

LIFE'S GOLDEN RULE
If only thoughtful people would take a little more time to think about their lives, they would find that the world would be a warmer place. If only, now and then, we all would say to think a bit about our fellow-men.



HOW SHORT THE SPACE
How short the space, how much to do, how few and brief the days of men, so much to learn, so many to know, and only three score years and ten. No little time to do things well, so much to very much to know, and while we labor in our cell, these years do not forget to go.

COLONEL MARSHALL
This column of mine has been honored frequently with sketches of the lives of young folks of the community who have gone out into the big world and given themselves for the spirit of humanity and given life-service to God. I have been proud to do this. The opportunity is always congenial to me. I am proud of the boys who have gone out from us, or have given a share of their life's activities for the betterment of our community.

like Bishop Francis W. Warner, of India, who spent his boyhood a few miles out of town in the Township of Acton, Dr. T. Albert Moore, who was born in Acton, and was the first apprentice of the Acton Free Press, of Rev. Charles A. Cook, D. D., of Seattle, Washington, son of Rev. H. B. Cook, and who spent his boyhood in Acton, of Rev. Dr. Kenneth, the son of an industrial Acton farmer, who is now at the height of his career, as a director of the Sunday school work of the Presbyterian Church, and whose brother, Alex., is still with Hastings College, Nebraska, who has been here, and whose grandfather, Michael Farmer, was one of Acton's choicest. And of numbers of others. A lot of young chaps, in the ministry, in professional and business life, from Acton, are now making their mark, and I hope to be spared to immortalize them in this column.

This week a copy of the New York City of a recent date has come into my hands, in which I find a most interesting review of the life, successes and achievement of Steve Marshall, who came to Acton with Harry Edmondson in 1884 and commenced a grocery and crockery business in the old Post Office building. Later the Government Building now stands. Their firm name was Marshall & Edmondson. They did a fine business. As yet into the meshes of the Salvation Army, Harry fell in love with a girl, Trotter, whose sister was shortly afterwards a Salvation Army officer. Harry got married. The partnership was dissolved. Harry and his wife and a young little woman who was attracted to the young man, were married.

The young man of nine children of a successful farmer, early Stephen Marshall, had a partner in a business career, even though his Presbyterian parents had fondly hoped that he might become a Presbyterian minister. In the little town of Acton, Ontario, at the age of nineteen, he started business with a partner, who was but two years his senior.

All the stock of their store had been obtained credit and in spite of herculean efforts on the part of the two youths business failed to become brisk. Then, in 1891, a typical Marcellian idea, "The only way to succeed is to give the impression of success," youth, the optimistic one of the flaming red locks to his partner, which seemed feasible and tempting.

So the horse and wagon was made ready a number of times each day piled up with packages and crates and driven at a great speed to all parts of the town. It at once appeared to all that the young business partners were the best-folk in town.

People talked, customers began to flock to the store, soon additional help had

Every package of Red Rose Tea is prepared with the same care—as if our reputation were to stand or fall upon that single package.

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RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE is extra good



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Annual FALL EXHIBITION
AT GEORGETOWN
Friday and Saturday
September 20 & 21
--1929--

J. A. ELLIOTT, President W. A. WILSON, Secretary

Special Prizes

HORSES

1. Single High Stepper by the President, J. A. Elliott \$ 5.00 \$ 4.00
2. Single Turnout (Road), by Provincial Paper Mills 6.00 4.00
3. Best Farmer's Turnout (Single), by R. H. Anderson, M. P. for Hutton 6.00 4.00
4. Best Lady Driver, by Georgetown Coating Mills 6.00 4.00
5. Best Delivery Horse, by R. H. Thompson 5.00 2.00
6. Best Road Horse (confirmation 60", speed 40%) by W. C. Bessey and H. Barnes 5.00 2.00
7. Best Gentleman Drive, by D. H. Hill & Co. (that) valued at 5.00
8. Best Half Mile Dash (open) 2 in 3 heat, 3% of purse to enter \$50.00 30.00 20.00
9. Best General Purpose Horse, on rein, by L. H. Wragg 3.00 2.00
10. Best Agricultural Horse, on rein, by Bank of Nova Scotia 3.00 2.00
11. Best Lady (elder, 1st by John Irving, 2nd by Dava & Son 5.00 3.00
12. Potato Race, by John H. Hingham 5.00 3.00
13. Best Herd of Horses (not less than three), \$10.00 off any article purchased from Macey-Harris Co. 10.00

