

## A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY

Usually, aimlessly, drifting thru' life,  
What was I born for? For somebody's wife?  
I'm told by my mother, "Well, that being  
true, somebody keeps himself strangely from  
And if naught but marriage will settle my  
fate,  
I believe I shall die in an unquieted state;  
For, though I'm not ugly—pray what  
Is there left?"  
You might easily find a more beautiful  
phiz.  
And then, as for tempers and manners,  
He's plain.  
He's strict; for perfection, will seek  
here in vain.  
Now, in spite of these drawbacks, my  
head is perverse,  
And I do not feel grateful for better  
or worse.  
To take the first booby who graciously  
came  
To offer those treasures, his home and  
his name,  
I think—now, my chances of marriage  
are small.  
But why should I think of such chances  
at all?  
My brothers are, all of them, younger  
than I;  
Yet they thrive in the world, and why  
not let me try?  
I know that in business I'm not an adept,  
Because from such matters must strictly  
I'm kept.  
But—this is the question that troubles  
my mind—  
Why am I not trained up to work of  
such kind?  
Usually, aimlessly drifting thru' life,  
What should I wait to be "Somebody's  
wife?"

THE OLD MAN  
OF THE  
BIG CLOCK TOWER

## THE SCHOOL CHILDREN

Play and posturizing, busy, sweet,  
Thousands of children are in the street.  
Children who loiter and skip and plod,  
Each one dear, in the sight of God.  
Boys on bicycles girls on skates  
Laden with books and bags and statives,  
Trotting, chattering, careless, gay  
Left them, knew for them, plain who  
may.

Take a minute and slow your car!  
Don't just dodge them, little head  
Don't just see where there's trouble ahead  
The car you're driving may just shut out  
The small quick injury that darts about  
But you'll punish the bully who strikes a  
puff.

But your car's brute when your driv  
ing's bad.  
And if Death happens and you  
are the cause

You may get free of the penal laws,  
But nothing in life can set you free  
For the day of judgment of men and  
your memory

Anne Sutherland Brooks

After a two weeks interruption, I can  
get down again to my recollections of  
Acton streets and Bowery Avenue in par  
ticular.

Rev Jacob E. Howell, M.A., was the  
minister who succeeded Rev Joseph Edie  
and lived in the brick house on Bowey  
Avenue. Mr Howell came to Acton from  
Goderich. His pastorate here commenced  
in July 1894. He was a good preacher  
and stood high among the leaders of the  
church in his day. He was elected Pres  
ident of Guelph Conference in 1900. I  
heard an old member of that Conference  
tell one time of an incident in Mr  
Howell's speech before the Conference  
when he rose to thank the brethren for  
the hymns conferred. He was escorted  
to the platform by Rev Joseph Holmes  
and Rev Andrew Cunningham and was  
introduced by his predecessor in the pres  
idential chair Rev George B. Hardson.

The first sentence of his address were  
these words: "This is why I long have  
sought and mourned because I found it  
not." This, of course was spoken in a  
jocular fashion. Nevertheless it touched  
rather deeply some aspirants for pres  
idential honors whose hope deferred was  
a trifle hard to bear.

Mr Howell had a successful ministry  
here for three years. He was then  
stationed at Waterloo and upon com  
pletion of his term there was sent to  
Beamsdale. His last charge was at that  
village. After two years of faithful service  
he was taken ill and died at Hanover on  
September 16th, 1902. He was sixty  
years of age and had a fifty  
year of forty years to his credit.

Upon the death of her husband Mr  
Howell removed to Belleville the home  
city of the family. Here she died

**MARRIED**  
HAVILL-BRADBURY At St. Jude's  
Church, Oakville, on Thursday, 19th  
September, 1918, Rev Canon Wood  
cock, Frank E. Havill, Montreal, son  
of Ex-Warden George Havill, Acton to  
Valentia, daughter of the late C. A.  
Bradbury.

