward him a huge elephant unattended and balancing on his tusks a heavy timber that he was evidently carrying from a sawmill to the shipyards. The timber filled the road from side to side, and Mr. Tenant could not possibly pass.

Suddenly the elephant, seeing horse and rider, stopped and turned sidewise. Then he backed a short distance into the jungle and, leaving room for horse and rider to pass, snorted out his directions that they should go on. But a horse is terribly afraid of an elephant, and Mr. Tenant's horse continued to rear and plunge; the man himself, interested to see what would happen next, did not force him to pass.

Deeper and deeper into the jungle the elephant backed, still the horse reared and plunged. At last the elephant laid the timber down and, pushing hard against the undergrowth, disappeared. Then Mr. Tenant rode past.

A short distance down the road he reined in and looked back. The elephant came out of the jungle, picked up the timber with his trunk, balanced it with his trunk and, turning it round in the road, went on his way with loud snorts of indignation and disgust.

AN EXPENSIVE CRITICISM

It is whispered, says Pearl, that when Monsieur Poincare, the late president of France, was inspecting the pictures exhibited in Paris by one of the post-post-futurist societies, — or whatever the technical name may be,—he was furious at a portrait of himself, and very freely expressed his opinion as to the merits of the work; whereupon, as the story goes, the disgusted artists met in solemn conclave, and passed a resolution to the effect that not one of them would ever again paint a portrait of the president.

It may, perhaps, be argued that the punishment does not fit the crime, but in any case the president may be congratulated on not following the example of one of his predecessors, Monsieur Grevy. When performing the inaugural ceremony at one of the salons, Monsieur Grevy made a tour of the rooms, and occasionally ventured to criticize a picture with considerable vigor.

At one painting of the assertive type, and all painting of the assertive type, and after gazing at it for some time, relieved his mind by saying: "What an execrable daub!"

A deadly silence followed, and the president saw that something was wrong. He therefore bluntly asked who was the artist; and at once an angry-looking gentleman was introduced to him. Monsieur Grevy shook him heartily by the hand, and said:

"Monsieur, in the part of the country where I was born people who wish to buy are accustomed to begin by running down the goods."

Of course the painter was delighted, and the state had to buy a picture that it could very well have done without.

SMUGGLERS' TRICKS

The extent to which smugglers of former days in England would go to accomplish their ends is indicated by the extraordinary contrivances to which they resorted in order to secrete their cargo and escape the revenue cutters. They form an interesting chapter in human ingenuity. Sometimes the masts and spars were made of painted tin and contained fine old cognac brandy. Hollowed-out horses were filled with tobacco and closed up again. Dummy ropes were made of tobacco soaked with rum to give them a hempen appearance. Rafts of dozens of ankers of spirits were brought over and sunk, with a cork or a feather to mark their whereabouts, so that they could be hauled as occasion served. The very floor planks were hollowed out to receive lace, and smugglers carried pads of tea hidden in their clothing. There were blue false bulkheads, false keels and false bows. The Plow of Hastings had a false bow in which some fifty kegs could be hidden, and similar craft hailed from Rye and Rexhill.

The following item appeared in a newspaper of the 1817:

"A curious seizure was made on Friday the 12th, at Stonehouse, soon after the arrival of a vessel from Guernsey. A porter, carrying a bedstead from a shore boat, was met on the beach by a customhouse officer, who, having asked the porter to whom it belonged, and having received rather an unsatisfactory reply, thought it right to examine the bedstead. On doing so, he found that the posts were hollowed out and contained several hundred pounds' worth of lace ingeniously concealed under slides."

GETTIN' THAR

Hiram had walked four miles over the Great Smokies to call on his lady fair. For a time they sat silent on a bench by the side of her log cabin, but soon the moon, as moons do, had its effect, and Hiram slid closer to her and patted her hand.

"Mary," he began, "y'know I got a clearin' over thar and a team an' wagon an' some hawgs an' I'm goin' to build me a house this fall an'—"

Here he was interrupted by Mary's mother, who had awakened.

"Mary," she called in a loud voice "is that young man thar yit?"

Back came the answer: "No, maw, but he's getting thar."—Everybody's.

MAC WAS THERE

A man stepped up to a grocer's cigar counter and ought two 10-cent cigars. A Scotchman who was waiting to be served pushed forward.

"You sell those cigars three for a quarter, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the grocer.

"Well," said the Scotchman, producing a nickel, "I'll take the other one."

FOILING A CHICKEN THIEF

It was a warm night, and my cousin Ralph and I were lying on a fragrant bed of hay in his aunt's big barn. The barn doors were standing open, and we could see a square patch of starlit sky. After talking an hour or more we fell asleep. When the whinney of a horse aroused me, I could not think for a moment where I was.

