

**AN OLD IDEA IN NEW CLOTHES**

In the shade of the old apple tree, where the snow and the rain blows no more,  
The blower and mower  
And implements there that you see,  
For the rust and the rot, you'll agree,  
Are worse than hard usage would be,  
And the paint that they wore  
Is a shade, nothing more,  
Just the shade of the old apple tree.

**TWENTY YEARS AGO**

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, January 31st, 1918

Motor cars are completely out of commission these days. The snow banks have effectively subdued them.

Dr. A. D. Lake, formerly of Acton, passed away in the Western Hospital, Toronto, early in the month, and was buried in Galt.

The mercury dipped down to ten or fifteen below zero on Sunday. This was the eighth extremely cold Sunday in succession.

A letter from Mr. J. J. Pearson, Portage La Prairie, Man., says the mercury was 38 below-zero when he wrote.

The first spring robin arrived in town yesterday morning. A number of citizens saw this venturesome feathered songster.

Lieut.-Col. John McRae, of Quelph, author of "In Flanders Fields," died suddenly at Boulogne, of pneumonia.

Mr. J. B. Mackenzie was granted permission by the Council to erect weigh scales on his property in order to open a coal business in Acton.

The most disastrous fire in the history of Quelph occurred on Sunday morning, when the splendid store of G. B. Ryan & Co. was destroyed. The whole of this big store, with its immense stock of valuable merchandise, was wiped out, except the men's department.

Rev. Dr. Blair, of Quelph, delivered eloquent sermons to large congregations in Knox Church last Sunday, on the anniversary occasion.

**DIED**

**NELSON**—At the family residence, Lakeside, Farm, Acton, on Thursday, January 24th, 1918, John C. Nelson, in his 62nd year.

**McISAAC**—At his home, at Ancaster, on Saturday, January 26th, 1918, Isaac McIsaac, son of John McIsaac, of Acton, aged 55 years.

**CANADIAN FUR PRODUCTION VALUE UP**

Canada continues to be an important producer of furs, the total value of pelts taken by trappers and those sold from fur farms during the twelve-month period ended June 30th, 1936, amounting to \$15,484,823. This represents a gain of \$2,621,542 over the preceding season, and marks the fifth consecutive year that the Canadian production of raw furs registered a gain in value.

The total number of pelts of all kinds produced during the 1935-36 season was 4,506,713, a reduction of 329,700 when compared with the preceding season, due chiefly to the smaller numbers of muskrat and squirrel pelts. The principal fur produced was silver fox, pelts of which numbered 185,250 with a value of \$6,108,194, or approximately 40 per cent of the total production value. Practically all of the silver fox came from fur farms. Muskrat skins valued at \$2,148,606 held second place in order of value but led in numbers with a production of 1,830,231 pelts. Mink was in third place in value with 164,279 pelts worth \$1,701,877. Mink farming has advanced rapidly in recent years and the fur now supply about 20 per cent of the total production of mink pelts. Only 244 domestic cat pelts are reported taken for the season.

Since the early days great changes in the fur trade have been brought about by the advantage of settlement and modern means of transportation. Many of the fur-bearing animals have been driven farther afield but with the increasing use of the aeroplane in bringing out furs from the less accessible districts and the institution of fur auctions at Montreal, Winnipeg, Edmonton and Vancouver, the Canadian fur catch reaches the export markets more rapidly than in former days. The widespread search for furs has been followed by regulation more carefully the wild-life resources of the country so that the supply may be perpetuated. While the annual production of furs in Canada under modern conditions has increased rather than diminished, some of the chief furs of the early days, notably the beaver, have not only declined in relative importance, but the average annual production is smaller.

**ARROWS FROM DIFFERENT BOWS**

The peoples of democratic nations should realize that without co-operation based on a mutual respect and understanding of individual viewpoints and problems, democracy is in grave danger of being crushed beneath the marching feet of dictatorial powers.—The Labor Leader.

A man may be so totally lost to hope that he will refuse to believe he can ever do or be anything, but few ever get so far down that they can't imagine a woman might be in love with them.—H. L. Davis.

A little experience often upsets a lot of theory.

The world doesn't like a man who sulks in his tent, neither does it approve of the one who sulks in public. The popular way is not to sulk.

**THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOTH TOWER**



**FRIENDSHIP**

It is a sweet thing, friendship, a dear thing,  
A happy and auspicious bird of calm,  
Which rides o'er life's ever-gumming ocean;  
A god that brooks o'er chaos in commotion.  
A flower which, fresh as Lapland's rose,  
Lifts its bold head into the world's pure air,  
And blooms most radiantly when others die—  
Health, hope and youth, and brief providence,  
And with the light and odor of its bloom  
Shine within the dungeon and the tomb.  
Whose coming is as light and music are,  
"Mid' dissonance and blism—a star  
Which moves not mid' the moving heavens alone—  
A smile among dark frowns—a gentle tone  
Among rude voices, a beloved light,  
A solitude, a refuge, a delight.  
—Shelley.

