

**THE BEAR WHO KILLED A FLY WITH A ROCK**

Put not the egg with the tablespoon, O  
 The art like Bundera, the bear, who  
 Killed a fly with a rock.  
 Once upon a time Bundera, the bear, and  
 Lamm, the man, were friends and  
 lived together.  
 One day it was very hot, and Lamm slept,  
 and a fly sat upon his nose.  
 "O my poor friend," cried Bundera, the  
 bear, "I will help you." And he drop-  
 ped a great stone on the fly and  
 killed it.  
 But he knocked Lamm's head off, too.  
 And they could never stick it on again.  
 —An Indian Nursery Tale.

**TWENTY YEARS AGO**

From the issue of The Free Press of Thursday, January 24th, 1918

The roads in some places are on top of five or six feet of snow.  
 General sympathy is felt here for Mr. Thomas Kelly and family in the loss of their fine farm home by fire on Tuesday morning.

At a social gathering of the young people of the Baptist Church at Mr. T. P. Martin's home, Rev. Mr. Jones was presented with a purse containing a substantial sum, in appreciation of the work of the pastor and Mrs. Jones among the people of the church.

This year Messrs. W. H. Storey & Son, Limited, are celebrating their golden anniversary.

Mr. E. Y. Barracough, managing director of the Glen Woolven Mills, has received news that his brother, Corp. Percy Barracough, of the Lancashire Fusiliers, is listed as missing.

J. E. Pease was chosen President of Acton Fall Fair, at the annual meeting. Other officers are: 1st Vice-President, S. H. Lindsay; 2nd Vice-President, W. J. L. Hampshire; Secretary-Treasurer, Geo. Hynds.

The shortage of eggs has resulted in the price being advanced to 70 cents a dozen in Chatham.

**BOB**

**COOKE**—In Acton, on Thursday, January 17th, 1918, to Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Cooke, a daughter.

**BROWN**—At 30 Noble Avenue, Winnipeg, on Monday, January 14th, 1918, to Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Brown, a son.

**DIED**

**CURRIE**—In Acton, on Thursday, January 10th, 1918, George Currie, in his 61st year.

**ANDERSON**—At London, on Saturday, January 12th, 1918, John Anderson, formerly of Nassagaweya, aged 86 years.

**Books That Matter**

(Continued from Page Six)

achieved what she claimed to have achieved, and that the internal condition of the country, especially her agricultural production, was menacing. He also submitted the alleged budgets of Herr Schacht to some very incisive analysis. The publication led to a rebuttal from the German Institute of Business Research, and now, in this volume, we have the original analysis, the rebuttal of the German Institute, and the counter-reply of Germanicus. It is all very stimulating, especially to an economist, and the present uncertain status of Herr Schacht lends some weight to the strictures of Germanicus.

Germanicus is resolutely opposed to "the constant stream of propaganda in favor of credits for Germany." He says that the notion of the English money would stem the tide of Communism from flowing into Germany is inherently ridiculous. English money is far more likely to be used for the creation of poison gas and other "delectable munitions." From the standpoint of the investor, "Germany is a bottomless pit"; it is difficult for most Englishmen to discover any fundamental difference between the "principles of Communism and Nazi-ism"; and he concludes that "Herr Hitler must reap what he has sown and his 'massive value' must be discounted in his own disillusioned country and not in the city of London.

Having last week given much space to those who plead for Anglo-German friendship, we feel that it is only fair to call attention to the other part of the picture.

**HOBBIES**

Do you have a hobby? You should have not only one but several. Hobbies occupy one's mind with worthwhile things and can be educational. A hobby may even make a person famous. Some of the world's most famous men made themselves so through hobbies. Some have become great authors because they wrote short stories in high school as a hobby. Others have completed inventions as a result of "fooling around" in their spare time.

Not everyone likes the same hobbies. Yet it should not be hard to find hobbies to suit everyone. Some of them may seem foolish but if they furnish recreation they are just as good as the next person's. It makes no difference whether one's hobby is learning poetry or collecting pictures of movie stars as long as it interests one and means something to him.

If you haven't a hobby, start one. Find one that interests you and it will soon become an important factor in your life.

**THOSE NEW CARS**

Father: "Where's that young man who was calling on you?"  
 Daughter: "Oh, he left in a huff!"  
 Father: "A huff? A huff? They are getting so many new cars on the market now, a fellow simply can't keep track of them."

**THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CHIMNEY TOWER**



**NICE PEOPLE**

My mother was old-fashioned, in her sweet and gentle way. She spent her life in teaching us the words nice people say. And often when some vulgar phrase we boldly blurted out, she would say, "That's not nice, that's not nice, that's not nice."

She taught us pretty little songs and tender hymns of praise. The brutal facts of life she hid from us throughout our days. She shuddered when some ugly word of slang I plainly spoke. She told us there were secret things of which we mustn't joke. She made the things nice people do her polite and her pride.

But times are different to-day and grandma's gone above. She cannot hear the children sing these songs of red-hot love. With a coo-p-a-doo and hide-ah they romp about the place. And while she sits there, she would call a positive disgrace. Could grandma hear the alush they sing today I know that she would wonder what nice people think of mother and of me.

