

THURSDAY, JANUARY 16th, 1936

WHEN THE SUN SINKS OVER THE HILL

'Tis good to rest at eventide From the toils of a busy day, And let our hearts in peace abide, When all our cares are laid away...

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of The Free Press of Thursday, January 20th, 1916

Mr. Robert Elgie, formerly a member of the C.T.R. staff here, but lately with the Canadian Northern Railway has been promoted to the position of city freight, express and passenger agent of the C. N. R. at Oshawa.

Genl. Cole has twenty recruits here now. Those enlisting during the week are Matthew Cooney, Jack Esson, Melvin Soper, Ernest Barr.

Councillor John Blingham, of Esquesing, was thrown from his cutter when it slowed on the icy road, and was severely bruised and badly shaken up.

Three sons of Mr. Wm. T. Smyth have enlisted—Capt. Arthur T. Smyth, Cobalt; Capt. Pennell C. Smyth, Watford; and Wm. H. Smyth, of London.

The new Registry Office in Milton is now completed and the furnishings going in. The old building will be demolished.

The Fall Fair annual report showed a balance of \$994.90 in the bank. The officers for 1916 were: President, Geo. Havill; 1st Vice-President, Ed. Pearen; 2nd Vice-President, S. H. Lindsay; Secretary-Treasurer, George Hynds; Auditors, A. T. Brown and A. J. Mackinnon.

At the Nassagaweya Council meeting, the Hydro-Electric Railway bill was given a third reading and passed. The Township officers appointed for the year were as follows: W. J. Atkins, Assessor; Wm. McPhigl, Collector; and Thomas Moore and James D. Straig, Auditors.

MARRIED

HOLMES-GOLDHAM — In St. Alban's Church Windsor, on Monday, 27th December, 1915, by Rev. H. Crawley, Henry Francis Holmes, son of H. S. Holmes, G.T.R. agent, Acton, to Ethel Marlan, daughter of Henry Goldham, Acton.

DIED

MCKENZIE — At Lethbridge, on Saturday, January 15th, Donald McKenzie, aged 80 years.

THOMPSON — In Erin Township, on Thursday, January 13th, 1916, Matilda Emma, relict of the late Robert Thompson, in her 74th year.

December Report of Public School

Pupils Who Won Honor Standing in Their Classes the Past Month

Senior Fourth Gordon McCutcheon, 353; Marie Brunelle, 348; Beverly Arnold, 343; Mina Cripps, 340; Annie Molozak, 339; Tom Watson, 335. Total 400.

Junior Fourth Polly Porty, 459; Frances Chisholm, 447; Lorne MacIsaac, 429; Jack Chapman, 400; Jean Praser, 397; Lois Dawkins, 394. Total 600.

Senior Third Margaret Lusby, 478; Olga Dyriv, 452; Rena Braida, 440; Margaret Smith, 440; Lorne Honey, 428; Dora Wood, 421. Total 550.

Junior Third Evelyn Braida, 403; Peter Turkoz, 348; Ethel Franklin, 327; Beatrice Creamer, 323; Enoch Marczak, 322; Winnie Dawkins, 319. Total 500.

Senior Second Edward Arnold, 419; Lois Fryer, 408; John Turkoz, 382; Donald Evans, 375; Victor Masters, 369; T. R. Lamb, 368.

Junior Second A Eleanor Allen, 427; May Nicol, 413; Mae Spires, 411; Annie Porty, 389; Margaret How, 385; June Talbot, 379. Total 500.

Senior First Thelma Lappin, 258; Clayton Fryer, 252; Audrey McKinnon, 249; Eric Johnson, 247; Anita Evans, 245; Jack Stewart, 244. Total 300.

Junior Primary M. H. Young, Teacher. George Johnson, 281; Margaret Ryan, 280; Jean Brunelle, 269; Ivy Cripps, 265. Total 400.

Senior Primary Earl Carrillo; June McQueen; Jean Gillis; John Agar; Shirley Keuter; Edward Giles. T. P. Hunt, Teacher.

