The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1928.

1928			JANUARY			1928
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WHAT PRINTERS MUST KNOW

We'll begin with box; the plural is boxes
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
One fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hice.
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
The cow in the plural may be called cows, or kine;
But a bow, if repeated, is never called bine;
And the plural of vow is vows, never vine.
If I speak of a foot and you show me two feet
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
If the singular's this, and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss ever be written keese?
Then one may be that, and the two would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
And the plural of cat is cats, and not kose.
We speak of a brother, and also of brethren,
But though we say mother, we never say methren.
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him,
But imagine the feminine, she shis and shim!
So the English, I think you all will agree,
Is the funniest language you ever did see.

THE CLOCK STROKE

Listen!
The clock is about to strike. It is upon midnight, December the thirty-first. The year is dying. Its pulses grow fainter. But a little space now and it will be dead, dead and gone forever.

We will have to put it away with all the other dead things, good and bad, that have lived with us.

What a lot of burying there is to be done in this world, first and last! Some of them we are glad to get under the sod; our follies, for instance, our blunders, our acts of cowardice and meanness, our crass greeds and ugly lusts, our nasty egotisms, our absurd failures. Thank Heavens there is a past, a big, yawning, capacious past, for all such!

Thank heaven for forgetfulness, sweet, soothing forgetfulness! What a beautiful word forgot is, in all its persons, moods and tenses! Come, let us decline it, in concert, as the old clock clears its throat to say twelve.

I forget, thou wilt forget, he has forgotten; she might, could, would, or should forget; we shall or will have forgotten; you may forget; they, you, I, we, everybody forgot (imperative) right now a thousand little things and a few big things that have worked wretchedness in our hearts this year, like worms in the bud!

Forget it, little boy, that your father spoke sharply to you and pushed you from him but yesterday when you ran up eagerly with wide arms and a hundred smiles at once. When I look at you now, asleep there in your bed, and your hand doubled up by your chubby cheek, I am amazed at my small patience, at my lack of greatness.

Forget it, woman of my heart, if ever on emotion, gesture, glance, or thought of love from you started toward me and was frozen back! Forget. When you forgive the sting and swelling remain. Oh, if we could forget, and root the whole matter out, so that it should be as if it had never occurred!

There be those that say they can forgive but not forget. God pity 'em! I want a deeper pit than forgiveness to bury my dead vermin of trouble in.

The greater the soul the greater its power to forget. I would like a forgettery wide as the ocean, deep as hell. I want a forgetting apparatus overwhelming as a flood and clean as fire.

And when I come to go, let my prayer be Wordsworth's:

"Sweet Mercy! to the gates of Heaven
This minstrel lead, his sins forgiven.
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavor,
And memory of earth's bitter leaven
Effaced forever!"

Come! The clock strikes. It is now twelve! Let us set fire to the past year, and burn it over as a farmer his last year's stubble, and get ready for our spring planting.

Acton and District

Stores Broken Into at Georgetown

Burglars have been operating in town during the past week. Jackson's, Grundy's, Granger's and the Arena were broken into and small quantities of money and other articles taken. An attempt was made to break into the Dominion Stores on Monday evening, but the thieves were discovered and made good their escape.—Georgetown Herald.

Golden Wedding Anniversary

Editor and Mrs. White, of The Milton Reformer, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at the home of their son, Mr. Blake White, in Toronto, on Christmas Day. The Free Press add to the list its hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. White on this occasion and the wish that many more years will be spared this venerable couple.

Corn Borer Inspector Doing Effective Work

The report of C. H. Turner, corn-borer inspector for Halton County, gives some rather interesting information. Between November 11 and December 13, Mr Turner, beside calling on schools and doing general propaganda work, called on 300 individual farms, whose total corn acreage was 1,000 acres. The areas ran from 21 acres to ¼ lots. An indication of the extent of plowing done in the county may be gleaned from the fact that of 986 acres of corn land only 101 acres were unplowed when the inspector called and much of this would be plowed before freeze-up. Present indications are that the farmers are cooperating with the inspector and by so doing will prevent serious loss from this insect next year.

No man or woman should hobble painfully about because of corns when so certain a relief is at hand as Holloway's Corn Remover.

The Free Press' Short Story

THE SECRET

BY HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH

ALAN BARNES had grown up strong in the conviction that he had no chance. He had left school early, not because he wished to, but because it was necessary for him to go to work, and he hated his work, and pitied himself for having to spend his life in toil so uninteresting. He envied almost everyone he saw, young fellows on their way to school, business men radiating prosperity, even his mates who whistled over their work, and did not seem to realize that they were among earth's unfortunates. "If a chap had to do this sort of thing," Alan said to himself, "it's lucky he's such a fool that he doesn't care for anything different."

