THE HOME OF

The Acton Free Press

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ADVERTISING RATES—For small unclassified advertisements, and in other columns, the rates will be found at head of column. Display advertising rates on application.

G. A. DILLS, Editor and Proprietor.

TELEPHONES—
Editorial and Business Office . . 174
Residence 135

You'll be, my girl, a
nagen,
A woman whom the world will ho
before.

21, 1927

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the issue of The Free Pr**AL**
Thursday, July 28, 1907

Mr. Adam Stewart's new
Brock Street is up and enclo**t Night**
Dr. Ault's new tenements o**t**, passed at the last
Hill, Frederick Street, are about
pleted. The tenants are movi**ture**, has made this
this week.
Mr. W. Johnstone has the A**shall loiter in any**
house, which he located on W**the evening, or be**
Street, repaired and about ready **entertainment after**
the tenants.
Thomas Fraser has sold his **by his parent or**
and lot on Agnes Street to **by the parent or**
Dobbie. Mr. Fraser and
moving to St. Catharines.
Owing to the **such child. A parent who**
in the hands
novation the **first offence, incur a penalty of $1.00;**
vice there la**fence, $2.00; and for a third or any**
Reeve Swa**his residence once, $5.00." There is no need of a**
addition of a new **community. This Act will cover**
at the north side
cement walks are **essary to restrict the hours of**
The wild raspberry **The onus is all on the**
hand.
A lawn social, under **obeyed by the children.**
of the Epworth League, wi
at the residence of Mr.
man, Main Street, on
programme will be an
Refreshments will be
sion, including refres**Collection**
The Council has
utes and the rate o**problem these days, and one**
dollar was decided on
meeting on Monday eve**with. The Board of Health**
cleaned away each spring

SPORTSMEN, HERE'S A

ter. Then from the spring

I was out for meat one morn**would probably collect**
care what kind. 'Bout noon I **carted away. But is**
at the foot of a tree and ate my lunch**eder of disease**
I sot awhile, and then I went to sleep.**a. It is rather**
I don't know how long I slept, but I
waked up mighty sudden, thinkin' the**k week and al-**
alarm clock was goin' off.
'Bout six feet in front of me was**nded to regularly.**
nice fat rattlesnake with his tail goin'
like a 'lectric buzzer. I drew the old**mean towards a**
gun up slow an' easy, thinkin' to clean**in health, to**
his head, when out o' the brush on**ly and properly**
fifty yards or so comes a deer.
concluded a club would fix the rattler**e slight in com-**
pervided he didn't scoot when I shot.
Just as I was sightin' the deer **Many householders**
critter acted as if he'd seen a ghost**to have ashes, tin**
I looked where he was a-lookin', an**from their premises.**
out of the brush on tother side com
a bear. A bear skin is wuth more'n **would be greatly**
deer'n, and I'd ruther have a dead bea**uld be treated the**
round than a live one, so I drew
bead an' fired.
Wal, it seems while I was sleepin**ould result to the**
the muzzle o' my gun had been a-diggin'**going to be kept**
in the ground, an' when I fired
she bursted. I didn't know much for**th must be con-**
the next few minutes. When I came
too I was pretty nigh standin' on my
head some twenty feet back in the
brush. While I was straightening my-
self out I felt somethin' soft under me
an' found 'twas a pair o' rabbits; I'd
killed 'em when I lit. "Wall," says I,
"this ain't no bad; I'm still livin', and
here's my supper!"

When I got out to where the mu**n of the Diamond**
had exploded, so to speak, there laid
a big coon with his head stove in. Jest
beyond him the cattler was stretched
out dead as a nail. I looked out where
the bear had been, and, by thunder,
there he was—dead! I looked over
tother side, an' there was the deer
a-layin' on his back! I begun to think
we'd all been struck by lightnin', but
I finally figgered it out. My bullet
had got the bear all right, square
through the heart. The end of the gun
barrel, which blew off, fixed the deer.
The coon was on a limb over my head,
and the stock of the gun brought him
down. What kissed the rattler? Well,
sir, the bunch o' dirt that bust the gun
fell in his mouth an' he chocked to
death. His ile come in right handy to
limber up my stiff j'ints after that ex-
perience, an me a-luggin' meat to camp
fer two days after it.