Then I heard a faint rumble of a wagon that was evidently coming closer. There was no public road near by, and the wagon seemed to be coming up the long lane to the farm.

When the wagon stopped and I heard the wagon drive through the gate and past the open barn doors, Ralph whispered, "Come!" and we slipped down the stairway and out to the back of the barn, where we could see the wagon dimly outlined against the sky. The man was going toward the house, but he soon came back with a sackful of chickens, which he put in the wagon.

When he went for another sackful, Ralph whispered, "You watch, and if he comes back, signal me by two knocks on this board."

He then picked up something and went to the wagon. He made a little noise, but in a few minutes he came back to me, and we quietly went down the lane toward the highway. There was no other road by which the wagon could get away.

Presently we heard the wagon coming slowly. When it had nearly reached the top of the long hill there was a thud, and it stopped. We crossed into the standing wheat and crawled as near the fence as we dared; then we discovered that the man was now fussing and fuming under his breath as he examined the wagon with a flash light. We could see that one hind wheel was off and that the axle was down on the ground. The man looked back toward the house and out toward the road, as if undecided what to do; then he started slowly toward the house, examining the road carefully with his flash light.

When he had disappeared, Ralph whispered, "You watch, and if he comes too near, whistle."

He went to the wagon and began to unharness the horse. Leading it away from the shafts and out toward the highway, he turned it loose, and then came back to me.

"I took off the nut that held the wagon wheel and put it where he'll not find it," Ralph whispered. "When he finds his horse unharnessed and turned out to graze, he'll not feel better."

When the man turned, he seemed more surprised and afraid than angry. He now knew some one was on his track, and he walked rapidly toward the highway. He soon overtook his horse, which was gracefully grazing, and, as Ralph had considerately left him the bridle, he mounted and rapidly rode away.

"What shall we do now?" I asked, as we heard the sound of the trotting horse disappear.

"First turn the chickens loose in the wagon coop, then keep watch, to see if he comes back before morning, which is not likely. When it is light enough we'll move the wagon home. I shall advertise it in the country paper and say the owner can have it by proving the property."

We made a bed of the thick standing wheat, and very early in the morning we put on the wheel and took the wagon and the chickens home.

BITS OF FUN

They sat at table, he and she, and gazed into each other's eyes, what time he mechanically consumed the food which was set before him.

"Ah," she said, "I am glad you like it. Mother says that there are only two things I can make properly — potato salad and marmalade tart."

"Indeed," said he, "and which is this?"

Mrs. Smith: "Really, Mr. Giles, your prices are getting exorbitant."

Farmer Giles: "Well, mum, it's this way: When a chap has to know the botanical name of what 'e grows, the zoological name of the blighter wot eats it, an' the chemical name of wot kills the blighter, some one's got to pay for it!"—Passing Show.

He was gazing with dreamy eyes into the distance. "We none of us know what the future holds for us, dearest," he said, "but what does it matter? When I am with you I think of naught but the present—the dear, beautiful present."

"So do I, darling," she replied; "but you will take me with you when you buy it, won't you? Men have such queer tastes in rings."—Boston Transcript.

SMILES

Hostess: "You say you is troubled with insomnia?"

Bombo: "Yes, deedy. Somehow Ah cain't go to sleep on de job as quick as I used to."

Willie: "I understand he's a model husband."

Millie: "He must be. He comes up to the expectations of his wife's relatives!"

Youth (hopefully): "Is there an opening for a bright young engineer here?"

The Manager: "Yes; please close the door as you go out."

"Success in business depends on pluck," says a writer. And to some extent on the willingness of the other man to be plucked.

"What can a man do after he has sown his wild oats?"

"Grow sage, of course!"

MENTAL SCIENCE

Wife—"It is possible to cut some people by ignoring them completely."

Husband—"That is so, and I wish I could cut the lawn that way."

BEHIND THE DOOR

"John I wish you'd bring me home one of those tablolds."

"The kind you take with a glass of water?"

"No; the kind you take with a grain of salt."

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

"Chief," asked a visitor in Fort Mink, "can you tellum where I buy some of that Indian bendwork?"

"I got mine from the mail order house in Rochester, New York."

CRUELTY TO PATRIOTS

"What is your opinion of aviation?"

"I don't know anything about it," answered Senator Sorghum. "But I'm afraid of it. If all the aviators are going to airmen, we statesmen may as well take off our coats and learn to fly."

CONSCIENTIOUS WITNESS

The old time practice of kissing the bride received a jolt at a recent Rogan County wedding when an awkward-looking guest was asked if he had kissed the bride, and replied: "Not lately."