Last week I closed with the Isaac Stauffer farm and the family of nineteen children and their successors on this fine old property. Well, the next farm below has a history, too. It was there that Lechlan McDonald, Mrs. John Warren's brother, began his career as a leading farmer and business man. He ran the farm for a time; then he began buying grain in Acton, then he built the big frame block on Main Street, with three stores in front, residence above, and a grain warehouse behind. But Lechlan reached out a little too far in his business enterprises to his own and some others, disadvantage, and he went broke. But he was a man of enterprise, went to the United States where he engaged in many activities. Finally he came back and spent his last days here, and I think was buried in Fairview Cemetery.

Nearly eighty years ago Hugh Mann disposed of his farm at the fourth line, on which Bannockburn School is now located, and which is still in the family; Archie being the present owner. He bought the McDonald farm, and moved there with his family. He, like his neighbors on the neighboring farms, had a good-sized family. There were Allan, Donald, Alexander, Hugh, Margery, Christina and Annie, perhaps another.

**PICOBAC**  
 PIPE TOBACCO  
 FOR A MILD, COOL SMOKE

but my memory is not very clear about it. This is the home which the noted son, Sir Donald, knew best. It was from here he went to school at Dublin and later to Mr. Little at Acton. It was from here he went to the Michigan lumber woods and learned to do big things and how to handle men in gangs. It was from here he and Allan went to Crewson Corners to run a farm, with bright visions of owning the place in a few years. But the chickens were counted before they were hatched. The farm didn't pay, and before the lease expired the Sheriff of Wellington County was there to seize the stock and crop for rent. It was a fortunate experience for Sir Donald. He went west and made good, and in a few years he and Bill McKenzie, later, Sir William, got chummy, formed a partnership, built part of the C.P.R., then made the world stand amazed by building a transcontinental railway of their own, opening mines, building steamships, and becoming multi-millionaires, both.

A great sorrow came to the home just as the sons and daughters were beginning to go out to homes of their own. The dear mother died one day, after a brief illness. It was a great grief to them all, and the father never ceased to mourn the loss of his beloved life's partner. After Dan and Allan got going good and strong in the west, and piling up money, the father decided that he would like to run one of the big Manitoba farms. He sold his property here and moved to a farm his big son Donald selected for him. Here he remained until the infirmities of old age made farming too big a burden for him. It was then his heart turned again to the old home. About this time Donald and his partner, William McKenzie, were knighted by the King in recognition of their great achievement in constructing the Canadian Northern Railway, a transcontinental road from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They got their honors and their old-time friends joyfully dubbed them Sir Bill and Sir Dan, and these names stuck. Well, Sir Dan came home and selected the old Collins farm for a home for his father. He lived the remainder of his days there and there he died.

It was a great matter of pride when Sir Donald and Lady Mann and their little son would come to town in their private car, and leaving it on the siding near the corner of the farm, go over and spend the day with him. While the old gentleman lived Sir Donald was a frequent visit to the home town, and his father. And finally he came back home to rest in Fairview. After all we may have many wanderings during our sojourn here, but home is home and Acton was home to Sir Donald Mann.

After the Manns left the second line farm, Mr. John Henderson, whose boyhood was spent on the old farm on the seventh line, bought the place. Here he and Mrs. Henderson and their son spent

a number of very happy years. The son did not take to farming, though, and they sold out and moved to Brampton. The next owner of this historical second line farm was Martin Flynn. Martin was one of the most industrious young men who ever lived in this section. He became an expert lumber sawyer, and for years held the position of head sawyer at Smith's Mills. He was absolutely reliable, faithful and expert, and visited every day to be able to show the biggest possible cut of lumber and get the last board out of every log sent up into the mill. He was a hard worker, and when the mill business began to play out, he came up here, and bought this farm. With his sons and himself he almost invariably had good crops. But the time came when our good friend Martin had to give up. He's been sleeping over in Dublin Cemetery for a good many years now. His two sons, Joe and Jim, still run the farm, and not satisfied with the 100 acres, they bought the old Burns farm where my good friend, Joe Arthur, farmed so long. I think the boys have 300 acres now.

Many of us remember the big spring which flows out of the rock at the rear of this farm. This was the rendezvous for town boys' pilgrimages on Saturday afternoons, and during the summer holidays, for three generations. It is now the source of supply of the splendid water which has supplied Acton for the past fifteen years and shows no sign of diminishing. And it's mighty good water, too.

**The Old Man**

**WANT YOUR DOG WASHED?**

Allen Gregory, a ten-year-old Detroit boy, has a business all his own. He washes dogs.

He is proud of it, and has printed handbills to advertise his terms, and these he has pasted on doorposts and telegraph poles and anywhere likely to catch the eye of dog owners. For washing a black or tan dog his charge is a quarter. White dogs will cost the customer more, twice as much; and so will big St. Bernards. But for curly dogs Allen has a tender spot. He washes them at a lower rate.

Allen looks up likely customers, and has a compelling way with him. If the dog owner wavers Allen says: "And every dog is given a biscuit."

