

A THIMBLE IN GRAMMAR

You may find a lone mouse, or a whole mass of mice.
Such the plural of mouse is mice, not mouses.
If the plural of man is always men, why shouldn't the plural of pen be called pens?
The cow in the plural may be cows or kine.
But a cow if repeated, is never called kine.
And the plural of vow is vows, never vices.
If you speak of a foot, and you show me your feet.
And I give you a book; would a pair be called beet?
If one's a tooth, and whole set are teeth, why shouldn't the plural of tooth be called teeth?
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him.
But define the feminine she, she's and him.
So the English, I think, you all will agree,
Is quite as queer as a language can be.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the issue of The Free Press of Thursday, November 1st, 1917

At the meeting of the Junior I. O. O. F. last week, Mrs. C. H. E. Smith presented the Chapter with a beautiful flag. Mr. R. H. Wainwright has purchased the brick residence of Mr. Ferguson, Lake Avenue, and is moving in immediately.

Pte. Samuel Fryer, of the 3rd Division, No. 3 Co., B.E.F., has been promoted, and is now a Corporal.

Pte. R. Henry, of Esquimaux, is reported to be a prisoner of war. Pte. J. Appleford and Pte. J. Fry, also of Esquimaux, have been invalided home from the front.

The No. 2 pulp mill at Barber's Paper Mills, at Georgetown, was completely destroyed by fire on Tuesday morning.

Many people had their first view of an aeroplane at rest on Sunday, when Flight Lieut. McKenna, of the Royal Flying Corps, alighted in the field of Mr. Fred Cleave, third line, for refueling.

The Seventy-second Anniversary of Methodist Church last Sunday was the occasion of unusual interest. Rev. H. W. Avison, of Welland, was back to conduct the services. Another feature was the introduction of the new Methodist Hymn Book, made by E. J. Moore. The attendance was large at both services and splendid service was rendered by the Choir.

DEED
SCOTT—At the homestead, lot 23, fourth line, Esquimaux, on Tuesday, October 20th, 1917 Andrew Scott, in his 85th year.

SLATS DIARY
OLIVER N. WARREN

Sunday: The preacher of our church has sorta funny ways. This p. m. he wanted to see the ft. ball team practice & so he cum down to the ground & sed we ottent to play on the Sabbath.

Monday: The school teacher got fooled this a. m. A little bit of a new kid cum to school & he was red hotted & etc. & seemed mighty brite as the teacher begin a saken him how much he new. He rode his Pas & Mas his streis name eky doks but when she ast did he no his A B C he reptide & sed Heck no I sint been here but about 10 minuts.

Tuesday: Pa sed are dentist was a telling him about are bankers dotter & her bad tooth & when he told her he would exminster a lokel anestethtek she sed she could aford a imported 1. Pa & Unkel Hen laft about it but I couldnt see no thing funny about visting a dentist.

Wednesday: Janes Pa lo' her drive the ford the lat time out in the country late this p. m. & Jane sed the litel looken glass up over her aint set right and all she can see in it are the road shes all-reddy past. Even Jane has her dum nomints.

Thursday: Blisteres Mom sed to him he will ruin his stumck by eating so memney diffrunt things & so much of them but he sed it dont matter as he all ways wares close & no boddie can see it. He is about 1/2 as dum as Jake. Or seems to me to be.

Friday: Ant Emmy have been practicing slinging & Unkel Hen sed to Pa her voice seems to be improving dont you think. Pa reptide & sed Mebbey. But it still has a ofel lot of getting itself intirely cured.

Saturday: This was 1. of the most dipressing & stommy days of my intire career. The weather had to rase & be cold so I cudent get to the ft. ball grrm & all I could do was clegn the grrm & etc. out o the basement so coks could be put in to sam. Tuff sed I.

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER



THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY

They seek the road to yesterday. Who've wandered far away. Hoping to find the enchanted paths. They trod in childhood days. Seeking the old-time faithful friends. With whom they used to roam. The country church, the village school. The harbor lights of home.

How oft in fancy they have lived! Those youthful days again. Revisited the old home folk. Recalled the summers when The school house closed, tasks laid aside. Each day in pleasure bent. Exploring wood and field and stream. With simple joys content.

And now they've come to meet again. The friends of early days. Again to capture old delights. Mid memory's misty haze. Though ardently they seek the way. And plain the pathway seems. The distant road to yesterday. They find alone in dreams.

Well, the house which was next door neighbor to the McLam home was also swallowed up some years ago by the Smith lawn and garden. Come to think of it, I believe the Beardmore, when they owned the property, moved it down to the old Stuffer farm lane, on the second line, and obliterated all signs of it's being an old "residential."

When I come to figure up things I guess that old house was built before the McLam house. I can't remember who built that house, but I know it was there about eighty-five years ago. I think that was when William Hemstreet took Agnes Moore, his bride, when they were married over eighty years ago. William was working in McCloschen's tannery then. He had served his time and was a journeyman tanner. He lived there a while and then went farming on one of the Burns' farms, the Joseph Arthurs' farm, which is now owned by the Flynn Bros.

