

FARMER IN AUTUMN

This time of year he always leans across the pasture stile, with nothing calling him to plow or harrow, feeling at a loss. His meadow let is reaped and smooth and trim. The barn sweet with the stacked hay, and its floor Golden with dust. The cellar shelves are deep. With jams and jellies, pickles and a store Of honey holding sunlight in its deep. But still a restlessness drives him to walk. Where harvest left the land fulfilled, at rest. He pulls the seedpod from a shriveled stalk. And wonders which time suits a man the best. Spring, with a fever that he cannot still, Or Autumn, training heart and hand and will. —Eleanor Alletta Chaffee.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the issue of The Free Press of Thursday, November 25th, 1917. Farmers are making \$8.00 and \$9.00-per-acre for dry harvested wheat. The first king put Corporation Pond in shape for skating on Saturday afternoon, and numbers of the kiddies are enjoying the winter sport again. Mr. W. Woodcock, who has conducted a bakery business here, has disposed of the business to M. Edwards & Co. Acton marked the big victory at the front, when the British and Canadian troops pushed back the strongly fortified Hindenburg line for miles last Friday, vociferously. Pte. R. Dunbar and Pte. R. Jolly, of Exhibition Camp, were here this week on their last leave before going overseas. Mr. King-Cooper is moving his family to Georgetown. Acton regrets losing this estimable family. Pte. J. L. Cripps, whose mother, brother and sister reside here, but who lives in Vancouver, writes: "The Free Press from November 25th, 1917, by the way home from the war and think the British Columbia will seem brighter than ever. MARRIED RUSSELL-JOHNSTONE—At the home of the bride's parents, Acton, on Wednesday, November 25th, 1917, by the Rev. J. C. Wilson, B.A., Wilma, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Johnstone, to Stanley S. Russell, of Acton. DIED SMYTH—In Nasagaweya, on Monday, November 25th, 1917, Joseph Smyth, aged 32 years. SMITH—At Cleveland, Ohio, on Saturday, November 24th, 1917, James Edwin son of the late Charles Sidney and Diana Smith, of Fairview Place, Acton, aged 46 years.

BELL-FOUNDING

Bells, like human beings, sometimes need the doctor. The first warnings come when their voices begin to crack; then they are brought down from the belfry and sent by road to hospital. Sometimes the bell on examination by the bell-founder will be found to have become dented by the clapper, with the result that its tone has been changed. In such cases the treatment is fairly simple, says a writer in Pearson's Weekly. The bell is placed upside down and clamped firmly. A machine tool is then inserted into its interior with a sharp edge that acts as a plane when the machine is set in motion and the bell revolves. This process may last only a few hours before the proper tone is restored, or it may last weeks. Every now and then the foundry musician comes along and strikes the bell to hear how his voice is getting on. More serious operations, however, are sometimes called for. For example, the tenor bell of Bow Church, a 200-year-old veteran, was found to be suffering from old age. Nothing less than a complete recasting was necessary. First, around a core of brick a bell-shaped mould of loam and sand is formed, like a vast sand pit. This is the inner mould. Over it goes the outer mould, leaving a space between the two—like a large tumbler over a small one. The moulds are then baked in an oven, for if any moisture remains when the actual casting begins, explosions will wreck the bell and cause damage to life and limb. Bell-founding is now an exact science. The modern method of harmonizing a peal is so exact that each bell actually gives off seven notes. Old-fashioned flingers, however, said that the old method was better and that the new method reduced the carrying power. It was decided to carry out a scientific test. Two bells, one tuned in the old, the other by the new method, were mounted on buoys, taken out to the North Sea and dropped overboard. At a distance of half a mile the bell tuned in the old way could not be heard, while the bell tuned in the new way was audible for over a mile.

ALL THAT'S NECESSARY

"Now you've got to keep away from this guy," the second whispered. "Jad him an' get away or he'll use his right. You got to keep that left hand out there, an' don't let him use his right. It's a cinch to try to get you to slug with him, but don't do it, or he'll get his right over." "I got you," the fighter nodded. "I'll do just like you say, but suppose he does get his right over? What'll I do?" "Nothin'," the second instructed. "Just relax and me an' the referee will carry you to your corner."

CARS TAKEN

She—"well party to-night." He—"I'd ask for the next dance, but all the cars are taken."

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER



IF WINTER COMES The golden rod is flung across the pasture. And purple asters tell us autumn's here. Soon icy frosts will sparkle on the stubble. And happy hearth-fires will have double cheer. Oh, do not think this is the end of summer. Though scarlet maples flaunt across the hills. For after winter's snow will come the springtime. Whose warm hands will unlock the icy rills. And do not think life's winter lingers always. Though bitter frosts may blast our fairest flowers. After the sleet-storm comes the sudden sunning. After the dark night, look for happy hours. Not always will our hopes be black and frozen. Not always will our landscapes teem with rain. Pain, that has gripped our hearts, will melt and leave us. Life will be sweet, and flowers bloom again. —E. Anne Ryan.