As a veritable excellent preparation is 'Mother Graves' Extremator. It has saved the lives of countless children.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for Acton Free Press GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

'All good things come to an end,' and the 'gooder' they are the quicker the end! And so with Christmas cake. Last year I did not make any and so of course we did not run out of it very quickly.

Well, that's one proverb dispensed of, except that before taking leave of it, I would like to make an amendment and have it read, 'All good things come to an end, but when they do, begin again!'

And now, I am not sure, but it seems to me there must be some kind of proverb somewhere which means—'It's the maiden aunt who knows best how to bring up a family!' And here is another quite original, as a matter of fact—'There are more children spoilt by grandparents than this world dreams of.'

Take the maiden aunt problem first. Every young mother thinks she knows better than her unmarried sister how to raise a family. But I am beginning to believe that the average maiden aunt does, at times, know better the right course to pursue than Johnny or Joan's own mother.

And now the grandparents—God bless them—the children's worst spoilers! And why? Simply because all their pet-ubility love of children is lavished on their grandchildren. They give them little treats, allow them privileges, never in this life given to their own children.

In short, for Grandma and Grandpa, comes the pleasure of parenthood all over again, without its burden of responsibility. They are terrible spoilers, but what would we do without them?

A GOOD HORSE TO RIDE

Some one has said that industry is a better horse to ride than genius. That does not mean that the latter passes its genius should be little it, but only that he who can claim to call himself a genius, has no reason to be discouraged. Genius and industry are constantly repeating the words of the late and the great, 'Genius will come out ahead every time, but as a matter of fact, it does not. Edgar Allan Poe was a genius. Edgar Guest says he is not. The genius made his life a black tragedy and shadowed every life he touched. The other man has found a world a happy, friendly place, and made it more pleasant for thousands.

Genius is a steel hard to control. It shies at trifles, and throws the whip and spur at people who try to move it. Industry on the other hand is neither showy nor spectacular, goes steadily ahead to the goal. Whether or not it is preferable to genius, it is an easier horse to ride.

Gallant Desperado

By SAMUEL REEVE

FEATURE EDITOR BLAKE looked away from the intriguing eyelashes that adorned Elizabeth's expression of anxiety. 'I'm sorry, Miss Atwood, he said crisply, 'but you fell down badly on the two feature assignments I've given you so far. This will have to be your last chance.'

Elizabeth was duly contrite. Her new job had made her the envy of her whole graduating class, and she couldn't possibly afford to lose it. 'I'm positive I'll put it over this time,' she assured him, earnestly.

'Well, you're getting a tough one. Bring back a story before tomorrow night on Dutch Wagner, the racketeer, and his side-kick, Handsome Bill Phillips and Frankie Griffin.'

'Dutch Wagner'—Elizabeth's heart sank at the words. 'That was more than a tough assignment. It meant she was already through, unless she could do the impossible. Wagner and his crowd hung out in the Gull club, a gambling den on a yacht in the Hudson.

Midnight found Elizabeth pacing back and forth on the deserted landing place from which a private launch carried guests to the Gull club. A hundred yards out in the river she could see the black, rakish craft gleaming with colored lights. But it might have been ten miles away, for the girl had no means of announcing the launch, and no assurance that it would take her if it came.

Then a taxi drove up and a man alighted. He walked to the edge of the landing, blew a peculiar-sounding whistle, and turned to Elizabeth. 'Did you signal?' He was a powerfully built man, with a disformed face.

'New! I lost three of those fingers, and I tell Bill Phillips if he wants me to meet 'em on board, he's gotta get me without it.'

The man looked at her again, and then smiled with friendly politeness. 'Oh—so you're a friend of Bill Phillips?'

She hesitated. 'Sure, Bill's a swell with you. They don't come any better—or tougher.'

The stranger seemed duly impressed and invited her to make the trip in the launch with him. On board they were greeted by a swarthy man in the uniform of a common sailor. He seemed to know Elizabeth's companion, and the two passed. As they entered the cabaret, however, the girl's blood chilled. The head waiter had just addressed the man with her as Mr. Phillips! Stopping abruptly, she glanced back at the launch, as if to make a last-minute dash, but now the man took her arm and smiled. 'Let's go find Phillips,' he said quietly.