**DENYERS** Full in action in France on  
September 2nd, 1918, Dr. Alexander  
Macmillan Denyer, 11th Canadian FT  
M.B., only son of P. S. Inspector J. M.  
and Mrs. Denyer, Milton, in his 20th  
year.

**SOMERVILLE** At Fort William on  
Monday, September 23rd, 1918, Adam  
Watt Somerville beloved husband of  
Annie Harvey.

RID HIGHWAY NEARING  
COMPLETION

The last link in the Trans-Canada  
Highway between Winnipeg and the  
Pacific coast will be forged with the com  
pletion of the final stretch of the "Big  
Bend" highway, which is being built  
around the great northern bend of the  
Columbia River, between the towns of  
Golden and Revelstoke, British Columbia.  
Only fifteen miles of the 100-mile high  
way remain to be constructed, and efforts  
are being made to have the road open  
to traffic in 1938. At present a daily  
railway automobile transport service in  
each direction between Golden and  
Revelstoke enables motorists to bridge the  
unfinished gap. Reports received so far  
this year indicate that the all-Canadian  
route from the prairies to the Pacific is  
particularly popular with visiting motor  
ists.

The "Big Bend" highway passes  
through a magnificent mountain region  
within sight of snowfields, glaciers and  
all the other charms of a truly alpine  
world. For the greater part of the way  
the road skirts the Columbia River, afford  
ing splendid views of the snow-capped  
Seklik Mountains and of the giant  
peaks which form part of the main divide  
of the Rockies. About sixty miles north  
of Donald, British Columbia, the road  
passes through one of the finest stands  
of virgin timber in the country. Here giant  
cedar trees, having trunks from six to ten  
feet in diameter, rise high above the  
sides of the roadway along with fine  
specimens of Douglas spruce which  
reach a height of 120 feet. Stately firs  
from three to four feet in diameter are  
also found in scattered groves.

The completion of the "Big Bend"  
highway will provide a direct all-Canadian  
route from Schreiber about 125 miles  
east of the twin cities of Port Arthur  
and Port Williams in Western Ontario  
and the Prairie Provinces to the Pacific  
coast, and will mean much to the de  
velopment of tourist and commercial  
motor travel through the mountains of  
Western Canada. The only other un  
completed section of the Trans-Canada  
highway, which will ultimately extend  
from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to Vancouver,  
British Columbia, a distance of approx  
imately 3,500 miles, is that in north  
western Ontario.

Succeeding Rev. Mr. Howell the next  
minister to make this Bowery Avenue  
brick house the home of himself and  
family was Rev. James A. McLachlan,  
M.A. This old Conference minute book  
I borrowed shows that he came to Acton  
from Waterloo in 1897. Mr. and Mrs.  
McLachlan made many friends during  
their stay here. He was an active worker  
and the church prospered during his  
ministry. It was in his term that the  
new off-shore foundation was put under  
the church, the choir loft built, and other  
improvements made. Mr. McLachlan  
also lived in the esteem of his brethren.  
He was elected President of the Con  
ference at Brantford, in 1917. Mrs.  
McLachlan has been an energetic worker,  
especially in missionary activities. The  
members of their family have made  
names for themselves which are very  
creditable.

When Mr. McLachlan went from Acton  
to Port Elgin Rev. Jas. M. Hager, M.A.,  
who was transferred from Montreal Con  
ference, was stationed here. He had a  
short pastorate, being only two years  
in charge here. Mr. Hager was a very good  
preacher, but was not as popular as some  
of the Methodist preachers we've had in  
Acton. Some people said he was more  
dogmatic than the bulk of the congrega  
tion appreciated. Anyway, I remember  
seeing quite a number of the Methodist  
folks at our Kirk to hear our own Hughie  
Macpherson when he was at his best.  
But Mr. Macpherson always attracted the  
people during the eight years he was with us.

