

THE EXPATRIATE

He sold his acres without a sigh: "I've had enough of this farm," he said. "For a score of years I have toiled, now I will wear white collars and lace instead."

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER



Church Street and the homes on this fine section of Acton. On the south side of Church Street, between Elgin and Frederick Streets, the first lot at the corner, where Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Leatherland now have their cozy home, was for fifty years a gully, swept every spring with a flood of surface water drained from a large section of the town where the C.N.R. yards are.

The King Receives "Rent" of Two Black Beaver Pelts



During Their Majesties visit to Winnipeg, Ashley Cooper, Governor of the (Right), looks on. Premier Bracken, shown holding his hat, was among the many dignitaries present at the colorful ceremony. His Majesty is shown here receiving the two pelts while the Queen.

Twenty Years Ago

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, June 12th, 1919

Richard Cook, of Grand Rapids, Mich., formerly of Acton, died from injuries when hit by a stray bullet fired by lads shooting at a target. Mr. Cook was 58 years of age.

Angus McTavish, a Naessagaweya man, but well known in Acton, an employee of the Bell Telephone Company, was electrocuted while at work at Port Credit.

The Lawn Bowling and Tennis Club held a very pleasant social function on Tuesday evening. The spacious residence and grounds of Mr. A. O. T. Beardmore were thrown open to the club and the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Beardmore were appreciated.

Mr. John Bell, a venerable old gentleman of 82, of Centreville, Pa., returned for a visit of the old landmarks after an absence of fifty-seven years. He is quite delighted with the Acton of to-day.

The Oakville Star gives the assurance that the seventh line through Halton has been decided upon by the Government as a Provincial County Road.

Pie, Ernest Barr arrived in Toronto from Russia on Saturday evening. Pie, Ernest Barr arrived home on Monday morning. There have been twelve men who have reached home since the last civic reception and another one will be held next week.

David Mills, for some years an esteemed resident of Acton, died at his home in Guelph on Monday after a long and painful illness.

MARRIED BROWNIDGE-KENNEDY At the home of the bride's parents, Toronto, on May 24th, 1919, by Rev. J. B. Kennedy, John Wilbert Brownidge, B.S.A., of Equestrian, to Norma Emma Kennedy, B.A., only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Kennedy.

NOVEL FOOTSTOOL Do you know that you can make unique footstools out of the single spring seats of an old automobile? Cover the old seat with upholstery and attach castors at the four corners. This will give you a comfortable fireside seat or footstool.

WORN SOCKS Children very often get enormous holes in the heels of their socks. This is often due to the lining of the shoe, which has worn rough. If the ragged bits are cut off and the inside of the shoe covered with adhesive tape, many a large "hole" will be saved.

TRUE TO FORM The late Mr. Justice Day, of England, was noted alike for his severe sentences and his love of port. Once when he was on a circuit, a high sheriff sent him a case of excellent port and, being anxious to know how his gift had been appreciated, he inquired after his bottles of the Judge who was Day's colleague on the circuit.

LIKE A DICTATOR The village football team was preparing the dressing-room to meet a "crack" team from a neighboring village. The coach, who had been giving detailed instructions, finished by saying: "And remember that football develops individuality, initiative and leadership. Now, get on to the field and do exactly as I told you!"

MERELY A CALL Negro Mammy—Ah wants to see Metcha Tompkins. Office Boy—I'm sorry, but Mr. Tompkins is engaged. Negro Mammy—Go Jong, eh! Ah don't want to marry Metcha Tompkins. Ah jes' wants to see him.

WHEN EVENING COMES

I saw a gardener toiling in the early Spring— Digging with spade and hoe, Clearing away the weeds and loosening up the earth. To make the roses grow. Then very soon I saw the garden all afloat. With roses rich and rare— And other flowers, too, and still each day he came And tended them with care. And often at the close of day—at evening time Before he left for home, He'd stand and gaze, as o'er that lovely, pleasing sight His thoughts would seem to roam: Sometimes he'd linger long and sit and rest awhile— For he was old and bent, And as I watched I seemed to see about his face, A halo of content.

Thus, in the garden of each heart and mind, thought I, May roses grow and bloom; May we with diligence and care remove the weeds. So that there may be room. For every bud of goodness and of faith to bloom.

And love and friendship sweet, And when life's evening time shall come there may await A beautiful retreat Where we, grown weary with life's toil, may rest awhile. And where our thoughts may roam, Until in peace and in content our eyes shall close— And we, too, leave for Home. —Cora Baker Hall.

As I write this week's column, I'm naturally a bit excited. You know Mary and I had become quite resigned to missing a sight of our King and Queen. It just didn't seem possible. We were right glad to see that the children were being looked after, but the big crowds were most too much for us and no one had suggested taking us anywhere to see the King and Queen. The years have taught us, however, not to be disappointed if we don't get everything.