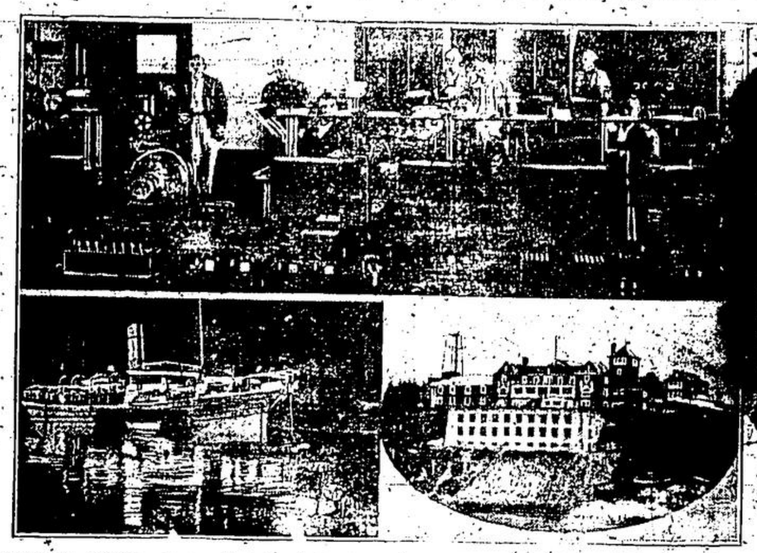
BEST IN PEACE

They're picking up the pieces with a dustpan and a rake, because he used his horn when he oughta used his brake.

George Stephen

Whose appointment as freight traffic manager, Canadian Pacific Railway, is announced, effective July 1. Mr. Stephen's career has embraced experience in practically all branches of railway freight traffic both in the east and west of Canada, Saint John, Montreal, Winnipeg and British Columbia. He has a wide range of interests as is shown by the fact that he is a member of the Manitoba Club, St. Charles Country Club and the Pine Ridge Club of Winnipeg; the Assiniboia Club, Regina; the Canadian Club of Montreal; the Vancouver Club, Vancouver; and the Edmonton Club, Edmonton.

ALL-RED CABLE ROUTE VIA PACIFIC DOUBLED



Upper—The operating room, cable station, Bamfield, B. C.
Lower left—Laying cable between Bamfield and Port Alberni, showing the cable floats.
Lower right—Cable station at Bamfield, B. C.

With the laying of a 70-mile stretch of cable between Bamfield and Alberni, B. C., by the cable ship "Restorer," under charter by the Canadian Pacific Telegraphs, the all-red line Pacific cable service was doubled. The new line is another Canadian Pacific link between Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

The Pacific Cable Board, representative of British, Canadian, Australian and New Zealand governments, laid the cable from Australia to Bamfield, on Vancouver Island, and the line that connects the distant units of the Empire stretches across Canada to Halifax and from there to the heart of the Empire. This is the second, all-copper line that has been built by the Canadian Pacific and leased to the Pacific Cable Board.

The last stretch of cable was sounded from England via the Panama Canal some time ago, when it was deemed necessary to cope with the increasing cable business. The cable was in two sections, weighed over 250 tons, and was officially inspected and O. K'd by J. M. Millan, general manager of Canadian Pacific Telegraphs, who journeyed to England for the purpose.

The accompanying illustration shows the taking on board of the cable. One of the ...

...—Due at Acton at 10.10 a. m.; 3.10 p. m.
...—Due at Acton at 8 p. m., and 6.50 p. m.
...Toronto for ... m.; 1.00 p. m.

...Sundays and Holidays special bus leaves ...00 p. m., arriving 12.10 a. m.; leaves 10.00 p. m., arriving 1.20 p. m.

...fare is all based on ... daylight ...

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JAS. SYMON — HARDWARE STORE — Phone 40 — Mill St.

Young St. Garage & Implement Shop — C. E. PARKER — Phone 84 — Young St.

Who Support Them?

Did you ever analyze the development of any town or community? Did you ever pause and consider who were most active and energetic in the promotion of the various undertakings which may have meant so much to the community? Did you wonder, at times town seemed to grow and do another, just as advantageously did not?

This Is The Reason

There are in practically every a certain number of active awake business and professional They are ready and willing considerable amount of time the promotion of undertakings betterment of the community. men are supported and encouraged community at large---if there is of good will and co-operation should obtain---then, and then you see a prosperous and progressive munity. If men in similar lines ness will harmonize, and will co-operate with all other ing can hold such a town back natural limitations. In the these matters the local paper can take an active and prominent only in the measure of business tion which is extended to it it be a power and influence munity.

All business men need amount of printed matter. loyal, home-town, co-operative having your printing done here

THE ACTON FREE PRESS

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