

THE GUY IN THE GLASS

When you get what you want in your struggle for life... And the world makes you king for a day...

Twenty Years Ago

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, October 24th, 1918

Owing to the influenza outbreak, Sunday Schools, Public Library, Gregory Theatre have been closed till further notice.

Mr. Charles E. Parker, of Guilph, has opened an implement warren in the premises formerly occupied by Mr. B. F. Caldwell, on Mill Street.

Two more Acton homes are saddened. Pte. Arthur Anderson, son of Wm. D. Anderson, Park Avenue, was killed in action in France on October 1st.

On Tuesday morning the sad message came to Misses Kaley that their brother, Pte. Michael Kaley, had fallen in action in France on October 11th.

Word was received last week that Pte. Joseph Fryer, son of Thomas Fryer, Nassagaweya, had been killed in action.

Mrs. Wm. Withers, Knatebnill, died on Thursday, after a short illness. She is survived by nine sons and three daughters.

Mr. Alex. Donald has sold his farm on Main Street to Mr. D. McIvor, of Wiripieg.

All were sorry to hear of the death of Mr. T. P. Evans, of Brain T., for many years a highly esteemed citizen of Limehouse.

RAW MILK CAUSES HUMAN TUBERCULOSIS

Until recent years bovine tuberculosis in human beings was believed to be confined to the tonsils and glands in the main, and that such infection left the lungs alone.

However, it was proved at the University of Pennsylvania in 1902, that lung infection may arise in consequence of the entrance of the bovine type of germ.

Since that time the reports of the English and German Commissions on the subject, confirm the fact that there is grave danger of lung infection, especially in children, from the use of raw milk from tuberculous cows.

In Denmark, in the period February, 1931, to July, 1933, 26 patients were found to have lung tuberculosis of the bovine type.

During the same period the bovine germ was found in 39 specimens of pus from the cervical glands and in the cerebro-spinal fluid and urine taken from residents of Copenhagen.

All of these patients were under 32 years of age and 10 of them under 5.

A similar situation in respect to this infection exists in Holland. In the north-east and southern counties of Scotland pulmonary tuberculosis is frequently caused by the bovine type of the disease.

The late Dr. Starr, Surgical Head of the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto, used to say that the bovine tuberculosis of Scotland was a particularly virulent one.

In countries where the use of raw milk is on the decline, the incidence of bovine tuberculosis are minimized. Many large cities of Canada and the U. S. where pasteurization of milk is compulsory, have no bovine tuberculosis of any kind.

Toronto for example has not had a single case of the kind originating in the city since pasteurization became effective, in 1915.

There should not be such an affection as tuberculosis of the bovine type. It is a disgrace to our civilization that this malady is common. The remedy is at hand, it is well-known that bovine tuberculosis is carried from the cow to the individual chiefly the child, by the use of raw milk.

It is scandalous to say the least, say it is criminal that innocent children should be exposed to a disease which is so easily avoided as having tuberculosis.

All milk, whether from tuberculin tested herds or not should be pasteurized or boiled. By the use of these measures the milk is made safe not only against tuberculosis but also against a host of afflictions carried by milk.

J. W. S. McCullough, M.D. D.P.H.

QUITE THE REVERSE

"You ain't one of them fellows who drop their tools and scowl as soon as knock-off blows, are you?" "Not me. Why, I often have to wait five minutes after I put my tools away before the whistle goes."

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER



THINGS WORK OUT

Because it rains when we wish it would not, Because crops fail, and plans go wrong—

Because we must work when we'd like to play— Because we suffer a little pain,

Because we cannot forever smile, Because we must trudge in the dust

Because we think that the way is long— Because we complain that life's all wrong,

Because we live and our sky grows bright, Everything seems to turn out all right

So bend to your trouble and meet your care, For the clouds must break, and the sky

grow fair, But keep on working and hoping still,

For in spite of the grumblers who stand about, Somehow it seems all things work out

Some of my old friends about town have been finding errors in my recollection.

Now, for instance, I find that Nelson Moore was not born in the roughest house now owned by the Orr family,

but rather in the one across the corner, where Mr. and Mrs. James McIntosh have had a happy home for so many years.