His face was the sort of face anyone would expect from such habitual thinking, sullen and somber. He seldom smiled, and when he did, it seemed an effort. He never tried to make himself agreeable, not so much because he lacked good will, as because he took it for granted that such effort would be unsuccessful. And so at nineteen, life opened before him, a dreary road, leading into a desert.

Then something happened that made the world over for Alan. At a revival service which he had attended out of curiosity, he discovered that he was a child of a King. All heathen are not in unenlightened lands. Ever since childhood Alan had thought of God as a stern ruler, waiting the time to punish those who disregarded His commands. The change of viewpoint produced an overwhelming change in his attitude. For the first time in his life, he knew what joy meant. It filled his heart till it almost choked him. It changed the face of the whole world.

Of course the cynics looking on said he would soon get over it, but Alan knew nothing of that, and would not have cared if he had. He went to his work with a face that was simply radiant. Those sullen lips of his had caught the trick of smiling, and kept it up in his sleep. His work was the same exacting, uninspiring toil it had always been, and yet it seemed entirely different.

Mr. Maynard, one of the partners in the firm, passed through he factory the week after Alan's wonderful experience, and at once noticed him. "That a new man?" he asked.

"No. He's been with us two years or so."

"Looks as if he might do something better than this."

"He's not one of our best men by any means," said the foreman, and then he added, "But he's been doing a little better lately." But the foreman's rather unfavorable report did not quite counteract the impression made by Alan's radiant face. The next day Mr. Maynard noticed him again and stopped and spoke to him. The boy's answers pleased him. "How far did you go in school?" he asked abruptly.

"I finished the eighth grade."

"Know anything about bookkeeping?"

"No, sir."

"Pity. You look as if you might do well with an office position if you had the necessary training." And Mr. Maynard passed on without looking back.

A month before that interview would have increased Alan's bitterness. He would have said that this showed that he had no chance to get on in the world. But in his present mood, Mr. Maynard's words suggested an entirely different train of thought. "It oughtn't to take me long to learn something about bookkeeping," he said to himself. "Not if I'm as smart as I think I am, anyway."

That night after supper he went over to a business college he had passed every day without ever thinking that here might be a solution for his problem. He had a fifteen-minute interview with the principal, was immediately enrolled as a student, and put in two good hours of work before bedtime. And then he went home feeling as if he had taken a long step upward.

Alan was not mistaken in his estimate of himself. He was naturally quick and bright, and though he had neglected his mind in the five years since he had left school, doing no studying whatever, and little improving reading, he soon showed himself the most promising pupil in his class. Indeed Alan was a little astonished these days to find how easy everything seemed. He did not realize how much a hopeful attitude helps.

About three months later on, an afternoon when the factory had shut down for some necessary repairs, a well dressed, well mannered young fellow presented himself at the office and asked to see Mr. Maynard. After a brief delay he was admitted and Mr. Mayard gave him a quick, scrutinizing glance. "I know your face, don't I?"

"I'm one of the men from the factory, Mr. Maynard."

"Oh, well! What's wrong with you?"

"About three months ago, you asked me if I knew anything about bookkeeping. You said I looked as if I might do well with an office position."

"Well, did you?"

"No, sir. But I do now." Alan went on to explain his activities of the past few months and Mr Maynard listened without comment, though secretly he was pleased with the boy's initiative. "Let me see a specimen of your hand writing," he said, pushing a sheet of paper toward him.

Alan wrote his name, and at Mr. Maynard's suggestion, his address and the date. His employer examined the results disapprovingly. "Not much of a hand for bookkeeping, is it?"

"I could take lessons in penmanship," said Alan. Once this rebuff would have disheartened him so that he would have immediately decided that it was foolish to try any longer. But his new happiness had rendered him proof against such disappointments. Mr Maynard was pleased with the answer though he did not show it.

"Suppose you do that, and come back to me. And don't forget all you have learned about bookkeeping in the meantime."

Six weeks later Alan again presented himself and the improvement in his penmanship was amazing. And now Mr. Maynard felt sure that he could make a place for a boy who set so energetically about overcoming his handicaps. At the beginning of the following week Alan made a start on what the factory hands referred to as a "white collar job." It was not the white collar that mattered to Alan, but the thought that at last he was started on the kind of life he wanted to live.