Complete in itself, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the assistance of any other medicine to make it effective. It does not fail to do its work.

THE ONLY THING SAVED

A fire had destroyed the new hall in Plainfield, which had been built by an enterprising citizen of the place. The walls and a part of the roof were still standing, but the interior was a total wreck. The local insurance adjuster went round the next day to inspect the ruins. He found the proprietor sitting disconsolately on a pile of debris just inside the doorway.

"Well, Hymer," he said, "you seem to have been having all kinds of bad luck?"

"Looks that way," was the gloomy response.

"You saved some of the furniture, didn't you?"

"Not a scrap."

"None of the fixtures?"

"Not a fixture."

"Was all the inside properly destroyed?"

"I believe the acoustic properties are left," said the proprietor, with a glance at the bare interior, "but that's all."

Miller'n Worm Powders act mildly and without injury to the child, and there can be no doubt of their deadly effect upon worms. They have been in successful use for a long time and are recognized as a leading preparation for the purpose. They have proved their power in numberless cases and have given relief to many children, who, but for the good offices of this compound, would have continued weak and feebled.

Depends on the Viewpoint

"A newspaper syndicate of Florence, Alabama, is making inquiry regarding the success of the Hydro-Electric power development in Ontario." This is the first paragraph in an editorial in the Alliston Herald, headed, "Depends on the Viewpoint." The editorial goes on to point out how in Alliston's case Hydro works to the benefit of the larger centres at the expense of the smaller communities. We naturally may feel elevated here in Acton that we are one of the large communities, although in point of population not many hundreds more than Alliston. The viewpoint in Acton is certainly the reverse to that in Alliston. Ask any citizen what is the town's greatest asset and they will tell you Hydro. But we use it, and plenty of it. Our manufactories use it, and our householders use it. The local Commission has made untiring efforts to make its use popular and sold many appliances with little or no margin of profit to popularize its use and build up a load until now Acton enjoys a very favorable rate. It is not many years ago that many here did not speak so favorably of Hydro power. The rates were higher and it was rather costly to use. Acton had her own municipal plant and tried generating her own power before the advent of Hydro, but you could not convince any one with memories of that plant to return to the same conditions to-day. A steady decrease in rates for both power and domestic services has been the history of the Acton system. The fine surplus of $2,000.00 returned to the town by the Hydro only last week and the reduction of rates accompanying it all go to make the power more popular here. It all depends on the viewpoint is correct, but the viewpoint in Acton and numerous other small towns is decidedly in favor of Hydro and public ownership. If the newspaper syndicate from Alabama wants any information we are sure Acton will be glad to add its praise to this splendid utility that has done so much to develop the industry of Ontario.

How It Was Done

The successful negotiations which culminated last week in Acton securing the Creber Wholesale Monuments Works were another fine example of the co-operative spirit that is doing so much to push Acton to the front these days. The Chamber of Commerce was largely instrumental in the activity connected with this enterprise. But all credit can not go to any individual or set of individuals. But the value of the Chamber of Commerce cannot be overlooked in this connection. They formed an organization which could handle a situation that could not be dealt with by any other body. The Council, with their multitude of duties, could not have attempted the enormous amount of work that the project entailed—although the Reeve and Councillors were active individually. It doesn't so much matter where the credit for the enterprise goes, so long as the object is accomplished. Some individuals devoted more time to it than others, but collectively it took all to put the matter successfully over and secure this fine addition to Acton's growing lot of manufactories. And if this same spirit continues to exist in the town and grow the way it is spreading, it is no prediction but a certainty that this is only a forerunner of many advancements that will follow. No one individual in town could have accomplished the securing of this addition to Acton, but collectively, with many doing their share and helping, the thing has been accomplished. Shall we continue? That is in the hands of Acton's citizens to say. Our part may be small, but every little part helps. We might go on and single out a few individuals who devoted much time and effort to the project, but they are not men who are looking for honor and glory for a duty well performed. They are citizens of the real type, and while their part was prominent, there were other parts more obscure just as important and just as cheerfully performed. It was truly a community effort, done in a real community spirit.

EDITORIAL NOTES

One of the chief items of news on Mondays in the dailies now is not accounts of the sermons but a synopsis of the week-end fatalities and accidents.