Then, the editor tells me that I made another slip-up when I said the bricks in the Storey glove factory building were made by Mr. McCallum.

He has been told by another resident, who helped to make the bricks, that James Selwood was the man who operated the establishment.

They were made on the then Benjamin Anderson farm, on the first line in Esqueping Well, I'm always glad to get these things right and find my friends checking up on me.

I am quite willing to admit my memory is not a hundred per cent, but I just do the best I can in making these old stories as complete as I know how.

But, to get back to Bower Avenue again, The attractive residence across from Dr. McNeven's, on the corner of the Avenue and Elgin Street, was built by the late Alex. Secord well over forty years ago, when Mr. Secord was factory superintendent of the Storey glove plant.

It was built on the first site occupied by Acton drill shed, which had then been

located there for about a quarter of a century. People began to feel that the location was unsuitable for a building of that character.

When Acton Park was secured by the town, an agitation sprung up to have the drill shed moved to that property. There it would answer the dual purpose of a drill hall and an exhibition building.

And further, it was argued that if drilling was necessary, the park would afford ample space for outside drills and manoeuvring. Well, the Militia Department finally consented to the proposal and the big building was successfully moved to the Park.

It was a move that was never regretted. For years it served as the agricultural hall at Fair time, as well as a drill hall. Then in the march of progress, Acton decided, ten years ago, to build a new covered arena. The ideal spot was the site of the drill shed.

The drill shed was sold to the Agricultural Society and once again moved to a new site in the park. It is still used for agricultural purposes and housing the horses, and storing fair equipment during the year.

But the removal of the drill shed from the Bower Avenue site left an admirable building lot, right in the centre of the town. This was secured by Mr. Secord, and he erected one of the most attractive and artistic residences in town.

In loving respect for his wife — Lenora Storey, the eldest daughter of W. H. Storey, Acton's first Reeve, and for many years a leading citizen—Mr. Secord named the new residence "Villanore."

His home was his castle and he lived the rest of his life there in comfort and happiness. When Mrs. Secord became Mrs. Harry Holmes, several years after Mr. Secord's sudden death, she continued to reside in this fine home and these she remains with Mr. Holmes. Her brother, Mr. W. A. Storey, also has his home here.

Perhaps I had better take up one more lot on Bower Avenue this week, or I'll never get Acton completely covered. The lots where the neat little homes of Pte. Chester Matthews and James Fraibreak are at present, were first bought by Mr. John Moore, for years manager of the Toronto Lime Company, upon which to erect a residence.

This was over sixty years ago, and was during the time he was associated with his brothers, Thomas, Edward and James, under the firm name of Moore Brothers, who were manufacturing shingles, staves, heading and barrels on the site where the Young farm buildings now stand.

Mr. Moore built a neat plastered cottage where Mr. Fraibreak's house is, and a stable on the other lot, now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Matthews' house. Here he and his family spent a number of very happy years; in fact until he removed to Limehouse, to succeed the late Mayor Gowdy, of Guilph, in the management of the Lime Company there.

While he lived there Mr. Moore was manager for a time of the lumber mills in Esqueping known as Smith's Mills, which were operated several years by a company composed of Thomas Gowdy, Sidney Smith, St. and Edward and John Moore, under the business name of Gowdy, Smith & Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore had a family of four sons and one daughter. I think one at least of the boys had his birthplace there. Dr. Geo. E. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Moore passed away quite a number of years ago. The little daughter died at Limehouse. The surviving members of the family are scattered.

A tragic event occurred to the eldest son, Charlie, one night in the O.T.R. yards here. This was some sixty years ago, after the family removed to Limehouse. Charlie was working in Acton and, like numbers of other young chaps in those days, thought it a fine pastime in the evenings while loitering about the station, to "jump vans," or other cars on the trains shunting in the railway yards.

Charlie became quite expert, but one summer night he unfortunately slipped, lost his hold, and fell under the cruel wheels of a freight car. His right leg was so crushed, that Dr. Lowry found it necessary to amputate the limb at the ankle. Charlie was plucky as a Spartan over this maiming accident.