CATTLE

1. Best Dairy Cow, by H. H. Minn 3.00 2.00
2. Best Registered Shorthorn (female) under 2 years, by Col. G. O. Brown 5.00
3. Best Registered Shorthorn Cow, by D. McIntyre 5.00
4. Best Holstein Cow, by T. L. Leslie 5.00
5. Best Calf (not necessarily registered), shown by boy or girl. This prize given by Dr. Paul 6.00 4.00
6. Best Jersey Cow, by W. B. Browne & Co. 5.00
7. Best Herd of Three Dairy Cows, any breed, to be owned by exhibitor living in the District covered by the Society. This prize to be given by T. Eaton Co., Toronto—25 piece set of Haddon plate, Dorothy Vernon Pattern, in a Mahogany finished cabinet, value 22.50

SHEEP AND PIGS

1. Best Pen of Bacon Hogs, (not less than 2), by C. J. Duck 5.00
2. Best Pen of Fine Wool Sheep, (not less than 4 sheep, 1 male, 3 females), by J. Beaumont 3.00 2.00
3. Best Pen of Long Wool Sheep, (not less than 4 sheep, 1 male, 3 females), by E. Y. Barracough 3.00 2.00

FANCY WORK

1. Best Collection of Fancy Work, by Mrs. F. A. Hartley 3.00 2.00

MISCELLANEOUS

- *1. Best 5 lbs Butter, by J. N. O'Neill & Son, wheel-barrow 7.00
- *2. Best 5 lbs Butter, by Walter T. Evans 3.00
- *3. Best 5 lbs Butter in 5 lb prints, by R. D. Warren 3.00
- *4. Best Pair Dressed Chickens, by Smith's Butchery 5.00
- *5. Best Pair Dressed Chickens, by Elmer C. Thompson 5.00
- *6. Best Pair Dressed Chickens, by Erwin & Goldham 5.00
- *7. Best Pair Dressed Chickens, by A. Norrington 5.00
- *8. Best Pair Dressed Chickens, by W. H. Wray 5.00
- *9. Best Pair Dressed Chickens, by Ernest L. Young 5.00
- *10. Best Pair Dressed Chickens, by H. G. Hamilton 5.00
- *11. Best Legal Home-made Bread (trailing Board), by J. B. Mackenzie, value 3.00
12. Best Collection of Cut Flowers, (Cottage Holl), by A. E. Wright 2.50
13. Best Display in Hall, by Merchant or Manufacturer, list by Bank of Montreal, 2nd by John McDonald 10.00 5.00
14. Best Collection of Home-made Baking, by W. B. Browne & Co., 24 1/2 lb bag of Royal Pastry Flour 5.00
15. Best Sample of Wheat, by W. B. Browne & Co., 24 1/2 lb bag of National Pastry Flour 3.00 2.00
16. Best Display of 24 Ghidoli, by H. Redshaw 2.50
17. Best 4 lb. Bunch of Abbie Seed, by Morley Pettit 2.50
18. Best 4 lb. Bunch of Sweet Chover, by Morley Pettit 2.50
19. Best Collection of Baking, by Harold C. McClure, done by lady of neighboring Township, consisting of 1 Layer Cake, 1 Pie, 5 dozen Tea Biscuits, Cookies and Tartes, Veranda's Cheese, valued at 3.50
20. Best Layer Cake, by W. Higgins 3.00
21. Best Collection of Vegetables, by Fleming and Armstrong 3.00 2.00
22. Best Collection of Pastry, by Hutton Cream & Butter Co. 3.00 2.00
23. Best Collection of Potatoes, by Johnstone & Rumley 3.00 2.00
24. Best Collection of Canned Fruit, by E. K. MacLoughlin 2.50
25. Best Collection of Pastry Baking, home-made, 10 varieties, by G. B. Swackhamer, "cinnamon-roll" 5.00
26. Best 10 lb. Pail of Clover Hay, to be delivered, by M. Clarkson 3.00
27. By J. M. Moore:
 - *Best Half Dozen Hens, Herald, 1 year 1.50
 - *Largest 1/2 Dozen Fresh Hen Eggs, Herald, 1 year 1.50
 - *Best and Nearest 1 lb. Butter, Herald, 1 year 1.50
 - *Largest Half Dozen Ontario Eggs, Herald, 1 year 1.50
 *Articles to be delivered to dealer.

