

SWALLOWS

These are the aeroplanes of God. The swift patrols of spring. That dart among the realms untrod On debt and daring wings.

Twenty Years Ago

From the issue of the Free Press, of Thursday, August 22nd, 1918

The Tenth Royal Grenadiers' Band, of Toronto, has been engaged for the Acton Fall Fair.

The young ladies of the Intermediate Red Cross Society had a delightful picnic at "the Breezes" on Saturday.

The influence of the Acton Horticultural Society on Acton is apparent in all parts of town. More flowers, better lawns, well kept gardens, make the town more attractive than ever before.

The barns of Mr. John R. Thompson, 8th line, Esplanade, were struck by lightning and totally destroyed along with the season's crop.

DIED

LESLIE—At Orton, on Tuesday, 20th August 1918, Aminda Stafford, wife of George Leslie, First Line, Erin, in her 77th year.

McKEOWN—At the home of her son, Mr. Albert McKeown, Lot 6, Concession 3, Erin, on Thursday, August 15, 1918, Mary Ann Ching, widow of the late David McKeown, in her 74th year.

BLANCH—At the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto, on Tuesday, August 13, 1918, Dorothy, Emily Mary, beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Blanch, Willow Street, Acton, in her 10th year.

The Cancer Crusade

By J. W. S. McCullough, M.D., D.P.H., Secretary, Cancer Committee

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

EXPERIMENTAL CANCER

Cancerous growths occur spontaneously in domestic animals and are sometimes found in wild animals. Perhaps cancer would be found in animals, both domestic and wild, if they lived longer.

It is comparatively easy to inoculate cancer from one animal to another of the same species by placing a small bit of the growth under the skin. Transfer of cancer from one species of animal to one of another species has not been successful.

Cancer is transferred from an animal of one species to an animal of the same species, not because of the existence of a germ, but by means of its own cells.

There is no truth in the existence of "cancer houses," "villages" or "strands." Rats may develop cancer in the stomach in consequence of eating roaches infested with a round worm.

The discovery of insulin and of the liver treatment of pernicious anaemia are events of but a few years ago. It is only recently that it was learned that Curatone will cure the deadly spasms of advanced tetanus, and still more recently that Russell's viper venom will stop the surface hemorrhage of a "bleeder."

DUTCH IMMIGRANTS DO BETTER IN GROUPS, AUTHORESS STATES

After seeking human interest stories in the agricultural sectors of Western Canada and more recently in the Thunder Bay area of Northern Ontario, Mrs. B. Abernethy recently passed through Winnipeg on her way to her home near Deshaun, Manitoba. Travelling over the Canadian National lines, the well-known authoress, who is particularly noted for her writings on the vicissitudes of Dutch settlers in Canada, is completing an extensive tour of British Columbia and the Prairie Provinces.

Speaking from her own experience since coming to Canada from Holland, Mrs. Abernethy said that Dutch settlers would do best if they settled in groups. As an illustration she pointed to the success of the settlement at Lacombe, Alberta. It was her opinion, too, that more time should be given the immigrant to look around; the regulations governing his movements, ruling that land must be taken up within six weeks, did not, she thought, offer opportunity for a wise selection.

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER



IT SHALL ENDURE

If we would truly serve we rich shall be: Par richer than the ones who strive for gold— For in true service is the magic key To sweet contentment when our lives grow old

And when we die, if we have left behind A record of some goodly deeds well done, 'Twill be an inspiration to our kind To emulate the course that we have run.

Life ends: A mere transition it may be Or interlude to give the spirit rest Before its journey through eternity. Infinite though its passage and its quest.

If we but knew and clearly understood Life's mystery—too great for human mind— Would there be naught of evil, only good? Or would we still seek on and never find?

We do not know, Faith therefor plays a part— The faith by which our fathers died and died If we have live enshrined within the heart, It shall endure, its spirit glorified.

Continuing my recollections of Bower Avenue, I now come to the property next to the Edward Moore lot, at the corner of Wilbur Street, where three modern houses, occupied by B. G. Arnold, R. L. Johnston and Dr. W. G. Cullen, now stand. These houses were erected by Stephen Cordier, about 15 years ago.

This street was named after one of the Adams boys. Wilbur Adams was quite a prominent citizen in his day, eighty years ago. He taught school for a time in the old school house.