When the wound was sufficiently recovered, an artificial foot was secured and he went about for years on the artificial foot. Several other boys were similarly injured at the O.T.R. station here, but of late years the vigilant eyes of the officers and the trainmen have so successfully discouraged the dangerous practice of "jumping trains" that it is seldom attempted these later days.

Charlie learned the photography business and became an expert artist.

This took him to Columbus, Ohio, and then to Athens.

When John Moore went to Limehouse he sold his house and stable and two lots. My old memory falls me as to the purchaser of this residence and lot, but Jim Wilds bought the stable. This he converted into a very comfortable dwelling house and it was the home of himself and family for years.

When Jim went to Berlin and formed the partnership with Joseph Bingham, and they started a glove business under the firm name of Bingham & Wilds, he sold his home here to Alex. Secord. Alex. improved the place and he lived there until he built "Villanore." Alex. was always a man of good taste. He planted flowers and shrubs, used the paint brush frequently and his home was always attractive, of course with the help of his wife and companion, Nora Storey. I think Alex. sold the property to Bob Scott. The pretty bungalow, built on the site of the old house, is a place of beauty and is admired by all who pass down or up old Bower Avenue.

It was a happy home for Mr. and Mrs. Scott and their daughters until they removed to Kitchener, about eleven years ago. But both Mr. and Mrs. Scott have since passed away and were brought back to the home town they both loved so well, and have their last resting place in beautiful Fairview. For the past nine years Postmaster and Mrs. Matthews have had a happy home here. The place has been kept in spick and span order and flowers and a pretty garden are part of the beauty of the place, which a passer-by does not notice from a stroll along the Bower.

Well, well, here I am again at the end of my tether, and I've lots to tell about Bower Avenue memories yet. It's a fine old street and its homes have housed hundreds of Acton's citizens the past seventy-five or eighty years, who have been a credit to the community. Few of them have ever been grouchers. They have almost invariably been citizens with a faith in the town and a determination to do their fair quota as individuals to improve, uplift and help in the progress of Acton. Its homes have housed ministers of the gospel of several denominations, members of Parliament, chief magistrates of the municipality, chairmen of the Board of Education, Councillors, School Trustees, physicians, teachers, Sunday School Superintendents, Church wardens, men of the law, Manufacturers and mechanics, travellers and auctioneers, merchants and tradespeople, artists and artisans, all home-loving, law-abiding people and real good citizens.

The Old Man

A DOMINION HEALTH PROGRAM ESSENTIAL

Reterring to the coming into effect in October 1st of Ontario law for the compulsory pasteurization of milk, the current issue of "Health" contains editorial comment that will arouse interest in all other provinces.

The Health League of Canada, of which is the official publication, has been crusading for pasteurization of milk for many years and is encouraging in its national campaign by the progress in Ontario.

The Ontario Provincial Law, the editorial proceeds to say, "which forbids the sale of unpasteurized milk in all municipalities of over 1,000 population in Ontario as well as in designated areas, places Ontario in the forefront of the fight for pure milk. This province becomes the largest political area in the world with a compulsory pasteurization law although Sweden will bring a similar law into effect next year. While Ontario is to be congratulated on a splendid achievement one cannot but regret that at this time organization for health in Canada is of such a character that simultaneous legislation has not been enacted.

The health of Canadians is of value in whatever province they live and health conservation programs should progress with equal speed throughout the whole Dominion.

Deaths from poison gas and bombs may be more dramatic but children who die of bovine tuberculosis or milk borne typhoid are every bit as dead as soldiers who die of wounds, even if we do not bother to build memorials to them as reminders of our own carelessness in not preventing them. Again we reiterate health is a national matter. Again we ask when Canadians will realize that health for all Canadians is essential in whatever part of the Dominion they live.