With Ferguson's new law of speed limit, 35-40 miles, and all the booze one wants to carry, this district is seeing some very sorrowful accidents.—Perth Courier.

The building activity in all sections of the town surely speaks well for the future of Acton. Residences, factories and public buildings are all included in the programme of activities just now.

This summer has at least been a very thorough one. When it was wet it was extremely damp—when it was dry everything almost parched—when it was cool it was real chilly, and when it was warm it was decidedly hot.

"Trafalgar has appealed against the judgment by Mr. Justice Grant, in favor of the plantiff, reported last week. It is said that the Township, if it loses its appeal, will carry the case to the Privy Council."—Milton Champion. Doesn't it beat the Dickens how much it takes to settle some people.

It should be gratifying in these days of celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of our Dominion to realize that Canada is surpassed only by Great Britain and the United States and stands among the five nations showing a surplus of current account, and is also among those countries having a food surplus. She ranks fifth among the exporting countries and seventh as an importer. This official information should hearten the people of Canada as to the promise of the coming decades.

"If you don't tell 'em, you can't sell 'em." That was the advice to the National Retail Grocers' Association last week by Fred W. Anderson, whose merchandise store at Cozard, Nebraska, a town of 1,200 does an annual business of $300,000. "Every grocery man should spend at least 2 per cent. of his gross receipts during 1927 for advertising," he said. "It is so powerful that it can change my breakfast, my automobile or my place of living." Mr. Anderson said the success of his business depended entirely upon carefully planned advertising campaigns.

Neighborhood News

GEORGETOWN

Dr. Campbell Laidlaw, of Ottawa, spent the week-end with Rev. Dr. and Miss McColl.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Cook and daughter, of Caperal, are visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Morrison.

Mr. Reginald Clemmer, of Rochester, spent Wednesday last at the home of Mr. and Mrs. V. McDonald.

Miss Carrie Buck has resigned from the teaching staff of Georgetown Public School.

Major Grant and Mrs. Argott Early left to-day for a trip among the Thousand Islands and down the St. Lawrence.

Georgetown lacrosse team were defeated at Bespeler on Saturday last by the score of 6 to 1.

Rev. F. H. Wase has returned from Port Hope, where he has been teaching at the Summer School for the past week.

Mrs. Elliott, who has been residing with her daughter, Mrs. McAllister, left on Friday last for her former home, near Shawville, Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Louis Heartwell, of Pittsburg, motored to Georgetown last week and were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Kennedy.—Herald.

ERIN

Mr. Ralph Thompson, of Windsor, is holidaying at his home here.

Mr. Norman Rowan, Toronto, is holidaying with Mr. Fred L. wis.

Mrs. V. T. Smith, of Rockwood, is visiting with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cooke.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Jr Sinclair and Miss M. Smith visited with Grimsby friends over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Wilson, of Brampton, and Mr. R. Toeter, of Toronto, were Sunday visitors with Mrs. George Wilson.

Mrs. Bunley left recently to visit with her sister at Lacombe, Alberta, When they will both visit with their brother at Chilliwack, B. C.

Mrs. G. M. Stewart, who spent the past eight months in Portland, Oregon, returned last week and is visiting with her daughter, Mrs. R. F. Crosby.

Mrs. D. McDougall, Mrs. F. Cann and daughter, Kathryn, of Moose Jaw, Sask., were week-end visitors with Mrs. Dave McMillan, also Mrs. Jas. McDougall, of Alton.

The Reeve and Council of Caledon Township are to be congratulated on their enterprise in serving the citizens of Alton, Belfountain and Caledon Villages by putting oil on the street, which is indeed a blessing, with such heavy motor traffic.—Advocate.

OAKVILLE

Constable John Barnes is enjoying his annual two weeks' holiday. His place is being taken by J. W. Smith of town.

Acton Council will try the experiment of keeping down the dust by applying calcium chloride. On certain sandy streets in Oakville, the same thing will be tried out.

Mr. D. H. Meikle, who received a slight stroke some time ago, is making a good fight for recovery and is said to be gaining. His many friends are pulling strong for him.—Record.

Civic Holiday on Monday, August 1.

Strawberry picking is about completed, the crop this year being quite light in this district.

Postmaster and Mrs. Cote left on Tuesday for Killarney on Georgian Bay, where they will holiday for a month.