Well, my "old friend," Bill Scott, of the sixth line, bought this place about sixty years ago or more. Bill had always been a hard-working farmer, and I guess one fall, when he was flush of harvest money, he thought he'd buy this place in town, and then in a few years he'd retire from the arduous work of the farm. Well, he bought the place, built a barn on it, spent a lot of money in repairs, put a small rent for it for the many years, until the Beardmores bought it.

The lot adjoining the Scott property was for eighty years or more a willow swamp, but Beardmore & Co. have gradually reclaimed it. They have filled in thousands of loads of debris there and to-day there is a drive way and entrance along one side of the old swamp. In

the spring there's still quite a puddle here, but it's gradually disappearing. A few of you old folks will remember the McPhees, who lived for twenty-five or thirty years on the property across the street from this willow swamp. Mr. and Mrs. McPhee were elderly people and rather frail as far back as I can remember. I think they had a son who was a teacher, and taught in the old school, but he never was my teacher, and I find the matter slips my memory as to facts. I do recall a daughter, however, who was ill, or imagined she was ill, and remained in bed an invalid for eighteen years. The doctors could not find any ailment, but she persisted that she was ill and unable to get out of bed. The law of "suggestion" came forcibly to her one day, however, and she got up and dressed, and in a few days found she was as well as any of the other maidens of the village of her age. The family left Acton shortly after this. I'm not quite sure whether John W. McPhee, of Toronto, who married Valentine Dynes' daughter—Ed. Dynes' sister—was a son or not. I really believe he was.

It's many a day since the McPhees left, and for years this house was the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Donald McDonald. I'm not sure whether he brought his bride from Trafalgar right to this house or not. If not at once it was very shortly afterward. Donald was born on the homestead on the fourth line, on the farm next to the one which was the birthplace of his neighbor, Sir Donald Mann, and across the road from Cedar Creek Farm, the home of the Warrens for sixty years, and for four generations of that esteemed family. When Donald was a little chap a lame foot developed. In consequence he was permitted to attend school more than the other brothers and sisters and the outcome was that Donald became a school-teacher. His plous Lowland Scottish father would have liked Donald to have become a "meenister," but school teaching seemed to be his fated calling. After teaching for a number of years in Erin Township, he came to Acton. Mr. McDonald was industrious and thrifty. At the time of his death he owned several houses about Acton besides the McPhee home. His widow and daughter, Mrs. Grindell, still reside there in comfort and happiness.

The next property is now all vacant land and part of it included in Fairview Cemetery, but until about seven years ago the Cook residence faced on Fairview Avenue, or Ransom Street, where Fairview Avenue runs from Main Street to the Cemetery entrance. Ransom Street was one of the last streets named by the original founders when they sub-

divided their farm holdings and Ransom Adams, one of the characters of Acton sixty to seventy years ago, was honored by having the short, narrow street named for him. When Fairview Cemetery was opened, however, Ransom had passed off the scene, and the street leading to the entrance of the cemetery was re-named by W. H. Storey, who was Reeve at the time, "Fairview Avenue."

About seventy-five years ago Rev. R. B. Cook, a Baptist minister, removed from Cape Rich, a little hamlet on the peninsula, between Meaford and Owen Sound, to Acton with his wife and three or four children. They finally made their home where the eldest son, Edward, with his wife and family resided until the father and mother passed away. Rev. Mr. Cook was an earnest Christian worker. He superintended the removal from Ballinafad of the building which still stands on Elgin Street, and which was used for forty years as the Acton Baptist Church. For many years he was the minister there, but finally retired. It was the eager desire of his life to see a new and more commodious Baptist Church erected in Acton, and this fervent wish was granted him. He was at the opening services of the new church on Mill Street in 1899, and was heard to reverently exclaim when the beautiful new edifice was finally dedicated at the interesting opening services, with Simon the devout man of Israel in the temple, nineteen hundred years before: "Lord, now testeth thou thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy salvation, which Thou has prepared before the face of the people." The dear old man did not live long after, but he died in great peace.

Well, say, I just cut it short this time. My rheumatiz is growing awfully. You may be thankful to get a column of this stuff this week. Even that much has cost me a good many pangs. I'll try and tell you more about the Cook family next time.

Good-bye, ouch!

The Old Man

APPLICATION REJECTED

Application for Office Boy's Job—I may say I'm pretty smart. I've won several crossword and word-picture competitions lately.

Employer—Yes, but I want some one who can be smart during office hours.

Applicant—This was during office hours.

HAMCO RANGE COKE

For that range or heater which burns hard fuel, try HAMCO range-size Coke. Easy to regulate — lasts all night — picks up quickly in the morning. Less labor with HAMCO, too — lighter to handle, and fewer ashes. You'll be delighted with this dustless, smokeless, money-saving Coke. For prompt service, order from your local HAMCO dealer — he deserves your fuel business.