Repetition Repetition Repetition

Undoubtedly, one of the fundamental and very real functions of advertising is continuity and everlastingly pounding home the facts and features and facilities of the advertised products and services. The reasons, of course --- if, indeed, there be need for the mention of reasons, --- if not the too often attributed fickleness of the buying public, but rather that other things in numberless quantities lay claim to the buying power of the public and that it takes more than single and casual mention of articles to make impressions; and that each day brings to the markets new members of the buying public. Fundamental and basic as such a statement is, it is well for all of us who are concerned with distributing things which have been made to the places and peoples where they are used, to repeat it frequently to ourselves. For there has been too much advertising waste resulting from the very lack of --- repetition. Too many beginnings of advertising programs, based on well-laid plans, which have for varied reasons not gone beyond the beginning stage. But, what is more serious, they have failed of fruition for lack of continuity, which is, broadly, another way of saying repetition!

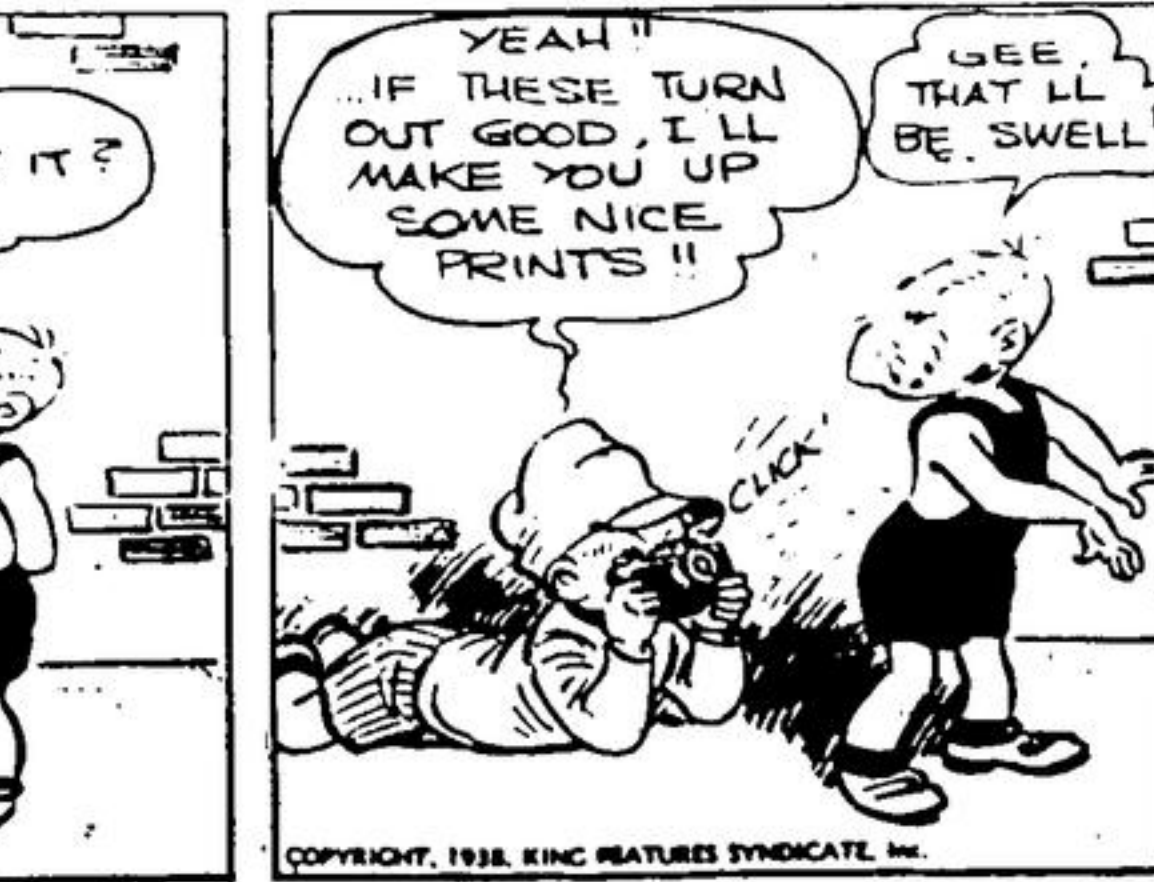
Spasmodic Effort will not WIN --- Persistency WILL!

Regular Space in The Acton Free Press

Phone 174—Acton

Will Bring Satisfactory Results!

MUGGS AND SKEETER



By WALLY BISHOP

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