Business hours are: Week days (except Saturdays) after school to supertime, all day Saturdays, and half a day Sunday, after church. The dogs are scrubbed in mother's washbub, and extra is charged for extracting burrs.

The business is small at present, but Allen expects it to improve during the rainy season when the streets are muddy.

**Frisky Squirrel Disrupts Church Service**



The Rev. Clyde Herbert Snell, of the Washington Heights Episcopal Church, New York, is shown in a vain attempt to lure "Sybil," a gray squirrel, with a peanut in order that he might continue the church service. Sybil came to church and made the congregation gasp by staging a non-stop race about the church. A police emergency squad and the A.S.P.C.A. finally rounded up the nut-collector. Sybil was taken to the Association's headquarters, to be examined for rabies, but the excitement of the morning had been too much and she died during the afternoon.

**The Cancer Crusade**

Fighting the Great Scourge with Knowledge—A Campaign to Win: Out Ignorance, Fear and Neglect.  
 —By—  
 J. W. S. McCullough, M.D., D.P.H.

**WHERE CANCER CASES ARE FEW**  
 Doctor Angel de La Garza Brito, the Chief Health Officer of Mexico, visiting Canada last Autumn, asserted that there is little cancer in the Republic of Mexico. Asked for the reason of this immunity from a disease which attacks about one in ten of the population of this country, the Doctor replied, "There is little cancer in Mexico because the vast majority of our population do not live long enough to have cancer." Cancer is a disease of 35 years and after Ninety per cent. of cancers occur in persons after this age. Doctor Brito went on to say, "The average expectation of life in Mexico is 37 years. People die before cancer appears among them."

In this country the expectation of life is about 59½ years for male babies and no less than 61½ years for females. There has been an increase in this expectation during the present century. It will continue to increase as long as public health measures continue to save the babies. There is still considerable opportunity in Canada to lower the infant mortality rate. In 1921 this rate was 84. In 1925 it was 60, a reduction of almost 30%.

In this respect we are still far behind such countries as New Zealand and South Australia, where rates (deaths per 1000 live births) as low as 32.1 and 23 respectively, are recorded.

Writers who have inadequately studied the question are accustomed to say that cancer is uncommon among the primitive races. If they were to say that primitive races do not live long enough to have cancer or that cancer goes unrecognized among these and the semi-primitive, they would be nearer the truth. The aboriginals rarely consult a doctor. Their women especially, are shy of any but the "medicine man". It is only the direct necessity that will drive an Indian woman to a white physician. In consequence, their cancers, if they are old enough to have malignant disease, go unrecognized. There seems to be no good reason for the assertion, so often heard, that primitive people are less liable to malignancy than the so-called civilized.

One thing appears certain namely, that there is more cancer among nations where the average age of the population is high. Europe, for this reason, has more cancer than North America. Cancer is commoner, for the same reason, in the older provinces of Canada, to wit, the Maritimes, Quebec, Ontario and British Columbia, than in the prairie provinces.

**HOW TO AVOID COLDS**

With January, the month of thaws and colds, well under way, it is timely to reproduce a list of ten rules which a well-known medical authority offers to help men, women and children avoid the common cold.

1. Get plenty of sleep, fresh air and sunshine.
2. Eat all the nourishing food you need, but avoid overeating.
3. Dress sensibly and with regard to the climate.
4. If you get wet, change to dry clothing as soon as possible.
5. Breathe through your nose, not your mouth.
6. Cleanliness is next to godliness. Bathe daily.
7. Avoid constipation.
8. Get outdoor exercise every day. Long walks are excellent.
9. Avoid sudden changes of temperature.
10. Keep away from people who have colds.

**GEM HIDDEN IN THROAT**

After carrying a diamond worth \$3,500 in his throat for two years, a Goanese native was arrested at Bombay, India, while trying to dispose of it. The gem was stolen from the Calcutta shop of Cooke and Kelsey, jewelers, and the native was captured and searched, but no diamond could be found. A shop assistant said the man had swallowed the gem, so the thief was sentenced to two years in prison. After serving his sentence, he went to Bombay to sell the diamond. It was then learned he had a pouch at the back of his throat in which he concealed stolen gems.

**TRUE ENOUGH!**  
 The busybodies who are always wanting to tax something which hasn't been taxed before (and, of course, something which they have not got) are now suggesting a tax on perambulators.  
 If anything more is heard of this, all the babies of Canada will be up in arms!

**WHERE THEY ARE PROCURED**  
 "There are more heartaches wrapped up in a carelessly handled 22 than in most other forms of youthful indulgence," says a bulletin of the Ontario Department of Game and Fisheries. The

warning was suggested by a recent sale of confiscated guns, at which it was found that "almost 70 per cent." were this type of rifle. Examination of the rifles offered at the sale in question showed that "from their general appearance many of them had been used by boys, and it is safe to assume that these lads, besides being unacquainted with the game laws, or careless as to their observance, knew little of the real power of a modern 22." — Edmonton Journal.

"Too much dancing is likely to affect the heart," says a doctor.  
 And so is too much sitting out.

**The Free Press Says:**



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