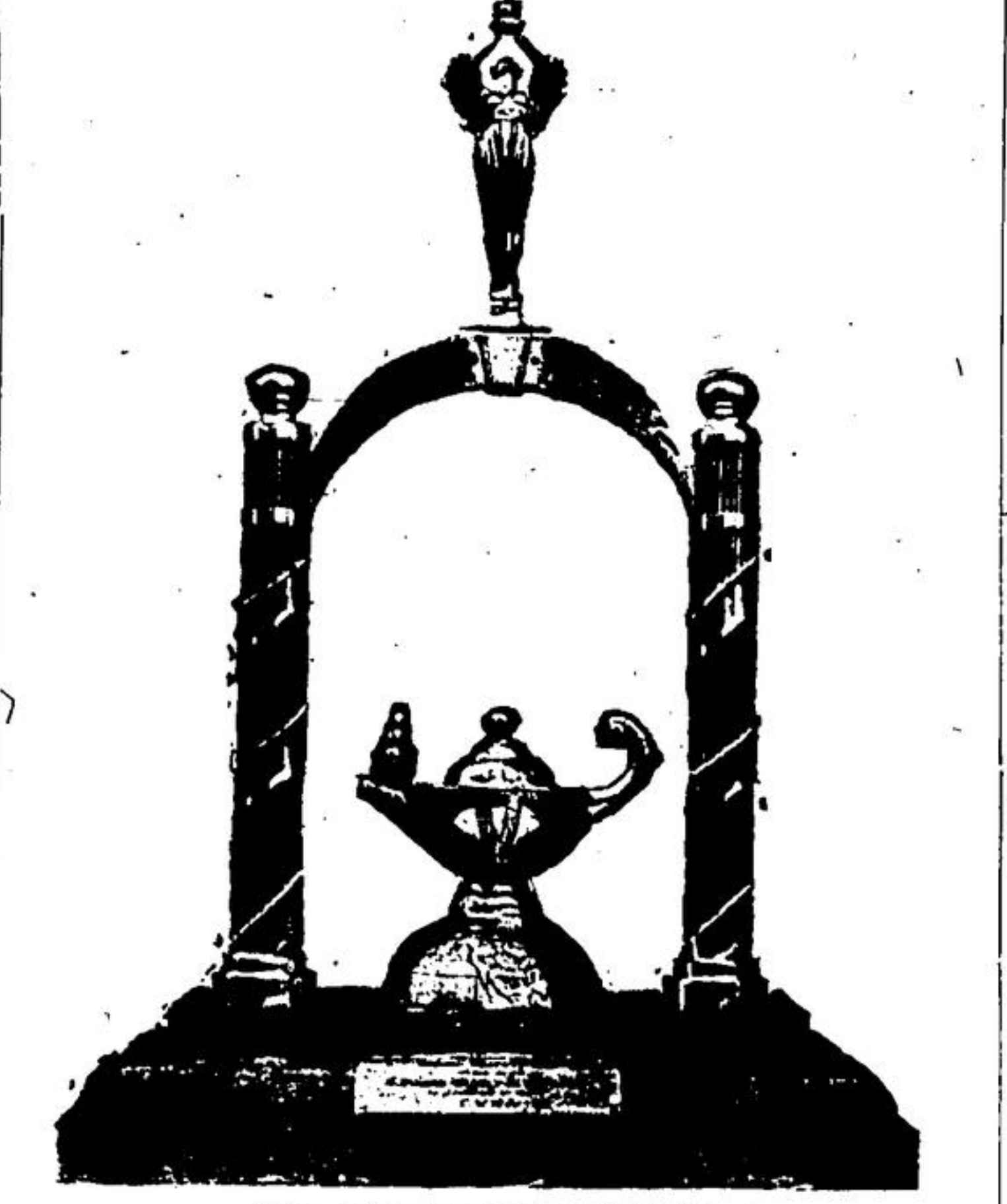
ACROSS RAMSON STREET

Across Ramson Street—now Fairview Avenue—from the Cook homestead, Richard Hamilton built a fine frame house of attractive design shortly after he was married, about eighty years ago. Dick Hamilton was one of the best carpenters we ever had in Acton. This house he regarded with much pride. It was one of the finest houses the village then possessed. But he didn't live there long. He took a fancy to build a brick house for a home down town, and shortly after the Acton Plow Company was organized, in 1874, and bought the old Holt Mill property and part of the Sidney Smith frontage on Main Street, he bought from the Company the lot at the corner of Main and River Streets and built his new home. It was a fine brick house this time, and still stands there, and is in good state of repair. Mr. James H. Reed is the present owner. It was the fifth or sixth brick house erected in Acton. Well, after Mr. Hamilton left his big frame house on Ramson Street, David Williamson and his bride resided there for a time. Since that time a number of esteemed residents have owned the property. Mr. Wilson Ramshaw was there for quite a time, and then my old friend, Henry Ross, and family of Esqueing. Robert Storey, of Nasagaweya, was its next purchaser. Here he spent a good period of busy years, and always kept the place neat, attractive and productive. The present owner is Mr. A. H. Bishop, gardener, and he's making good in the production of plants, flowers and vegetables. Just this spring he has erected another new greenhouse on the property and the place is abloom with flowers of every description and many that are beyond me in naming. Next to the Hamilton property there lived for many years on the corner lot an acre or more, Ezra Adams. We all

ways called him "Uncle Ezra." He was a brother of Ramson, but nobody even thought of calling Ramson uncle. He was of a different type entirely. Ezra was a quiet man, of kindly disposition, never in a rush, took the world easy, but had a pleasant word for everybody and everybody liked the old man. Ramson was a hustling business man, with one object in life—that of making money. He made it, and hoarded it, and made more, but little good it ever did him. Ezra never had much of this world's goods, but he was a happy man and he and Mrs. Adams lived a very happy life together, though in the very humble domicile which still stands where Ezra built it between eighty and ninety years ago, Ramson never could quit making money long enough to get married. He died a very lonely old bachelor, a very painful death from cancer at the base of the tongue. In his day Ramson was our moneymaker of the town; the local banker, in fact. Many people got loans and credit from him, and for years it was a current expression in those days of long credit at the stores, when a merchant was in need of funds and pressing for his money or the