HAMCO DUSTLESS COKE

HAMMON ST. BY-PRODUCT COKE CO., LIMITED
HAMILTON, CANADA

SOLD BY
J. B. MACKENZIE & SON **RITCHIE & AGAR**

BEST IN HAMCO CANADA'S FINEST COKE

The Cancer Crusade

Fighting the Great Scourge with Knowledge—A Campaign to Wipe Out Ignorance, Fear and Neglect

—By—
J. W. S. McCullough, M.D., D.P.H.

TREATMENT OF CANCER NO. 2

The wise surgeon does not depend on his art alone in the treatment of cancer. In the appropriate cases he employs the auxiliary measures of x-ray and radium. In an ever-increasing number of cancers the treatment is a combination of all three methods. In all cases early treatment is essential to success. Neglected cancer is invariably and inevitably fatal.

Forty-two years ago a German professor in the University of Wurzburg, Bavaria, discovered a new kind of ray of light which engaged in his experiments. This ray, known as the X, or Roentgen ray, has the power of penetrating most substances, of leaving the shadow of a dense object on a photographic plate, of bringing about chemical reactions and of producing changes in living matter.

The x-rays are generated by passing a current of high potential (electricity) through a vacuum tube (Coolidge tube), that is a tube of special character from which the air has been removed. These rays are used in the taking of photographs of various parts of the body, such as pictures of bones, of foreign bodies such as bullets or calculi. By means of x-rays the functions of such organs as the heart, lungs, stomach, intestines, etc., may be examined. They are used in treating conditions such as lupus, eczema, cancer and many others.

The x-rays are very powerful. They will pass through cardboard, cloth and wood with ease. They will penetrate a thick plank or a book of 2,000 pages. But metals such as iron, copper, lead, silver and gold are less penetrable, the densest of them being fairly opaque. White flesh is very transparent to the rays; bones are rather opaque, and one may see the bones of one's hand if the latter is interposed between the source of the rays and a screen.

Cancers accessible to the effects of x-rays are destroyed by them, the effect being similar to that produced by the rays of radium. The dose can be accurately measured. In some cases a large dose is used, in others the total dose is divided over a period of weeks, fractionated, it is called. Needless to say, skill and experience are quite as necessary in the handling of x-rays as in surgery. The x-rays are dangerous in unskilled hands; they are quite safe when used by the experienced radiologist.

TAKEN LITERALLY

"You can't get better," cried the wife as her husband pulled at one of the cigars she had given him for a birthday present.

"I'm afraid I never shall," he groaned feebly.

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK By R. J. SCOTT

THE BIGGEST SCRAPBOOK IN THE WORLD WAS BUILT AT BANGLORE, INDIA, IN 1746 TO STORE GRAM TO BE USED IN CASE OF FAMINE.

ARE ANY TWO PRINTS OF YOUR TEN FINGERS EVEN MODERATELY ALIKE?

SEWING MACHINES OF CAIRO, EGYPT, COLLECTED FROM DOOR-TO-DOOR, CARAVANS, SMALL, HAND SEWING MACHINES ON THEIR HEADS

OFFICIAL ARMY STAMPS FIRST APPEARED IN ENGLAND IN 1805—ISSUES OVERPRINTED ARMY OFFICIAL—SINCE THEN THERE HAVE BEEN NUMEROUS OFFICERS, BUT THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THE SCRAPBOOKS

Hockey Players Apply For Reinstatement



Nearly a score of hockey players, who have played in professional ranks, have applied for reinstatement as amateurs. Most of these wishing reinstatement are veterans, but some are youngsters who have either retired for personal reasons or could not make the grade. The most outstanding of those wanting their amateur cards back are the Bourcier brothers, Jean-Louis, Left, and Conrad, Right, his younger brother, who both played for Montreal Canadiens. Two other well-known players who want to return to almost pure ranks are Harold Star, Left, circle, of Ottawa, and Bill Gill, Right, circle, of Moncton.

Star Congratulated by Premier on Portrayal of Queen



Anna Neagle, beautiful star of "Victoria the Great," receives the congratulations of Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, on her great performance in the picture, which had its North American premiere in Ottawa before a select audience, which included the Governor-General, Lord Tweeddale. Herbert Woods, producer, is seen beside Miss Neagle. —Courtesy Canadian Pacific Railways

Sally's Sallies

DO YOU REALLY GOT HERE!

A woman's promise to be punctual always carries weight.

PICOBAC

PIPE TOBACCO

FOR A MILD, COOL SMOKE

MUGGS AND SKEETER

"EFFIE, WILL YOU PLEASE TAKE THESE ERASERS OUT ON THE FIRE ESCAPE AND DUST THEM FOR ME? THE DOOR IS NEXT TO THE LAST AT THE END OF THE HALL!"

"YES, TEACHER!"

"OH, SCURE ME!! AM I LOOKIN' FER THE FIRE ESCAPE?"

"GET OUT!! THIS IS THE BOYS' GYM!"

"GRRR!!"

By **WALLY BISHOP**

HEY, WAIT!! ...WHERE'S THE FIRE?"