Miss Marjorie Whitaker is attending a teachers' summer course in Toronto during vacation, taking a special course of study.

The Scouts hold a successful garden party in Victoria Park last evening. Friends of the Scouts were out in large numbers.

Jas. P. McDermott has about completed the new store he is making in the house just east of the Gregory theatre. It will make quite a nice business place.

Last week Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Davis and two sons, Douglas and James, left for England and the Continent, where they will spend two months visiting all the 'chief points' of interest. Some time will be spent in viewing the battlefields.—Star.

MILTON

Mrs. W. I. Dick and children have gone to Haliburton for the summer.

Robert S. Stewart is studying philosophy at the University Summer School, Toronto.

William R. Stewart has been engaged to superintend the sports at Muskoka Lodge, Muskoka.

His Honor Judge Elliot has upheld the appeal of Jas. Shepherd, convicted on an O. T. A. charge some weeks ago.

Miss Isabel Anderson, of Milton, late of the teaching staff of Islington Continuation School, has been engaged to fill the vacancy on Grand Valley Continuation School staff, through the resignation of Miss Beasie Pacey.—Champion.

Mrs. W. H. Stewart has been visiting friends at Listowel and Wingham.

Mr. J. J. Wilson had the misfortune to sprain his ankle and is confined to the house.

His Honor Judge Elliot leaves on Saturday for the Northwest, where he will spend a few weeks' vacation. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Elliot.

The town should harvest that fine crop of hay on Pearl Street, between Charles and Commercial Streets.

Bradford Clements, Jr., George Stewart, John Clement, Jantes Dear and John Shorey went for nine days to a boys' training camp at Cheltenham.

Milton and district Orangemen celebrated the Glorious Twelfth in Guelph on Tuesday. A band from Hamilton favored us with some stirring music before they left for the Royal City.—Reformer.

BURLINGTON

O. L. Skinner has returned home to Chicago after visiting here with his sister, Mrs. Ed. Harmon.

The firemen are getting ready to attend the annual Firemen's Convention and tournament, to be held at St. Mary's on July 29 and 30 and August 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Barrett and daughter, Alice, are holidaying along the shores of the Georgian Bay.

Capt. James Johnston has gone to Sudbury, after renewing acquaintances here for the last few weeks.

Miss E. Sykes, sister of Town Clerk Sykes, who has been spending the past year in Canada, sails from Montreal for England on Saturday of this week.

Mr. Martyn H. Cole, who has been visiting here with his wife and other relatives in town, returned to New York on Sunday evening.

Tuesday was July 12, and the local L. O. L. celebrated the day at Hamilton, while the L. O. B. A. went to Guelph to participate in the big celebration there. They report a most enjoyable time.

A severe wind storm passed over this district on Tuesday evening about 7.30, but no serious damage was done in town. The electric lights were out for over two hours, but the trouble was located and the necessary repairs made.

Mrs. Colin H. Campbell, of Winnipeg, has presented the Halton County Baseball League with a handsome trophy, to be competed for annually, in honor of her father, the late Dr. Anson Buck, of Palermo, "in commemoration of the Diamond Jubilee of the Confederation of Canada."—Gazette.

THE PASSING GIFT

A girl in an old-fashioned hat and a cheap gown sat looking wistfully out of the car window. The little branch train has stopped at the junction to pick up any stray passengers from the Bar Harbor express.

There was but one passenger to-day, a pretty girl, stylish to her fingertips, who was at that moment surrounded by a crowd of young people laden with candy and flowers.

As the only variant sent in the car happened to be that beside the girl with the old-fashioned hat, she found herself, when the young men came aboard with the new passenger and laughingly piled their gifts about her, the centre of the merry group.

The situation was embarrassing. She tried not to listen, or to seem aware of what was going on; yet she could not help seeing and hearing, and it was almost like reading some wonderful story.

The train gave a snort and a jerk, and the young men tumbled off. The next moment the first passenger heard a voice at her side:

"May I talk to you? I am going to the end of the world, and it's so much pleasanter to have some one to go with."

Taken wholly by surprise, the girl with the old-fashioned hat turned toward her seat mate, at first without making any reply. The other girl, apparently not noticing her silence, chatted away, and asked many questions about places along the route. Suddenly the girl by the window looked down with a blush at the bunch of withered flowers in her lap. They looked so cheap and counterfeited beside the other girl's beautiful roses.