SINGING CONTEST
Chorus by Children of the Public Schools of the County of Halton.
HORSESHOE CONTEST
1st—Silver Medals 2nd—Bronze Medals

body looked to see him and those who were hurriedly putting on their shoes, as they followed the crowd when the Salvation Army came to hold their open-air meeting just outside the door. Duellants in their declaration and fervent in their worship they also "held" the street to pray for the sinners of the neighborhood. And the young business-man was impressed.

A few days later the Captain came to ask that a witness, announcing special meetings, might be displayed in the Marshall store. It stated that a local, an ex-Jailbird, who had been arrested for playing a snare-drum on the street, was to lead the Sunday meetings.

Stephen Marshall went to the Salvation Army the following Sunday night. In spite of the noise, rattle and tumult which marked the gathering, he admitted more than he dared to admit, the sincerity of the Salvationists.

In the prayer meeting the jailbird "special" came and asked him if he was a Christian. "That's my business," was the snappish reply, uttered in the irritation of the moment. And then, as a cutting after-thought, "It's a pity that you can't mind your own business. A girl like you would be better at home under your mother's care than in the old Post Office. Whereupon the girl officer, utterly crushed, just went.

A compelling conscience constantly reminded him that the Army officer was not a Salvationist, but a girl. He was not himself and he was not a Salvationist. He generally happened that when he attended an Army meeting after that he eventually found himself in a seat from which it was impossible to easily slide out of the service. This was the case on one occasion after another. He was seated afterwards to donate fifty cents towards a new Bible for the corps. It was his first contribution to the Salvation Army. In the same way afterwards when a powerful address had been delivered and he was greatly under conviction of sin there was no way of escape and he found himself at the penitentiary.

He got gloriously saved that night, but still had not the slightest intention of joining the Salvation Army. He was merely interested in the organization and determined to support it from time to time.

After the converts' prayer meeting the following Sunday the Captain said, "Mr. Marshall, won't you come on the platform to-night?" "Oh, no," was the emphatic reply, "I am not a Salvationist."

The town only boasted a population of 2,000 souls, and when he faced the prospect that from the platform Marshall had been delivered and he was greatly under conviction of sin there was no way of escape and he found himself at the penitentiary.

There was bitter opposition from Marshall senior, who had heard of the escapades of his son and came over to investigate. One Sunday, Stephen went to the homestead to lunch, and left when he peered off his legs there was the inevitable red jersey. "Well, Steve, I really did think you had a little common sense," expostulated the "male officer." And Steve did not say for lunch that day.

Then came the question of becoming a Salvation Army officer. It was not a pleasant future to anticipate, and young Marshall would fain have put the idea from him but for the impelling desire within to do all the good that was in his power to do. He, therefore, read Army books and studied the organization's aims and methods and later in a meeting led by Commissioner Coombs in Hamilton, Canada, made an utterance.