Well, this lot and one on Mill Street comprised the home of the Ruddells in the early days. I cannot remember Mr. Ruddell at all, but Mrs. Ruddell and Sam are as vivid to my memory to-day as they were over fifty years ago.

When John Lawson, that fine old farmer on the fourth line, thought it about time to retire, he bought this property. The old Ruddell house was torn down and the present commodious brick house, that faces on Mill Street, was erected. Then when the time came to leave the farm, John and Mrs. Lawson moved to the new house. The back lot, where the three newer houses stand, made a fine garden and Mr. Lawson always had good crops there. At a good old age Mr. Lawson passed from this life and was laid away to sleep the sleep of the just. Then John, the son better known as the Doctor who practiced as a veterinary surgeon here for many years,

PICOBAC PIPE TOBACCO FOR A MILD COOL SMOKE

settled there with his bride. In the winter of 1927 Dr. John Lawson passed away there, and a few years ago Mrs. Lawson died in Orangeville. The family of three children are now residing in Toronto.

In the rear of the lot—the Bower Avenue front—there were a number of pear trees, one of which still stands on the lot owned by Mr. Arnold. These were a great temptation to the boys, from about the first of September until the fruit was picked. Few of the lads were venturesome enough to try to "hook" any of the pears, and thereon hangs a tale; Dr. Lawson was Chief Constable as well as a veterinary expert, and this was one of the places where the majesty of the law had a wholesome influence.

I forgot to say when writing about Mr. Lawson, Sr., that he was quite a gentleman. He had a great liking for making walking sticks, and had the knack of getting a fancy crook for the handle. These carves were smoothed and polished and then varnished, and were in demand. If Mr. Lawson took a liking to a man, the presentation of a fancy and substantial walking stick invariably gave evidence.

The late Rev. H. A. Macpherson was one of these fortunate friends. He carried the cane presented by Mr. Lawson until he was called to his reward, when the minister of Chalmers' Church, Toronto.

Across Wilbur Street were the four lots bought by Thomas C. Moore, away back nearly eighty-five years ago. They reached through from Wilbur to Frederick Street. The two lots facing Wilbur Street were eventually sold. The south easterly one was bought by George Wilson, who was then section foreman of the G.T.R. here.

Mr. Wilson built the house which is now owned by Miss Elizabeth Moore and Mr. John Wood. Mr. Wilson had not been long in Acton when the G.T.R. authorities discovered in him a man of unusual ability as a railway man. He was promoted to the position of roadmaster of the Hamilton and Northwestern Division. In this more responsible position Mr. Wilson proved a success. His tragic death was a great blow to his family and to the community.

With a gang of men he was testing out a new rotary snow plow, between Barrie and a northern point, one winter. The plow went into a big drift and fouled in some way, and Mr. Wilson and several workmen were instantly killed in the wreck. Mrs. Wilson never recovered from the shock and did not long survive her husband.

It was a compliment to the railroad ability of the family that Timothy Wilson, who worked here under his brother, George, on the section, was promoted to succeed George as roadmaster over the territory he had superintended. Timothy also made good in this responsible position.

The lot on the corner was the site of Thomas Moore's barn. Between fifty and sixty years ago this was purchased by the Stafford family and the barn was converted into a very comfortable house.

Newton Hurst was the next owner of this property. Newton was an expert carpenter at the tanneries and took a live interest in the Fire Brigade. During one of our fires he received injuries which landed him in St. Joseph's Hospital, (church) After a long illness there, death came to him, and Mrs. Hurst and their small family were left alone. The family is now grown up. Mrs. Hurst and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hurst still reside in the home.

With the building up of Acton, Mr. John McClure purchased the lot right on the corner, about ten years ago, and erected a fine home for himself and his sister, Miss Jessie McClure. They both reside there and enjoy life in the home town.

On the other side of the Avenue the triangular lot next the G.T.R. tracks was purchased by Billy Thompson when Thomas Moore put this subdivision of the Adams' farm upon the market. Billy will be remembered as an industrious railway employee with a home containing so many children that he and his wife could hardly find names for them all. Billy built a little house which was a home for himself and family and there they lived happily together.