Well, Mr. Hager and his family went to  
Port Dover from Acton, and shortly after  
he was uncommunicated and went to live in  
California. When they left the brick  
house it was no longer used as a par  
sonage. The church secured other premises  
and finally purchased the comfortable  
brick house on Willow Street, now the  
home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles  
Moore.

The next family to make their home in  
the brick house on Bowery Avenue was  
Mr. James Moore. Both Mr. and Mrs.  
Moore were long-time residents of this  
community. Mr. Moore had the Town  
ship of Nied in Wellington County, as  
his birthplace and came to Acton with  
his parents in 1866. They settled on  
the first line, where Mr. and Mrs. John  
Johnston and Mr. and Mrs. Roy John  
stone and daughter, Verene Rose, now  
reside.

Mr. Moore's first wife was Jane Speight,  
was the first born child of John and  
Susan Speight. Her birthplace was in  
the Rufus Adams home, where Wm. Row  
ell now lives. This was the farm home  
of this branch of the Adams family.  
When the old folks died, and the farm  
was subdivided into lots, the old  
farm house was utilized as a temporary  
home and numbers of our early citizens  
made this their first abiding place after  
marriage. That was what John Speight  
and Susan Boomer of Thorby did  
after their marriage and they re  
mained there until they built their own  
home at the foot of Willow Street, now  
the Speight wagon and furniture shop.

In 1902 Mr. and Mrs. Moore moved into  
this brick house on Bowery Avenue and  
this was their home for about eighteen  
years. Miss Little, the girl sister of Mrs.  
Moore, lived there with them for most  
of this time. Like all other homes of  
that day, this had joys and sorrows. While  
living there Mr. Moore was the subject of  
a tragic accident about twenty-three or  
four years ago. I think it was which  
resulted in his death a few days later. He  
went up on the roof of the kitchen to make  
some repairs to the chimney. While at  
work he slipped and slid down the roof  
till he ground striking on his head.  
He never regained consciousness. When  
James Moore passed away, Acton lost  
one of her very best citizens. He was in  
interested in everything good and exerted  
himself to help the community. I rem  
ember the folks telling that when as a  
boy he went up to Erin to learn the  
harness business there the people said  
"Well, Jimmie Moore won't cause his  
home folks any trouble by going away  
from home, for he has always been a  
good boy." In fact, I believe he had  
serious thoughts one time of becoming a  
minister and went to grammar school  
at Guelph for a time with that in view.

In 1910 the widow of the late Edward  
Moore, to whose estate this Bowery Avenue  
house with its interesting history, so  
long died. The estate was short  
therefore, wound up and in the disper  
sion of the property this house was sold  
it. It is owned by Milton, who residen  
there for some years. About twelve or  
more years ago Mr. Fred Bow purchased  
the house. He has made many improve  
ments and he and Mrs. Bow and family  
have a happy home here.

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

*The Old Man*

## MUGGS AND SKEETER



## MISS SHEARER RECOVERS

**-RESULTS-**  
*Circulars and Reader Interest*

A war is on in many districts against  
advertising circulars being distributed in  
corridors, and on verandas until they be  
come a nuisance; indeed so much of a  
nuisance that they are never looked at.  
Very quickly they are collected and con  
signed to the incinerator.

If an advertiser wants to reach the  
public the first thing he must consider is  
the medium—and that medium must have  
reader interest.

## How many read circulars?

How many of the homes in which  
THE FREE PRESS enters reads this  
newspaper?

Every member of the family -- they  
read every page, and all that is on every  
page. Consequently the advertisements  
cannot escape their attention.

Without reader interest any advertising  
medium has comparatively little value.

There's a reason why you instinctively  
turn to the merchant who advertises  
when you want dependable merchandise  
at reasonable prices.

Advertising builds his sales, increases  
his business. The lower margin of profit  
on each sale is passed on to you.

When you see a local storekeeper's ad  
in your home town paper, you can be sure  
he has considered the buyer's interest as  
well as his own.

**The Acton Free Press**

Phone 174—Acton

By WALLY BISHOP