In his strenuous months in the night school, Alan had little time for social recreation and he had very sensibly resolved to spend part of his leisure in study that would help to make up for his lack of schooling. But he was surprised to find himself invited out all at once, asked to dinner, or to join a group of young people for an evening's good time. One of his associates in the Endeavor Society fell into the way of asking him to his home frequently, and Alan soon felt that Charlie's parents were glad to have him come.

"Queer what an idea I used to have of you," Charles said one day. "I thought you were one of the sort that always looked at everything through blue spectacles and whined about your luck."

"Perhaps I was that sort."

"Oh, say!" Charles broke into a laugh at what he supposed was a witticism. Alan made no further effort to enlighten him.

For years Alan had thought of himself as friendless. He was peculiarly alone in the world for one of his age. He had no kindred to be interested in him, and his sullen, embittered face had not prompted advances from strangers. But now people noticed him. The happiness that warmed his heart was reflected in his face and a thoroughly happy face attracts attention in almost any assembly. Those who noticed him, asked about him, and hearing good reports, began to show their interest in him in many ways. All at once from feeling friendless and forlorn, Alan began to feel himself rich in friends.

But in these very friendships was a snare. Alan had accepted an invitation for a certain week-end, before Charles asked him to come home with him Saturday night and spend Sunday. Alan's expressions of regret were not perfunctory. He felt more than he said.

"Sorry, Charles, I am honestly. But I'm tied up with Whitridge."

"What! Not Gus?"

Charles Whistled. "Getting into high society, aren't you? Pretty soon you'll be above being seen with me."

With some heat Alan warned him not to talk like an idiot. "I'd a thousand times rather go home with you," he declared, "and you know it. But I've promised Whitridge and I suppose I'll have a good time."

He did not have a good time, however. He came home Sunday night with a heaviness of heart such as he had not known for many a month. It was useless to tell himself that he had done nothing very bad. He had looked on at things of which he thoroughly disapproved and made no protest. He had been false to his principles. Now his heart was like lead in his breast and when he caught sight of his own face in the mirror, he started back as if it had been the visage of a stranger that looked out at him. It had been a long time since he had seen that sullen face returning his glance.

Alan sat down to think. It was long past bedtime, but he knew he could not sleep. There are moments in life commonplace to the casual observer, which are turning points in experience. What Alan's future was to be, depended on the outcome of that quiet hour alone in his room.

He leaned his head on his hands, and wondered at his own misery. How was he ever to get back the happiness that had been his for so long? "I haven't done anything so very bad," he said to himself again, and at once he was ashamed. Nothing very bad! When the best that was in him was none too much to give. He went back over the past two years, back to that night in the evangelist's tent, when a new heaven and a new earth had opened before him. All that he was, he realized, he owed to that change of front. His new purpose had given him happiness and friends, and prosperity. The success which once had seemed so far out of his reach was now almost within his grasp.

"I guess," said Alan to himself with trembling lips, "that I've been about as ungrateful as anybody could be. But it's the last time."

When he went to bed, the heaviness of heart was gone. He was still ashamed and penitent but comforted and forgiven. And he said to himself, "Never again will I imperil my peace of mind and safety by choosing the companionship of those who would make it hard for me to be true to my principles."

Not long ago two of Alan's old associates were talking him over. "Funny how that young Barnes has forged ahead," said one. They say Maynard thinks everything of his judgment, and trusts more to him than any man in the office, and he's only a youngster yet. He's going to be a rich man some day."

The other nodded. "Yes, and I remember him when he looked as down on his luck as a dog with a tin can tied to his tail. Seemed to think that all the chances had been handed out to other fellows and he didn't have the ghost of one. Wonder what happened to him to change him so."

"I believe," said the first speaker, "that he lays it to getting converted and sticking to it."

There was a brief silence. "Well," the second man said at last, "young Barnes is a good fellow and he deserves all he gets. I'm not much of religion, but if anything could make a Christian of me, it would be the face that Barnes carries round. Sometimes just seeing him makes a fellow feel—"

He did not finish his sentence but the other seemed to understand. "Yes, you are right," he agreed, and for a little neither spoke.

Various News Items

Ship Foxes to Europe

A shipment of 1,000 live black foxes, valued at $500,000, recently left Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, for Norway. This shipment is the largest of its kind ever made to Europe. The value of the animals ranges from $500 to $1,500 a pair. The raising of foxes is now a very important industry in Prince Edward Island and represents a capital investment of several million dollars.

Traffic Constable Injured

When he temporarily lost control of his motorcycle in the ry street car tracks on Woolwich Street, Guelph, on Tuesday Traffic Officer Edward Lamb crashed into a northbound auto, driven by Newton Hebden. The cycle swerved into a tree and the constable was thrown forcibly to the pavement, suffering a badly wrenched arm, a fractured hand, and injured about the body.