Well, to make a long story shorter, that was mighty welcome news in last week's Free Press that Their Majesties would appear in Acton and so Mary and I are a bit excited as we expect on Tuesday to be at the station in Acton to see them. True, it will only be for a moment, but even that is worth waiting all our years for.

We never were able to get any great amount of capital ahead of us—not any more than would care for us in our old age, anyway, and therefore we were never able to look forward to a trip to England to see the King and Queen. But we're both very thankful that we have been spared until 1939 and our King and Queen came to Canada—and are coming to Acton. Well, perhaps next week there will be more to tell.

If my recollections are a bit short this week on Acton and if they go off next week on another subject entirely, you'll know the reason.

Now to get along on our ramble of

in these days to those of modern times. But George Hemstreet kept his butcher shop always neat and tidy. Mr. and Mrs. Hemstreet had two sons, Archie and Robert. They attended the old school here and were always well liked. Over sixty years ago the family removed to Hagersville.

After Mr. and Mrs. Hemstreet, Mr. and Mrs. John Farmer made this their home for a time. John was the son of Michael Farmer, the first Bible colporteur who ever itinerated through this section. Mrs. Thomas C. Moore was his daughter. The Farmers had two lively boys, Alf and Ed, or "Punch," as the latter was called by his schoolmates. I remember one spring Alfred was playing along the tannery creek on Saturday afternoon, when he should have been home cutting the family supply of wood for over Sunday. John Speight's old muley saw mill was running at the time and much of the saw dust floated down the stream. Alf wanted to cross the creek, and in a little bay where the saw dust had gathered it looked like solid ground. He took one step on this to go over and, lo and behold, he went through and up to his neck in the icy water. Alf sprinted over to the old ashery and stayed around the fireplace there until he was dry enough to go home. He and Ed cut the wood that night after supper by lantern light. The Farmers eventually moved from Acton to Lambton County. Mr. Farmer was tax collector there for many years. Both he and Mrs. Farmer long ago passed away. Alfred went to Chicago, where his three sons were successful business men. "Punch" later became Rev. Dr. Farmer, and pastor of a Presbyterian Church way out in Nebraska.

After the Farmers, I think Sam or Isaac Beals lived in this house for a year or two, until they moved to Michigan. Then Joseph Lasby made this the home of himself and family after leaving the old farm on the second line; and before he bought the place on the third line. Wallace Lasby, who now resides on Mill Street in Acton, and has served his community on Council and in many other offices, was a babe in this house. Since those days the place has had a dozen or more tenants. Sam Laird, of the old C.T.R., owned the property for a number of years. I believe the last owners were Messrs. Beardmore & Co. Then, about five years ago, the property was purchased by Mr. J. Boyd (I call him Joe mostly as he was one of the boys about town a few years back). Well, Joe bought the property. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Ramsden secured the building and had it moved to a lot on Willow Street. Here it was transformed into a real modern house. I am afraid if you see it now you will not recognize

any part of the old building, inside or outside. At any rate it went into this new home and Mr. and Mrs. Ramsden had every reason to be proud of the new nest, and they were. But a new situation took them to Buffalo, N.Y., and the home is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Oakes, who came to Acton when retiring from a busy farm life.

The lot is now vacant, but I think yields a pretty good crop of potatoes every year. It has been levelled and the gully through here is no more. I am hoping to see Mr. and Mrs. Boyd and their daughters have a new home here some day, unless they become so fond of that situation down by the Park and Fairy Lake and refuse to leave it.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

If the year of grace 1700 Parliament enacted the following tasty bit of legislation: "That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession or degree; whether virgin, maid or widow, that shall from and after such act impose upon and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects, by means of scent, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors and that the marriage upon conviction shall stand null and void."

LONG AND SHORT In the corner of the club the three men were discussing the question of names. "Mine," said the first man, "is Edward Henry Patrick Richard Fortesque. I'm sure none of you chaps can beat that for length."

"I can," reported the second. "My name is James Clifford Percival Ronald Albert Marshall."

"I beat you both," murmured the third. "Eh?" they exclaimed. "What's your name?"

"Miles Long," he replied, simply.

PIECE WORK A stout old lady wanted to make an impression at the ball and went to a beauty parlor. At the finish: "That will be six shillings, madam," exclaimed the attendant. "Six shillings? But you only massaged my chin."

"Just so, madam: two shillings per chin!"

MIGHT BE THAT Bobby: Auntie, why do you put powder on your face? Auntie: To make me look pretty, dear. Bobby (after a moment's thought): Perhaps you aren't using the right powder, auntie.



The Old Man

MUGGS AND SKEETER



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