The corps, which was one of the hardest in Canada, was not considered good enough to send anyone so excited in rank as a Captain. It was familiarly known as "The Devil's Headquarters."

Every public appearance of the Salvationists was greeted with showers of epithets, squashed tomatoes and other enthusiastic outbursts, but the Lieutenant and cadet pulled through. Four were arrested and after three months fifty soldiers had been enrolled.

Marshall was never of one blood with a sheep, and he showed it in this, his first command. One night when the songs were exceptionally savage and interrupted the inside meeting continually the Lieutenant ordered, "Cadet, put that fellow outside!" Cadet Marshall eyed a hulking brute of a heavyweight, but in a vice got him in a strange hold and bonomed him over the fence outside. All of which made an indelible impression not only on the interviewer but upon the whole of the community, who from thenceforth continued to treat the Army well.

At the end of four months of service, the promotion to the rank of Lieutenant came, and the appointment to Whittby, 128 weeks later, of course, he passed Captain and in charge of St. Stephen's.

It was not the lack of place, but the exorbitant pay, that the town did not want to pay. The roughs immediately threatened to raid the new army, and of, even, and the existing Lieutenant was so unimpaired that he did not recognize one time from another.

A local blacksmith with a fast-trotting horse tried to ride through the Army camp in addition to the Captain and Lieutenant there were two boys who played bass-drum and snare-drum, respectively. Stephen Marshall, however, boldly stepped out and caught the horse's bridle and held him back while "The Army" went by, then saluting the curly blacksmith, blandly wished him well.

This roused the blacksmith to a fury and he slashed his whip at the Army Captain. The previously hostile crowd at once began to take sides with the blacksmith. The cheerer now where before they had booed, now where the man's arrest. This, of course, he refused to do. The facts got into print and the officer's words, "I'm here not to put men into jail, but to keep them out," became the talk of the city.

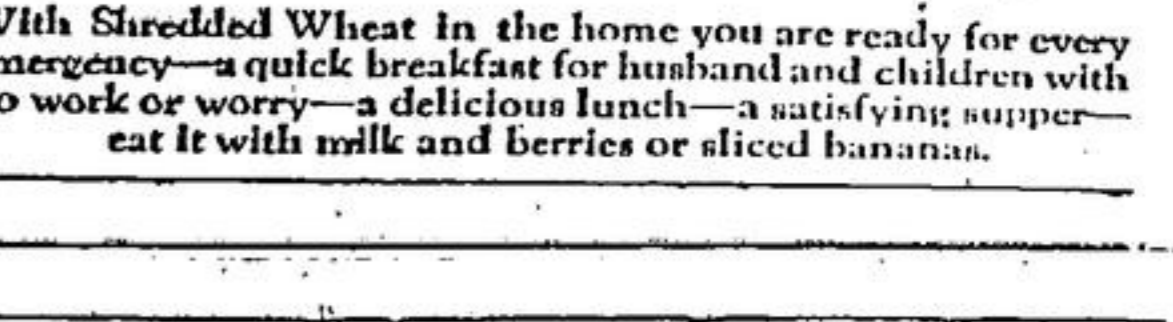
From that time the place was won for the Army and in the short space of only four months there were 130 converts, with fifty-five soldiers added to the roll.

A sudden transfer to "the biggest thing in Canada"—Montreal, was not the best situation to face, but the "male officer" had made the decision, and the interesting fact was told Marshall as he arrived in the city.

In his first meeting, therefore, he decried the fact that he was not a woman, told the congregation it was not his fault and then proceeded to pray for the continued success of his predecessors. "Give us a chance," he said to the people, "and we'll serve you."

Again the tide turned. Soon 500 people were attending the Sunday morning holiness meetings. A revival broke out in a year there was over 300 converts. A band was formed, composed of fife and drum, and has developed through the years to the famous musical aggregation which graces the platform of the Montreal 1 Citadel to-day. Some of the members of the first band are still playing.

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