equivalent, for his debt to say, "Oh, just charge it to Ramson." Well, when Ramson died, over forty-five years ago, it was found that he had left hundreds of notes for small amounts with neither interest or principal paid. Many of these were outlawed by the expiry of time without renewal. Well, Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Adams had two sons, Josiah and Abner. Abner was the younger and was never very strong. He went to school and studied well, but in the summer time, about sixty-five years ago, after weeks of illness, this beloved younger son died. The mother never got over the loss of her studious baby boy. He was fourteen or fifteen. Josiah grew to manhood and was a busy man in town for years. I think he was a carpenter. He married a daughter of Wilson Ramshaw and built himself a house where the Town Hall now stands. This property was bought by the town and the Town Hall was erected there by

Contractor W. McCulla, of Brampton, about fifty-eight or sixty years ago. The Adams cottage was moved to the lot south of the hall. R. D. Graham, who was Municipal Officer, bought the property when he was in office and enlarged it with a second story and other improvements. Mr. Graham lived there until his lamented death. He was a most active and useful officer of the Corporation and always ready to carry out business entrusted to him to the best of his ability. Josiah Adams was quite a horseman and always managed to have a fast horse or two to handle. One day, a good many years ago, Josiah and Bob Agnew were talking fast horses while standing in front of the Dominion Hotel. They finally matched a race with Josiah's fast mare and one Mr. Agnew put against her, from Acton to Milton and back. It was a hard race. Josiah's racer won out. She reached Milton, twelve miles away, in 55 minutes, but she was bleeding at the nose and mouth, and was badly used up generally. Neither of the horses were ever of much use afterwards. In the course of time, Josiah slept with his fathers. His wife was left with two sons and a daughter. With admirable pluck she opened a grocery and provision store in the premises now occupied by Johnston's dairy and Davison's barber shop, on Main Street. All her exertions were directed to the work which motherhood invariably undertakes—the bringing up of her children. This she did with credit until they were able to take care of themselves. A great sorrow came to her when her beloved daughter took ill and passed away. In her teens, Mrs. Adams finally moved to Toronto. With her removal the last descendant of the Adams, who settled here and founded Acton over an hundred years ago, left the place with which the name had been constantly associated from the time when the first white man's trail led to this locality. —Next week I think I shall take my readers into Fairview Cemetery, our beautiful resting place for the departed, which has been such an attractive spot