The Gull club was more a gambling den than a dance hall. 'Guess Phillips isn't here yet,' Elizabeth's companion murmured. 'How about a dance or two, until he comes?'

The dance stretched into several, and gradually Elizabeth's tension eased. As they sat at a table, a half hour later, she cautiously began to ask questions. Phillips, or whoever he really was, seemed to know almost everybody in sight.

Curiously enough, although Elizabeth's companion appeared to know all these men well, he made no effort to introduce the girl to anybody. Furthermore, he in turn began to question Elizabeth, with equal skill, to find out how well she knew Phillips and other members of the Gull club gang.

The girl became terrified. Was he trying to learn how dangerous she had become, before putting her out of the way? She evaded his questions and the conversation soon died into the certain silence. Suddenly there was a commotion on deck. The stranger stepped to the doorway, looked out, and dashed back to Elizabeth excitedly. 'We're raided!' he whispered; 'let's get out of here, kid!'

Suspicious, Elizabeth hesitated, but then saw several other men leaving hurriedly, and yielded. From the deck they saw a large police launch, filled with a raiding party, bearing down rapidly on the yacht. 'Come on,' whispered her companion, and half dragged her by the arm to where a small rowboat was moored.

Rowing as quietly as possible, they moved stealthily down-stream. Phillips, or whoever he was, bent to the oars powerfully and steadily, smiling reassurance occasionally at the girl. Somehow, Elizabeth's fear of him melted into a deep admiration. No man could have been more decent to her than this desperate gangster.

But what a story! If Blake didn't raise her for this, he was crazy. 'I have to get a telephone,' she exclaimed as the boat grounded. 'We both do,' the stranger said grimly, helping her ashore. They strode down a deserted street to a corner drug store.

Fishing a nickel out of her purse Elizabeth dashed into a phone booth, while the stranger waited for change. Blake was excited at the news. 'The Gull club raided?—Come break! Stay there until I send a man up.' She hung up, exhausted, for she knew all the other morning papers had already gone to press.

As the bit-down hooped over her, Elizabeth became dimly conscious of her companion's voice, talking into a phone in the next booth. She started, and suddenly became rigid with astonishment. 'Hello, Evening Star?' he was saying. 'This is Ben Baker of the feature section. Phillips' clothes did the trick, all right. Even his girl friend didn't spot me! And did I get a story!'

THE LAMP IN THE WINDOW

(Continued from Page Three)

Through the storm and the snow-covered lake plowed two men. Between them dragged a rope. Again and again their calls sounded over the lake: 'Lynn! Lynn!' Only the storm answered.

Theodore stumbled and fell. It was only a drift. It should not have thrown him. He rose, and looking down, saw a bit of dark against the snow. With a hoarse shout that carried through the storm to his companion, he threw himself down and began to brush the snow from the dark form that lay beneath. 'Matthew! Matthew! Oh, God, we've found her! Here—here—this way!'

Feverishly Theodore lugged at the line with one hand while with the other he rubbed the girl to his breast. Desperately he began to rub snow into her frozen face, calling her all the while, holding her close. Dead? Alive? Martin had said she would be alive, but what did Martin know about it?

Matthew came panting through the snow. 'Quick!' he cried. 'There is no time to lose. We'll soon be in. I have my compass.'

Together they carried the girl. Dost they fought the storm until at last they saw the lantern swaying in the trees. From Martin's window shone the yellow light of the lamp.

At last the rescuers placed Lynn before the fire in the cabin. The numbed face, hands, and feet were rubbed and

The Chieflain's white arms went marching on.

Through the storm and the snow-covered lake plowed two men. Between them dragged a rope. Again and again their calls sounded over the lake: 'Lynn! Lynn!' Only the storm answered.

