

**FISHING**

Fish can be bought in the market place  
But I don't like the fish I see there;  
I want to get free from the care-drawn  
face  
And back to an honest laughter,  
I want to get out where the woods are clear  
And rest by the river brink,  
I want to get out where the woods are  
clear  
I want a few hours to think.

Oh! I can't be the fish I go to get  
But there's joy in the sparkling line  
And a splendid thrill when my hook is  
set  
And a speckled trout is mine;  
But my soul seems cramped in the stilly  
air  
That is heavy with talk of gain,  
And I want to get where the world is  
fair  
And there isn't so much of pain.

Oh, fish can be bought in the market  
place  
But there's joy in the running stream,  
And I want to get free from the care-  
drawn face  
And the city of dreadful dreams;  
And I want to get out, just my soul and  
I  
On some sun-kissed river shore  
And be as a few mad hours rush by,  
The man that I am, once more.

**TWENTY YEARS AGO**

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, May 2nd, 1912

At the annual meeting of the Farmers' Club the officers were elected for the year: President, Robt. Kerr; First Vice-President, R. N. Brown; Second Vice-President, Blake Vannatter; Secretary, W. L. Mullin; Executive, Duncan McDougall, John McGregor, Thomas Kennedy, Bert McKeown, and O. M. Bewick. The Club handled about \$10,000 worth of flour, feed, seeds, sugar, binder twine, etc., during the year.

Rev. R. S. E. Large, B.A., B.D., who has been the pastor of the Methodist Church for the past year, has been invited to Toronto.

The Brampton Minstrels drew a packed hall at the concert in aid of the Junior Red Cross last Thursday night. It was a rare musical treat and a minstrel show of real worth. James Aigie's superb orchestra is all that is claimed for it.

The fire fiend with relentless destruction wiped out the plant of the Georgetown Herald Thursday morning and gutted the Herald building. Presses, machinery, type, printing stock and material were either destroyed or dumped into a heterogeneous mass through the flooring to the lower level below. Arrangements were quickly made for the regular issue to be published. The Free Press placed its linotype and presses at the disposal of the Herald and a creditable paper was sent to all subscribers. Temporary quarters have been secured.

**MARRIED**

ALLAN-SPEAR—Athe Methodist Parsonage, Erin, by the Rev. J. Melvin Smith, on Wednesday, April 17th, 1912, Mr. W. C. Allan, to Miss Winnifred Spear, of Ballinacree.

**DIED**

PEDDIE—In Esqueing on Sunday, April 21st, 1912, James Peddie, in his 50th year.  
MATTHESON—In Erin Township, on Wednesday, April 24th, 1912, John S. Mattheson, in his 74th year.

**SLAT'S DIARY**  
OLIVER N. WARREN

Sunday: The I must enstai that Jake is mlety dum he sum times has a rite idee. I of them was this a. m. at 8. S. He had a dime to give to the hothens but diddent. He sed he thot it best to buy a ice cream andy & let the drugest give the dime to the hothens.

Monday: Ma red in the noospaper out loud where it sed a man married 9 wifes & finely becum ensane Pa popped off & sed how could a crasey man becum ensane. I supose they was a joak about it sum wheres but it diddent seam to tickle Ma none.

Tuesday: Pa rote up & put in yester-day p.m.s want ads a ad about a anteeck bed room sute that are neerly new. The editur got mad when he red same & sed he are stricky vs. such boneheads. So are litle family are wandering what were rong with it. We no theys a erer sum wheres the.

Wednesday: So many of the damns in are citty smoke siggrets that I bloeve the one who dont smoke attract the most atenshen. So I wander if that is why they dont smoke for I no Jane & Ely dearly love to be notlased by us boys. Me a spehelly.

Thursday: I win a prize in school today. The teacher ast what are the sum of 9 times My anser were sixty-2 I win the prize becve I cum closter than eney other scholer in are class.

Friday: I am axared that Jane is a going to turn me vs. somehood altogeter. When I missed a word in the class she guggled & latt like she was glad of it. I am about redy to throw her over. But these mney cute tho & I love her. Very trooly & deerly.

Saturday: This otto be a day of rest for school kids but with me that isent the stichcasehen. My mother leads the world thinking up things for a kid to do on Saturday. And among game they do-ent no base ball and roller skating and fishing and etc. I am attomed to declare independents and war and etc. Also in the words of Napoleon to tell the world to gimme liberty and deht and etc.

**MAKING IT PLAIN**

The following incident illustrates one of the difficulties an operator has to overcome in answering calls.  
An Englishman speaks over the telephone: "Yes, this is Mr. Arrison. What you can't hear? This is Mr. Arrison—hatch, hay, two bars, a hi, a hee, a ho, and a hen—Arrison."

**THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOU TOWER**



**YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE A GARDEN IF YOU WANT TO HAVE A HOME**

I sympathize with city folks who live in little flats. They haven't homes, but merely spots to hang their coats and hats. To sleep, perhaps to eat, to get their letters and their bills. But all the garden space they have is on their window sills.

Among the dangers of the street, with trucks and honking horns, their children play, instead of having broad and grassy lawns. Where trees and shrubs and flowering plants leap from living loam. A house without a garden is a house but not a home.

The place may be a palace with a flat on every floor. But it will be a parking space, just that and nothing more. Despite its marble corridors and gleaming copper doors.