And now that I've wandered clear out of town with my recollections, it's been hinted that it was high time I was back again or I'll be landing up at Speyside. So I'll take the hint and get back to Acton.

Queen Street, from Main to Young, was blocked up over ninety-five years ago, when the first tannery was built, near its intersection with Willow. The creek ran through the valley there and there never was a bridge. Now, Hill Hall, the residence of Mrs. Peter Smith, with the spacious lawns and gardens, cover the first part adjoining Main Street. East of this the tannery of the Beardmore Company, and the C. N. R. tannery sitings and switches cover Queen Street allowance all the way to the C.N.R. tracks beyond Quelp Street. Until fifty years ago all the hemlock bark, hides, tanning products, machinery, etc., was teamed into the tannery by way of Main Street. About that time a bridge was built at the foot of Willow Street, from near Agnes Street, across the gully to the tannery elevation. This not only saved the heavy haul up or down Main Street but saved a block or two of haulage. This with a four or five-cord load of green hemlock bark into the tannery property or, a two or three-ton load of leather from there to the station made considerable of a saving.

The first tannery on the site of the present works, where the office is now located, was built by Storey, Moore & Co.—W. H. Storey, Edward Moore and James Moore—for pulling wool and tanning sheep skins into good leather. This

continued for some years. A cordovan leather business followed, in which horse hides were tanned into a superior grade of shoe leather, with the late William Smith as manager. Finally Messrs. Beardmore & Co. purchased the property and established a branch of their tanning business, under the manufacturing name of The Acton Tanning Company, which turned out a lot of harness and belting leather for years. But now the plant is consolidated under the one heading of Beardmore & Co.

The property occupied by this tannery was previously the pasture fields of John Eychart and William Masales, with gates to each opening out on Queen Street. The next property to this eastward was the Burns farm. In those early days David Ryder was the tenant. For thirty years he worked this place, and he worked hard and raised a large family. Dave did pretty well on this place, though it was rather rolling. On the rear part along the G.T.R., there were many acres of wild raspberry patches. Pickers came there from village and country. Dave Ryder had a rather ferocious bull, which he was always careful to have chained up, or corralled in some safe place where he would injure no one. It was the selfish plan of some of the berry-pickers, if they desired to have the berry patch pretty much to themselves, to set up the cry: "Here comes Ryder's bull; he'll kill you if he catches you." Needless to relate, there was scattering of the more timorous berry-pickers, out of the patch, over the fence to the railway tracks. The ruse some how always worked, and scores of berry-pickers were day after day defrauded of the opportunity to pick the luscious red and black raspberries, or thimble berries, while the wily, but deceitful few filled their pails without difficulty. Needless to say, Ryder's bull never molested a berry-picker. I never heard of it ever being really seen in the berry patch.

Well, when Dave Ryder got tired paying rent to the Burns estate, he decided to own a farm for himself and bought one in Erin and later one near Quelp. Mr. Ryder was succeeded by Robert Kannawin, a citizen of standing, whom everyone who knew him was proud to be called his friend. He did well here and raised a fine family. John V. the eldest, became a druggist and did a good business in the stand where A. T. Brown now conducts the business. He became ill and with the hope of recovery he and Mrs. Kannawin removed to Auba, California. But there he died a few years later. Mrs. Kannawin resides in Los Angeles, Cal.

Another son was Rev. William M. Kannawin, B.A., B.D., who became prominent in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, and occupied many high positions. Another brother, Alexander, resides in Acton now, on Arthur Street, coming here from Georgetown a number of years ago. Like Mr. Ryder, Mr. Kannawin got tired paying rent and bought

a farm at Shelburne. Here both he and Mrs. Kannawin passed away after spending long, useful and respected lives.

Finally the Beardmores bought this old Burns farm. The old farm house had numerous tenants after this. The last of them, all was Tommy O'Brien, who came to Canada before his family and "kept batch" in the old house. One Sunday morning, about thirty-five years ago, Mr. O'Brien was doing a little washing for himself. The stove pipes got overheated, the floor above was ignited, and when the folks in town were just going home from church the old house was going up in smoke rapidly. It was a sad experience for the esteemed citizen from the Emerald Isle. This fire robbed him of his new Canadian home, his furniture, his clothing and his hard-earned savings, which he had carefully stowed away in his old-country trunk upstairs.

Across from this farm there was for many years an unpretentious cottage, owned by the G.T.R., and occupied by the baggage-man employed at the station. Here for many years Patrick and Mrs. Kelly hid their home and raised a large and interesting family of nine or ten children, many of whom have made their mark in the world. I can recall Donnie, and Patrick and Oscar.