James McIntosh bought this property when it came to Acton from Stewart, Ont. He improved it and had a very comfortable home there for a good many years. He moved from this house to "The Maples," where he now resides, when H. P. Moore went over to "Moorcroft," his new home forty years ago.

When John R. Watson became pump man at the G.T.R. pumping plant, he came into possession of this house, moved it to the easterly limit of the lot. In a year or two there was a smashup on the G.T.R. tracks and a caboose was badly wrecked. Jack bought the wrecked car, and, with the excellent lumber it contained, built an addition to his cottage. Jack

was a busy man, sweat freely when he was shovelling the soft coal used in firing for the pumps, and was often seen with an extremely black face. Some was referred to him as "Dirty-faced Watson." The name stuck, Jack, good-naturedly, made no kick at the honestly-earned cognomen. It is years since he left the employ of "The Grand Trunk," but the opprobrious name still sticks.

With an enterprise which has characterized his residence in other parts of the town, Watson built a second house on the adjoining property, a two-story one this time, and much more commodious than the other. This was in due course sold to Arthur Fitchman, an Englishman, who has since removed to Toronto. The present owner, I think, is Lewis Starkman. At any rate, Andrew Buchanan and his family are the present occupants.

Previous to this, there was another small cottage on this lot, but my old memory doesn't function very well this afternoon respecting it. I do remember that Bob Morrow and his wife, Jennie, lived there a good many years ago. One summer day Bob had an accident at the tannery. He lay on a couch at the door while Dr. was dressing his injuries, and his wife was looking on. Bob saw her and said: "Oh, my Jennie, this is hard on you."

The three brick cottages are comparatively new, having been erected by a Toronto builder. They are occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Herb Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Gibbons and Mr. and Mrs. Ryan and family.

The adjoining property, where Mr. and Mrs. E. Harrop reside, was bought by the late Josiah Adams from Thomas Moore and Mr. John Wood. Mr. Adams built the home there sixty years ago. After a few years there he disposed of the property, and since that time it has been the home of a number of families. The Hon. David Henderson and his family made their home here before purchasing the Adams homestead, where ex-Warden Mason's fine residence stands. This was also the home of Mrs. Graham, Mrs. James McIntosh's mother, Miss Martha and Elizabeth Graham lived there with their mother. It was here that the dear old lady passed her last days and finally fell asleep.

Joseph Lasby bought this property when he left the farm and came to town to live. This was not the first time Joe had his residence in town. A few years after his marriage he lived for several years in the house on Church Street, next to Moorcroft. From there he went to his farm on the third line. He sold that place to Archy McPherson, who died there. Mr. Lasby spent his last days in the Bower Avenue home. At his death Mrs. Lasby went to live with one of her sons. She died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. B. Swackhamer, at Churchill, four years ago.

Some fifty-five or sixty years ago, Isaac decided to have a home of his own and he bought the lot between Josiah Adams' and the one where Thomas Moore built a brick house for himself. This was Isaac's first home and he and his family were proud of it and very happy in it. But as Isaac prospered and money became plentiful, aspirations for a finer place grew. Finally a lot in the Christie and Henderson survey was purchased, and a fine two-story brick residence erected. This is the house which is the present home of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mason. Isaac and Ida and their two children spent about twenty happy years in this new home. Then the fever to get to the city came and the place was sold to the Methodist Church, and served for a Parsonage for several years. Both Mr. and Mrs. Francis have been laid to rest in Fairview Cemetery, Acton.

Well, this is as far as we'll go up Bower Avenue this week. Perhaps next week I'll give you another consignment.

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"Gone With the Wind"

Are you a "Gone With The Wind" advertiser?

Does your advertising get as far as the front porch, only to be caught by a gust of wind and gone to clutter up your yard or your neighbor's?

This "Gone With The Wind" advertising fails in its purpose to get into the home, to be interesting enough to be read, to be convincing enough to sell the merchandise you offer.

"Gone With The Wind" advertising fails to serve you properly, and costs you too much.

In modern merchandising, time is money, and rapid turnover is good business. "Into the Home" Newspaper Advertising fulfills its purpose, works quickly, costs less because it sells more.

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Acton Free Press

Goes "Into the Home" Newspaper

MUGGS AND SKELER



By WALLY BISHOP