

IN MANY TONGUES

The bonkers tongue, so small and weak, Can crush and kill, declares the Greek. The tongue destroys a greater horde, The Turks assert, than does the sword. The Persian proverb wisely saith, "A lengthy tongue, an early death." Or sometimes takes this form instead, "Don't let your tongue cut off your head." The tongue can speak a word whose speed, Say the Chinese, outstrips the steed. While Arab sages this impart, "The tongue's great storehouse is the heart." From Hebrew wit the maxim springs, "Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue." The sacred writer crowns the whole, "Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

Twenty Years Ago

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, June 5th, 1919

Twenty-four hour telephone service is being arranged for Acton and should soon be in operation. Mr. Robert Brownlee, who has been in business in Toronto for a couple of months, is moving his family to the city this week. Troop Leader Leslie Martin, Bugler Robert Stewart and Scout Stanley Macle attended the review held by Chief Scout Sir Baden Powell, of England, at Toronto, last week. Esqueing Council has made a grant of \$3,000, to be spent for Esqueing soldiers who have returned from active service overseas. The Halton members of the United Farmers of Ontario held a convention in Milton to nominate a farmers' candidate for the next Provincial election. The following were proposed: John F. Ford, James Walbrook, A. G. Farrow and W. J. L. Hampshire. The last three withdrew in favor of Mr. Ford. Pte. Elmer Stewart, the third son of Mrs. W. A. Stewart who donned the khaki, returned home on Wednesday evening. Pte. Earl Brown arrived home on Saturday evening. Sergt. James Holloway arrived from overseas on Monday and is staying with his brother at Mr. Robert Wallace's.

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER



on the north corner of the lot, where Mrs. Malcolm McDougall's brick house now stands. Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons' two boys, Johnnie and Tommy, commenced their school days when they were living in this house. John was a blacksmith in Rockwood for many years, where he died a number of years ago. His son, Herb, is a owner of a blacksmithing business there now. Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Gibbons moved to Ferguson years ago, and both of them died there. Some folk think there are a lot of Gibbonses here now, but the numerical strength of this well-known family is far below what it was sixty or more years ago in this community. Why, they used to say that when Father Dumortier used to come from Guelph to hold the monthly services in St. Joseph's Church, then out at the Dublin, that half the congregation was made up of Gibbonses. They were good church-goers, and there were a lot of them. I think it was Tom Bird and his wife, Cordelia Lighthouse, who lived at this house after Gibbons' left it. Tom Bird was an old sailor. I think he worked at cooping here. His wife was a daughter of John Lighthouse, the cooper. Tom was well supplied with sailors' yarns and he could always keep a company of cronies entertained, especially if the whiskey bottle was circulating. One cold night Tom put on a good big fire in the old high oven cooking stove and went to bed. But the fire was the last ever built in that house. It took fire during the night, and being of frame, and no fire brigade to call out, the old house was burned to the ground, and most of the contents with it. The community was neighborly in those days, and through the donation of lumber and other materials, and a number of "bees," it was not long before a new house stood on the old foundation. After a few years, Tom and his wife left Acton and settled in Hamilton. I think Mr. and Mrs. Robert Creech lived there for a time. When William P. Brown and his family left the old homestead at Bankwood they moved into this house, where several years were spent. William went into business down town and then moved to a house on Mill street. About this time Mr. and Mrs. Philomen Thurston and family came to Acton from Trafalgar. They purchased this property, improved the house, built a neat picket fence around it, planted a hedge, and were proud of their home. Mr. Thurston, however, did not live long to enjoy it. He died there, let's see, it must be over forty-five years ago. Mrs. Thurston was a woman full of courage and resources. She kept the home together, did her best for her fatherless son and two daughters, and stood by them until they were able to fend for themselves. George, the son, served his time, I believe, in The Free Press Office, is now manager of a big printing establishment at Littleton, N.H. I've lost track of other members of the family, but it seems to me one daughter lived in Barrie. Mrs. Thurston married Mr. Alex. Fawcett after the family had grown up, and they resided in Kimberly. When Mr. and Mrs. George Chapman came to Acton from Stayner they took the Thurston house for their home. They resided there for quite a number of years and then went over to Main Street. This was before W. J. Gordon, the harness-maker, bought the property. Mr. Gordon built the brick house now owned by Mrs. McDougall, and he and Mrs. Gordon lived there until they left Acton. The corner property is now owned by my friend Jack Crawford, who has had his home there for the past fifteen years or so. Mrs. Crawford passed away there, and Jack has been living there alone for the past few years. He hasn't been in very good health, but I'm hoping to see him out again soon, now that the nice weather is here again.

DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong, As they sometimes will, And the road you're treading Seems all uphill; When the funds are low And the debts are high, And you want to smile, But you have to sigh; When care is pressing You down a bit, Rest, if you must— But don't quit. Success is failure Turned inside out— The silver tint The clouds of doubt, And you never can tell How close you are, It may be near When it seems afar, So stick to the light When you're hardest hit, It's when things are worst That you must not quit.

The lot on Church Street east of the Martin property, like the one on the west, was vacant for over fifty years, after it changed its relation as part of a ten-acre field on the Adams farm to that of a town lot. I can't trace its ownership to its first transfer, but along about fifty-five years ago Ed. Matthews got possession of it in some deal. He forgot the formality of a title deed, and when he sold it to Mrs. P. Thurston, forty years or so ago, there was the commencement of title troubles. John Cameron came along one day and decided it was just the site he wanted for a double tenement he had concluded to build. He bargained for its purchase from Mrs. Thurston, who was then Mrs. Fawcett and had removed from Acton to Kimberly. Mr. Cameron accepted the title as it was, built his houses, a very decent looking pair they are too, and had both sides rented long before the building was completed. Miss Helen Nicklin was the first tenant on the east side. She lived there as long as she kept house. Then she went to Guelph for several years, and to Vancouver, where she died a week or so after her arrival. The west side was taken by Mr. Wm. Malnzprize, who resided there until he purchased his fine residence at the corner of Mill and Frederick Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Conway purchased the property from Mr. Cameron and both resided here until their deaths, after Mr. Conway had retired from active business life. About seven or eight years ago the property was purchased by Mr. Robert Cross and he and Mrs. Cross and the family have had a very comfortable home in one half of the double house and rented the other half to tenants. The title was, of course, cleared up satisfactorily some time ago.

The next property has been "home" to a considerable number of citizens. The first I can distinctly remember living there was Tommy Gibbons, the blacksmith. His over seventy-five years since Tommy and his good wife made their home there. His blacksmith shop was

THE ROYAL VISIT

(Continued from Page Two)

Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Hebb, of Newmarket, seated convenient to the Hon. George Howard Ferguson and Mrs. Ferguson. The proceedings in the Chamber were very dignified but loyal Ontario citizens, for these were many from out of the city of Toronto, cast dignified aside a wild burst of applause greeted their beloved Sovereigns. The Dionne Quintuplets, who had been enjoying a private presentation to Their Majesties, were brought through the Legislative Chamber and all those present enjoyed a very lovely sight. I do not care to enlarge on this story of the Quints, as it will be played up by the daily writers. Hart House Luncheon was another glorious function. This writer was honored with an invitation to this event, also to Woodbine Park for the running of the King's Plate race. Mr. E. Rice, Vice-President of the C.W. N.A., and Mrs. Rice, also represented the Ontario Weeklies at the Hart House Luncheon. Another history making day is about to end. Shortly Their Majesties will be given a loyal send-off by Toronto, the city of beauty with a grand future. By the way, I am in pursuit of a "Bowmanville" which daily reminds me of my dear friend, George James, our immediate Past President. After leaving Toronto, we were all deeply impressed with a huge crowd gathered at Midhurst; here it was estimated that 5,000 autos could be seen and the people went wild with delight; there was a profusion of decorations. Regarding the Woodbine function, where a very disappointing crowd, as far as size, saw the horse of George McDougall win, there was much regret and decided expression given by the crowd that the jockey was not presented to His Majesty. The crowd yelled "Take the jockey up, take the jockey up," but the gallant jockey was not presented, and it was certainly his handling of the horse which brought it in first. Personal Titi-bits—His Majesty attends to matters of state while on the Royal train between stops; Her Majesty spends much time reading and listening to her Ladies in Waiting; presumably on matters of dress, etc. Their Majesties have expressed a commendation that the Royal train be slowed up at every place where the engineer of the locomotive sees a large gathering of citizens; this is communicated to the King by a bell in his car, which is attached to a button in the locomotive. There has been a tremendous demand upon the occupants of the Pilot train for letters from the train; this is due to the fact all letters bear the postmark which is composed of the Royal Standard with the words "Royal Train." I have mailed about a dozen each day so far. We are in daily contact with the outside world by means of the radio. Winnipeg citizens, augmented by two hundred thousand from outside the city, many of them from the United States, gave Their Majesties a real western acclaim; the rain, which had been falling all the morning, did not appear to dampen the enthusiasm. It was noticeable that His Worship Mayor Queen was the only one of the city fathers to wear a silk hat, the rest of the Aldermen more the regular head wear. The singing of several massed choirs of children in this city left a deep impression on Their Majesties. In fact, the first western city to greet the Sovereign did it in a manner which was colossal. Have just returned to train after driving in Royal procession for 2 1/2 hours, amid wild display of loyalty. All records of cheering have been broken in Winnipeg.