Oakville Editor Purchases Prescott Journal

After 31 years in the newspaper business as editor of the Prescott Journal, George Mason has disposed of that paper to Wilfrid Crateau, formerly of the staff of the Morrisburg Leader, and for the past two years manager of the Oakville Record. The Prescott Journal will appear under the new management at the beginning of the year. The Oakville Record, under the management of Mr. Crateau, has made marked improvement. Although it has never been our privilege to meet him, except through the paper, we regret his removal from Halton and wish him success in his new field.

THE OLD SCISSORS' SOLILOQUY

I am laying at rest in the sanctum tonight,
The place is deserted and still,
To my right lie exchanges and manuscript white,
To my left are the ink and the quill.
Yes, the quill, for my master's old-fashioned and quaint,
And refuses to write with a pen;
He insists that old Franklin, the editor saint,
Used a quill, and he'll imitate Ben.
I love the old fellow—together for years
We have managed the Farmers' Gazette,
And although I am old, I'm his favorite shears
And can crowd the compositor yet.
But my duties are rather too heavy, I think,
And I oftentimes envy the quill
As it lazily leans with its nib in the ink
While I'm slashing away with a will.
But when I was new—I remember it well,
Though two-score long years have gone by,—
The heaviest share of the editing fell
On the quill, and I think with a sigh
Of the days when I'd scissor an extract or two
From a neighboring editor's leader,
Then laugh in my sleeves at the quill, as it flew
In behalf of the general reader.
I am being paid off for my merriment then,
For my master is wrinkled and gray,
And seldom lays hold on his primitive pen
Except when he wishes to say,
"We are needing some money to run this machine,
And subscribers will please to remit."
Or, "That last load of wood that Jones brought us was green
And so knotty it couldn't be split."
He is nervous and deaf and is getting quite blind
(Though he hates to acknowledge the latter),
And I'm sorry to say it's a puzzle to find
Head or tail to the most of his matter.
The compositors pingue him whenever they see
The result of a luckless endeavor,
But the darling old rascal, just lays it to me
And I make no remonstrance whatever.
Yes, I shoulder the blame very little I care
For the jolly compositor's jest,
For I think of a head with the silvery hair
That will soon, very soon be at rest.
He has labored full long for the true and the good
'Mid the manifold troubles that link us
His only emolument raiment and food,
And—he pays now and then to the circus.
Heighho! from the past comes a memory bright
Of a lass with the freshness of clover
Who used me to clip from her tresses one night
A memorial lock for her lover.
That dear little lock is still glossy and brown,
But the lass is much older and fatter,
And the youth was an editor here in the town
And employed on the staff of the paper.

THOSE OLD OFFICE SCISSORS

A perusal of this unique old poem comes to me with much force now, and has caused me to reflect that its story is very closely akin to the history of most of the newspaper offices of which I have been in any way acquainted. I can't help but feel that it jibes very closely to some, if not many, experiences of our own local paper and its former editor. I believe I even heard of an incident resembling the one respecting of the love lock from a handsome head of tresses, and they were "glossy and brown" too. I suppose, if we could understand their language, the old office scissors of newspaper offices generally, would tell us of innumerable human incidents of interest with which they met during their experiences in the sanctum sanctorum.

Do you know, while it has always seemed a popular thing to fling reflections upon the editor of the local papers, by emphasizing the uses of the scissors and paste pot by the editors, but after a long and somewhat intimate acquaintanceship with newspaper offices and newspaper editors, I have come to the conclusion that it takes a mighty good man, with a good education, discriminating observation, and a real instinct and training for news, to be able to use the scissors and paste pot with the discretion and satisfaction which prevails in the average newspaper office. That's my humble opinion, anyway. I have a very high respect for the office scissors.

There have been so many changes about the old town lately that I've been making a sort of review of early day incidents, and may recall a few of them occasionally, and ask other early residents how much they remember of them. I suppose the transformation of Sidney Smith's Fairview Place into the new High School, and the erection of the new monument factory on the corner of the Collins' farm induced this train of thought.