When Patrick built himself the house on Quelp Street, now owned by John Williamson, and moved thereto, Samuel Laird, who had resigned from the Irish constabulary, and moved to Canada, took up his residence in this cottage, vacated by Mr. Kelly and family. They also were blessed with a large family, pretty well scattered now, but a credit to their parentage. The only member of this family now residing in Acton is Mrs. R. M. McDonald. Mrs. Laird resides in Redwood Falls, Minn., and William is in Walkerville, but I've sort of lost track of the other members of the family just now.

Well, the old-G.T.R. cottage finally outlived its usefulness. Mr. Laird built a home for himself and family on Young Street, and there he "slept the sleep of the just." The old freight shed, which was supplanted by a new and modern structure, was moved to the site of the old cottage. A year or so afterward it was burned down. The fire was an incendiary one, and it is alleged that an obstreperous boy then living here set it on fire "just to see it burn."

More about the old folks later.

*The Old Man*  
**SUCH CARELESSNESS**  
Farmer Now then, George, where did you get that red lamp from?  
George Found it. Some silly fool left it on a heap of stones in the road.

**The Cancer Crusade**

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

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

**CANCER OF THE STOMACH**

Cancer never develops in a healthy stomach. In 70% of cases showing a low degree of hydrochloric acid the cancer results from degeneration of chronically inflamed stomach lining. In the remaining 30% of cases with a normal or high acidity the cancer comes from a simple ulcer of the stomach. Both the chronic gastritis and the ulcer are the result of chronic irritation, a potent predisposing cause of cancer everywhere in the body.

What are the irritants which give rise to cancer of the stomach? These are food insufficiently broken up and softened, owing to its coarse character, to hurried meals, or to insufficient teeth; alcohol and tobacco, highly seasoned food, drugs, and saliva swallowed by patients with septic conditions of the mouth; finally very hot and very cold food and drinks.

The total of cases of cancer is approximately the same in both sexes, in the rich and the very poor, and in all nations. If we exclude cancer of the breast and uterus, the relative incidence in different organs is the same in men as in women. It is also the same in the rich and the poor of different nations with one supremely important exception—the stomach being involved three times as often in the poor as in the well-to-do. It is a curious fact that the stomach has 22% of total cancer in men in Great Britain as compared with 42% in America; 55% in Holland, Bavaria and Spain and 65% in Czechoslovakia.

Why, for example, is 22% of cancer in Great Britain stomach cancer, while in Holland, across the narrow water, 55% of all cancer is cancer of the stomach? Cancer in the aggregate is the same in the two countries. The reason for the difference is believed to reside in dental and dietetic conditions. Five hundred out-patients at Guy's Hospital, London, and an equal number at a hospital in Amsterdam were compared. Fifty-eight per cent of the Dutch ate too quickly and chewed insufficiently as compared with 11% of the English; gross mouth sepsis was present in 42% of the Dutch and 28% of the English; spiced foods were eaten in excess by 48% of the Dutch and 19% of the English, the consumption of spirits is much higher in Holland than in England, 43% of the Dutch were accustomed to swallow their food and drink at a temperature over 60 degrees F. compared with only 22% of English. Lastly, 62% of the Dutch but only 13% of the English smoked more than 4 cunes

of tobacco, whether cigars, cigarettes, or pipe, a week, and 18% of the Dutch, but none of the English chewed tobacco. It is reasonable to conclude that there is some causative relation between the presence of gastric irritants and cancer of the stomach. The foregoing is a rational explanation of the higher incidence of stomach cancer in Holland. Then again, insufficient teeth, the absence of proper artificial teeth, septic mouths, coarse food, and stronger tobacco, may explain why the poor have more cancer of the stomach than the rich.

**A VERY LONG TIME**

Illness kept Tommy away from school and he got behind in the history class. When he returned this teacher said: "You have a lot of work to make up now, Tommy. How long are you been absent?"  
Tommy—"Since the French Revolution, sir."

**CAN'T BE DONE**

London magistrate (to Scot who has been out "painting the town red")—"Seven days' imprisonment."  
The Scot: "Ye cannae do that; I'm only up here on an excursion ticket."

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**Indians Visit "White Father" in Trek for Rain**



Drags Wolf, Left, and English Bear, aged members of the ancient Water-Buster clan of North Dakota's Gros Ventre Indians, are shown being greeted by "The Great White Father" President Roosevelt, whom they visited at Washington, as they neared the end of their journey which they hope will bring a merciful rain to end the long drought in their parched country. Speaking only their tribal tongue they were accompanied by Arthur Mandau, interpreter and chairman of the Indian Tribal Council, who is shown introducing them to the President. The Indians are on their way to the Heye Foundation of the Museum of the American Indian, where George G. Heye will return to them a sacred bundle, a medicine they believe will make their lands fertile again. Since the loss of the sacred bundle, in 1907, their country is slowly turning into desert, due to lack of rain.

**MUGGS AND SKEETER**



By WALLY BISHOP