The New Mason Newspaper Trophy



WON BY THE BARRIE EXAMINER Above is a picture of the handsome new trophy which Mr. W. E. Mason, publisher of The Sudbury Star and North Bay Nugget presented this year to the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association for annual competition to be awarded to the "Best Canadian Weekly Newspaper." This trophy considered the finest of its kind on the American continent is an exquisite example of the silversmith's art, stands twenty-two and a half inches high mounted on a base of polished Canadian birds' eye maple. Flanking on each side are Grecian columns supporting an arch topped by the figure of Triumph. In the center is an engraved sphere of the northern hemisphere in which rests the Lamp of Learning, white resting on the base is a replica of a book with the engraving "Knowledge is Power." At the Halifax Convention of the C.W.N.A. in August this beautiful and much prized trophy was awarded to The Barrie Examiner. The official presentation of the trophy took place recently at Barrie, when the publishers of The Examiner gave a banquet in honor of their Country Correspondents at the Queen's Hotel. Geo. W. James, President of the C.W.N.A. on behalf of Mr. Mason and the Association made the presentation. This trophy replaces a former trophy given by Mr. Mason and won three times by The Examiner and now held permanently by the Barrie paper. Other winners of the original trophy include: Simcoe Reformer, Vernon (B.C.), News-Courier, Duncan Leader, Kirkland Lake News, and Kamloops Sentinel.

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. PROSPECT FOR THE CANCER PATIENT A former President of the United States was found by his doctor to have a small rough spot the size of a quarter dollar on the roof of his mouth. Microscopical examination revealed the presence of cancer. The entire half of his upper jaw was promptly removed in an impromptu hospital established on a vessel in New York Harbor. Within a month the President had been fitted with an artificial jaw and had delivered an important message to Congress. He remained well until his death, from another cause, 15 years later. It was not until after this event that the public learned for the first time that the head of the nation had been ill or that he had had an operation. The astounding success in the treatment of cancer by surgery; its cure in certain areas by means of X-rays and radium; the determination of governments, medical and hospital authorities and of voluntary organizations to conquer the disease, lend courage to the victims of cancer and relieve the obsession created by its seeming prevalence. The greatest obstacle to the cure of cancer is delay in diagnosis and treatment. This delay is deplorable. McCarty, the pathologist in the Mayo Clinic, says that 30 to 50% of cancers of the breast, 42% of cancers of the uterine cervix and 75% of those of the stomach, seen in that clinic, are inoperable. In spite of the delay, the American College of Surgeons had collected authentic evidence of nearly 30,000 cases of cancer cured for periods of 5 years and upward. The facilities for general education in disease of all kinds are better than at any former period. The prospects for the cure of cancer were never so bright. No disease, with the possible exception of tuberculosis, has created such an atmosphere of interest, no single one is so much discussed in public. There is a curious lethargy and fatalism in the minds of some persons concerning this malady, such persons regard a diagnosis of cancer as a verdict of death. Such a view is all nonsense. There must be on all hands a will to conquer cancer, a will that has done so much to conquer smallpox, diphtheria, typhoid fever, malaria, cholera, tuberculosis and the plague. Cancer is no longer a hopeless disease. For forty-five years, and greatly improved during the past five or six years, and where hundreds of the earlier settlers of Acton and vicinity "keep the sleep of the just."

The Old Man PICOBAC PIPE TOBACCO FOR A MILD, COOL SMOKE

SALLY'S SALLIES ME WHO PLAYS SECOND FIDDLE? NO IT'S NOT FIDDLE REE! JUST RIGHT!! WHAT DO YA MEAN, JUST RIGHT? WELL IF IT HAD BEEN ANY BETTER YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SAVED ME A PIECE... BY WALLY BISHOP

TOO LATE "Was that sandwich quite fresh that you sold me, just now?" asked a customer in the snack bar. "Quite, sir," the assistant assured him. "Each sandwich we sell is wrapped in transparent, air-tight paper." "Dear me," was the reply. "I wish I'd known about the paper!" THIRTY-TWO TIP Hal—How can you afford to take so many girls in such expensive restaurants? Sam—Easy. Just before we go in I ask each girl if she hasn't been putting on weight.

ALL THE PRIVILEGES "I suppose," said the lady to the street car conductor, "if I pay the fare of my dog he will be treated the same as other passengers and be allowed to occupy a seat?" "Of course, madam," the conductor replied politely, "he will be treated the same as other passengers and can occupy a seat, provided he does not put his feet on it!" ONE EXCEPTION The Teacher: "And so you see, children, love is the one thing you can give in abundance and still have plenty left." Jimmy: "How about measles?"

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MUGGS AND SKEETER I BAKED A PIE TODAY... ALL BY MYSELF!! I SAVED YOU A PIECE!! IT'S IN THE KITCHEN!! GEE! THANKS! WHEW! ALL GONE!! WELL... HOW WAS IT? JUST RIGHT!! WHAT DO YA MEAN, JUST RIGHT? WELL IF IT HAD BEEN ANY BETTER YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SAVED ME A PIECE... BY WALLY BISHOP