PRICE OF MATCHES Among other things that Canadians have difficulty in digesting is the difference in the price of certain commodities here and across the line. One can buy 2,000 matches in Buffalo for nine cents. In Canada one pays five cents for 180 matches. In other words, by crossing the river one gets 222 matches for a cent, while on this side they cost one cent for 36 matches. The answer, of course, is the excessive excise tax.—Fort Erie Times-Review.

RIGHT FIRST TIME "One word out of you and I'll go speak to your father." "Yes?" "That's it."

ON A PEDESTAL "No," the girl replied, sadly, "I can never be your wife. The man I marry must be strong and silent, a man I can look up to." "Well," said the rejected lover, "I advise you to pop along to Trafalgar Square and have a look at Nelson."

THE OLD MAN When William P. Brown and his family left the old homestead at Bankwood they moved into this house, where several years were spent. William went into business down town and then moved to a house on Mill street. About this time Mr. and Mrs. Philomen Thurston and family came to Acton from Trafalgar. They purchased this property, improved the house, built a neat picket fence around it, planted a hedge, and were proud of their home. Mr. Thurston, however, did not live long to enjoy it. He died there, let's see, it must be over forty-five years ago. Mrs. Thurston was a woman full of courage and resources. She kept the home together, did her best for her fatherless son and two daughters, and stood by them until they were able to fend for themselves. George, the son, served his time, I believe, in The Free Press Office, is now manager of a big printing establishment at Littleton, N.H. I've lost track of other members of the family, but it seems to me one daughter lived in Barrie. Mrs. Thurston married Mr. Alex. Fawcett after the family had grown up, and they resided in Kimberly. When Mr. and Mrs. George Chapman came to Acton from Stayner they took the Thurston house for their home. They resided there for quite a number of years and then went over to Main Street. This was before W. J. Gordon, the harness-maker, bought the property. Mr. Gordon built the brick house now owned by Mrs. McDougall, and he and Mrs. Gordon lived there until they left Acton. The corner property is now owned by my friend Jack Crawford, who has had his home there for the past fifteen years or so. Mrs. Crawford passed away there, and Jack has been living there alone for the past few years. He hasn't been in very good health, but I'm hoping to see him out again soon, now that the nice weather is here again.

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MUGGS AND SKEETER



As the Pope Became Bishop of Rome



Reviving a colorful church ceremony which was held in abeyance for the 90 years that the Pope was "the prisoner of the Vatican," Pope Pius XII journeyed from the Vatican through the streets of Rome to the Basilica of St. John Lateran, of which he took possession as Bishop of Rome. The Pope is pictured here being carried on a portable throne, en route to his "parish church."

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The Acton Free Press Halton's Leading Weekly PHONE 174

By WALLY BISHOP

GUESS THESE! In each of the following sentence is concealed the name of a type of vessel: 1. My brother, who is a sailor, has been to the port of Riga ten times. 2. A swift sword-cut terminated the pirate's career. 3. Against my father's wish, I paddled the canoe into deep water. 4. The driver sitting down in the shade of the colliar, questioned the stockman about the cattle. 5. When the canoe capsized, Bob righted it in a few seconds. Answer — 1. Frigate. 2. Outrigg. 3. Ship. 4. Barque. 5. Brig.