Do you older folks remember when Thomas Collins owned and conducted the farm bounded by the old G. T. R. railway, the Acton crossroad and the third line? Mr Collins worked the farm, and being an expert plasterer he spent the quieter months of the farm year at plastering buildings in the village. Mr. Collins sold the place to Charles Sidney Smith, who got the idea that he could make a fortune out of fancy pure bred Shorthorn cattle and long-woolled sheep. Some of you will remember that John Waddle was engaged as foreman for Mr Smith. He lived on the farm with his family, conducted the place, and superintended the raising of prize cattle and sheep. For several years this enterprise flourished, the stock took prizes at the fairs, and some sales at fancy prices were made, but eventually the outlay exceeded the revenues, and the stock was sold and the farm given up. For a number of years there were frequent tenants, then Sir John Aird Mann bought the property as a home for his father, and he lived there until his death.

The property then came into possession of the present owner, Mr. Fred Cooper, from Messrs. Fred and C. Stephens who had purchased it from the estate of the late Hugh Mann. Mr. Cooper has made a success of the place, and has lived there longer, with his wife, than any previous owner, I think.

It is hoped the new business now being established on the northwest corner couple of acres will be a permanent institution.

For many years there stood at the extreme northwesterly boundary of this property, a neat little white-washed cottage, with a garden in the rear—on the railway property. It was occupied by Mr William Watson and his family. Mr. Watson was a faithful employee of the railway until his death, perhaps forty years ago. It was a happy home, and the five daughters of the home attracted some of the bright young men of the village. There were several happy marriages celebrated there. But the neat little white house long ago disappeared, and now the trackage from the railway siding to the monument fctory's electric crane occupies the site of the cottage and garden.

The Old Man

The Public School Board Meeting

Inspector Denyes Praises Board for Their Work of the Past Year

The last regular meeting of the School Board for this year was held on Wednesday evening of last week. All the members were present and Chairman Harrison presided.

In their twelfth report the Finance Committee recommended that the following accounts be paid:

G. H. Ritchie, teaming	$ 3.50
McClary Mfg. Co., eave troughing	69.64
McClary Mfg. Co., freight and storage	4.57
Johnstone & Co., chairs, etc.	60.96
Public Utilities Commission, lighting	12.33
Geo. M. Hendry Co., books	5.35
F. W. Cleave, labor	1.75
R. M. McDonald, account	35.02
J. Mann, labor	3.50
A. T. Brown, supplies	32.67
	$239.30

The report was adopted and the accounts ordered to be paid.

A report was received from Inspector Denyes, in which he paid high compliment to the work of the Board this year and praised them for their achievements.

Miss Isabel Anderson was granted a further extension of leave of absence from her duties until July 30.

Moved by G. E. Agnew, seconded by J. P. Scarrow, that Miss Jean Barber be engaged as teacher in the Public School to fill the vacancy caused by the illness of Miss Isabel Anderson. Duties to commence on January 3, 1928, and to terminate on June 30, 1928, with salary at the rate of $1,000 per annum.—Carried.

The Board, with the architect and the Georgetown Lumber Co., went over the accounts relative to the building of the new school. An emergent meeting was called for Friday evening at eight o'clock to finally pass the outstanding accounts.

For Rheumatic Pains.—The pains and aches of Sciatica and Rheumatism should be treated with Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil. The soothing and healing properties of this famous remedy have been demonstrated for fifty years. Use it also for inflammatory pains, cuts, scratches, bruises and sprains, either in human beings or the lower animals.

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Did You Ever Stop to Think?

By Edson R. Waite, Shawnee, Oklahoma

That indifference toward the home town should die.

That it should never be resurrected.

That there is no reason why it should be.

That citizens should never tolerate the idea of indifference.

That people who are indifferent to the home town are not needed there.

That indifferent people bar progress.

That they are non-progressive.

That they hold back prosperity.

That it is a crying shame to have many of that class in a town.

That it takes a sudden shock to awake an indifferent person.

That often they can be made live ones.

That often it is done by selling the home town to them, making them realize what a wonderful town they live in.

That this knowledge often makes them a live, living, active part of the home town.

No Citizen Who is Well Sold on the Home Town Can be Indifferent to Its Needs and Ambitions

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Business Directory

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Weekly Fashion Hint

FROM PARIS

The pointed yoke is such a fashionable detail that it is often emphasized in the season's latest frocks. Here, for instance, is a crepe satin in clover-brown, trimmed with embroidery and a fitted girdle of self material, with a shaggy ornament at the left side made of wool. Godets inserted all around the skirt achieve the flared effect. Medium size requires 4⅝ yards 39-inch material.

ROMPERS WITH STYLE

Details of interest on these rompers are an unusually large pocket embroidered with a motif, the transfer of which is included in the pattern, a scalloped collar and slashed sleeves. The rompers are slashed at the center front and finished with a bias fold. At the lower edge they are hemmed and an elastic inserted to hold them into the proper size. Medium size requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch material.