For you've got to have a garden if you want to have a home.

—Charles Henry Mackintosh.

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

Getting along on Young Street. Where the street allowance used to be, between the white frame and brick cottages, was sold a few years ago by the Municipality to Jack Mackenzie (J. B. to you young fellows). Here this local builder erected a neat stone bungalow. It has had several tenants, but just now Mr. and Mrs. A. Ritchie have their very comfortable home here.

Next is the brick cottage owned by Mr. Harry Gibbons. I can't for the life of me remember who built this cosy home. But I know that Harry bought it a good many years ago, when his family was young, so as to have a comfortable place to reside when he left the farm. And that is just exactly what he did. He and Mrs. Gibbons came to this cottage and spent happy years together until Mrs. Gibbons passed on. And now Harry lives in this house by the side of the road and watches the cars go by. And occasionally he gets down town and out for a drive with a member of the family. Come to think of it, I haven't seen him this while back, but surely with the bright sunshine he'll soon be down town again.

The substantial two-storey house next to this is occupied by a new family, just now from Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Russell. I am told. It is owned by Mrs. John Russell and has just recently been modernized and greatly improved. It has quite a unique history. That building housed the first water tank set up by the G.T.R. in Acton. It stood near the Mill Street crossing, and the tank was built inside. In those early days, between fifty and sixty years ago, it was thought a water tank standing out of doors in our northerly climate would freeze. To avoid freezing the tank was set up in this house and two big wood stoves were kept going all winter in the house, below the tank. Up to this time the water supply for the engines had been taken on at a tank at Crewsons Corners, which was filled from the little stream about the crossing there, by means of a steam pump operated by Mr. John Egbert. Mr. and Mrs. Egbert and family lived in a little house near the tank house.

In the course of time it was found that the stoves did more harm to this new tank than good, and the tank had to be replaced. This time it was located nearer the station, at the south end of the big woodshed—for all engines were fired with cordwood in those days. The old tank house stood there unused for some years. Sam Laird, who was always something of a speculator, finally bought it from the railway company and moved it to the place where it now stands. He repaired and improved it and it has made a comfortable home for quite a number of people for years.

The corner lots at Mill Street were held by Pat Kelly for many years. When Pat built the brick house where John Williamson now lives he got the house-building fever, and intended to build a fine brick house there. But several members of the family had settled in Buffalo, and when Pat retired from the service of the G.T.R. he went to Buffalo with the remainder of the family. The late John Hill owned the property for years. When he disposed of his coal business to Andy

McCann, the property was made the headquarters for this thriving business. Then Mr. McCann sold to Messrs. Ritchie and Agar. They added to the business a gasoline service station and have kept improving the property ever since acquiring it.

Until this year the Georgetown Lumber Co. had their Acton yards on this lot, but they have removed them to the property they owned on Main Street. In keeping with the modern trend, there's a refreshment booth on this busy corner now, and it's quite a bright spot.

Perhaps the end of the west side of the street would be a good place to stop this week, although I know I still have some space in my allotment.

*The Old Man*  
**TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS OPEN AT HOME MAY 25th**  
Dan Howley has Well Balanced Club for International League Campaign

Bill Urbanaki, whose professional baseball career stretching over the past 10 years has been confined to two Leagues, the International and the National, was going with a number of baseball writers in a Jersey City hotel recently when one of the scribes asked him what he thought of the Toronto Maple Leafs.

Bill is not only a native of New Jersey, but he is the new shortstop of the Toronto team, and the five years he spent in the International League before the Boston Braves purchased him from Montreal in 1931, should qualify him to give something of an expert opinion on the calibre of the Shaughnessy circuit clubs.

"I like 'em," replied Bill. "I've seen a lot of ball clubs in my time and you can take it from me that Dan Howley has a good team this year. And I'm not saying that just because I'm on it. It is true that we didn't win many ball games in the South during the Spring training series, but never judge a team on what it does in those exhibition games. Even the Yankees were getting knocked off in the South this Spring. Howley was doing some experimenting with his young pitchers and we were more concerned about getting into condition than in winning games that don't count. Wait until things get going in the International. When the boys start playing for keeps that's the time you get a real line on a team."

This is quite a long speech for Urbanaki. The Perth Amboy resident takes his baseball seriously and he is noted for being one of the best hustling ball players in the game. He is the spark plug of the Leafs and is showing the same form that made him such a stand-out in the International League when Boston bought him.

The Leafs will open their home season on May 31st, after a trip around the southern end of the circuit. They may not start off as sensationally as last year's team, which won its first seven games, but it is guaranteed not to fade in July and August, when the going is toughest.

**Claim Grey Owl Started Career as Englishman**



Following the sudden death of Grey Owl, world-famous Canadian wild life conservator and lecturer details of his strange career have come to light indicating that the man who became world-famous as an Indian, may actually have been a white man. Mrs. Angèle Beland, oval Quebec, Indian woman living at Timagami, Ont. declares that in 1908 she married the man now known as Grey Owl on Bear Island. Last Tim again when he was known as Archie Beland, a young English adventurer with a yen for the woods and the life of a guide and trapper. Grey Owl is shown left in a recent picture feeding one of the little bears which he loved and which became his friends near the cabin on Lake Ajawari near Prince Albert, Sask.

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By WALLY BISHOP