"Emily, my little sister, gave them to me," she explained, shyly. "She's only five, and I've always taken care of her. That's why she felt so lonely."

The other girl's brown eyes seemed to darken. "I never had a little sister," she said. "Have you a father, too?"

"Of course."

"No, not by any means 'of course,'" the other girl answered. "I suppose you've always lived in one home, and have a garden, maybe—and a room of your own?"

The girl nodded.

The brown-eyed girl spoke slowly: "I never had a home. My mother died when I was a baby. I've plenty of rich relatives, and I go visiting from one to another; but I don't believe anywhere. Sometimes I think I'd rather have a room of my own forever than anything else in the world. Of course I like this sort of thing," nodding toward the flowers and the candy, "but I'd give it all for a father who had time to talk to me. My father is too busy making money."

She was silent a little while. Then she turned, her eyes once more clear. "No one can have everything, and every one has something," she said.

It was evidently her brave young creed—the philosophy that had kept her life sweet and wholesome under conditions that might easily have spoiled a smaller nature.

The two girls continued to chat pleasantly until the richer of the two—she who had a father and a sister and a home—reached her stopping-place. When the train moved out, she found herself standing on the platform with her hands full of candy and roses, a gracious gift, which she valued. But the real gift lay in the words that the other girl had spoken.

AN "HONEST" SMUGGLER

Though smuggling no longer flourishes as it did in the early days, there was a time in England when the smugglers and their secret supporters were so strong that a constant struggle of no little intensity existed between them and the government officials. The "gallant of Fowey" had many a tussle with the excise men, says Mr. G. F. Mowbray in the Windsor Magazine, and Prussia Cove and Polperro were pretty generally known as two of the most notorious haunts of smugglers in England.

But the traditional maxim of honor among thieves may in some cases be applied to these illicit traders, as is shown in the following story by Mr. Mowbray—about an "honest" smuggler.

Of all the coves and fishing villages of this western land, Prussia Cove has, perhaps, a unique history. It was the home of that most accomplished, darling and successful smugglers, John Carter, better known to history by his nickname, the King of Prussia. It was he who cut the harbors and the road, and adapted the caves, and he is the hero of many tales of the good old days. On one occasion, during his absence from home excise officers from Penzance came in their boats and took a cargo but lately arrived from France to Penzance, where it was secured in the custom-house store.

In due course John Carter returned to the cove and learned the news. What was he to do. He explained to his comrades that he had agreed to deliver that cargo to customers by a certain day, and his reputation as an honest man was at stake. He must keep his word. That night armed men broke open the stores at Penzance, and the King of Prussia took his own again, returning to the cove without being discovered. In the morning the officers found that the place had been broken open. They examined the contents and, noting what things were gone, said to one another that John Carter had been there, and they knew it because he was an honest man, who would not take anything that did not belong to him. And John Carter kept his word to his customers.

He even went so far, on one occasion, as to mount some guns on a cliff near his house, and, on H. M. R. Fairy's appearing in sight, he thought to frighten the bluejackets by peppering them with shot. The result of this action was that his battery was demolished and an end put to his smuggling exploits.

SMILES

Eloping Bride: "Here's a telegram from father!"

Bridegroom (eagerly): "What does the old chap say?"

"Do not come home and it will be forgiven."

Mother: "What, Bobby! You ate all the cake without thinking of your little sister?"

Bobby: "I was thinking of her all the time. I was afraid she would come before I had time to finish it."

DOG FIGHT

"I can read a book and still listen to the radio music," said Miss Cayenne.

"Isn't it confusing?"

"No. Each helps to take my mind off the other."

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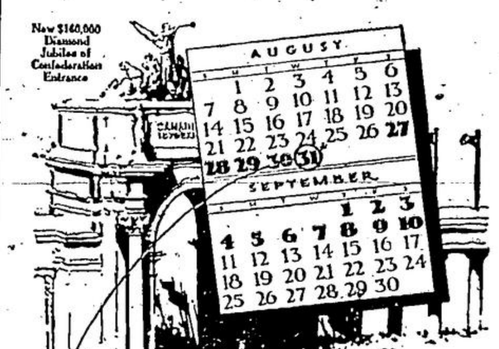

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