Theodore stumbled and fell. It was only a drift. It should not have thrown him. He rose, and looking down, saw a bit of dark against the snow. With a hoarse shout that carried through the storm to his companion, he threw himself down and began to brush the snow from the dark form that lay beneath. 'Matthew! Matthew! Oh, God, we've found her! Here—here—this way!'

Feverishly Theodore lugged at the line with one hand while with the other he rubbed the girl to his breast. Desperately he began to rub snow into her frozen face, calling her all the while, holding her close. Dead? Alive? Martin had said she would be alive, but what did Martin know about it?

Matthew came panting through the snow. 'Quick!' he cried. 'There is no time to lose. We'll soon be in. I have my compass.'

Together they carried the girl. Dost they fought the storm until at last they saw the lantern swaying in the trees. From Martin's window shone the yellow light of the lamp.

At last the rescuers placed Lynn before the fire in the cabin. The numbed face, hands, and feet were rubbed and

rubbed. Martin's foresight had provided hot broth and this they gave her, little by little.

Finally her eyelids fluttered and Lynn came back to the world. As she opened her eyes, they fell on Theodore kneeling beside her, all the agony of a human heart written in his face. Weakly her hands reached out to him, 'drew him close. In the hush of the room they heard her whisper, 'Ted, oh Ted, I knew you'd come!'

Tenderly, and with something of a new note in his voice, came the young man's answer. 'I would have been too late, Lynn, but Martin's lamp was burning all the while. I think now I understand. And Lynn, when June comes, let's put a lamp in our window, too!'

Cuts and Bruises Disappear. — When suffering from cuts, scratches, bruises, sprains, sore throat or chest and any similar ailment, use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Its healing power is well-known in every section of the community. A bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil should be in every medicine chest ready for the emergencies that may always be anticipated.

FINISHED

Novice (with great determination after numerous attempts): 'I'll stay here till I hit this ball.'

Caddy: 'Well, ye-can get some lither liddle to hand yer sticks, for this ma bath nicht.'

Did You Ever Stop to Think?

By Edot. R. Waite, Shawnee, Oklahoma

A town worth living in is worth working for.

All things should be judged by merit only. This includes politics as well as business.

He who sets a steady pace is the one who gains the summit first.

The man who does not see any good in advertising usually does not have a stock worth advertising.

When you buy away from home you get the merchandise and your town loses the money. When you buy at home you have the merchandise and the money remains in your home town.

'No one thing will contribute more toward the rehabilitation of business than to relieve our people of their burden of taxation. The vital need of the hour is simple economy on the part of every public official,' so says Alf. M. Landon, Governor of Kansas.

Advertising is a public utility. It is the art of making known. It is mighty in the public service. It conquers time. It banishes distance. It speeds production and prosperity, creates national distribution, makes life richer and better and it pays for itself by reducing the cost of making, distribution and selling goods.

TIME TABLES

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

AT ACTON

Table with columns for 'Going East' and 'Going West' listing train numbers and times. Includes 'STANDARD TIME' at the bottom.



ARROW BUS SCHEDULE

LEAVE WESTBOUND 9.45 a. m. — 11.45 a. m. (except Saturday) — 2.15 p. m. — 3.15 p. m. (Saturday only) — 5.15 p. m. — 7.15 p. m. — 11.15 p. m. — 1.05 a. m. Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays

LEAVE EASTBOUND 7.00 a. m. (daily, except Sunday) — 9.10 a. m. — 12.45 p. m. — 2.25 p. m. — 6.45 p. m. — 9.00 p. m.

ITINERARIES PLANNED TO ALL POINTS IN CANADA, UNITED STATES & MEXICO

Consult Local Agent WILES' RESTAURANT Central Ontario Bus Lines TORONTO

A STOVE FOR EVERY HOME

Electric, Coal and Wood, Coal Oil, Gasoline, Electric Hot Plates, and a splendid range of Guaranteed Used and Reconditioned Stoves. We also furnish Repairs for all makes of Stoves. Your Old Stove accepted as part payment. Terms arranged. We can save you money.

PIONEER EQUIPMENT CO. Established 1923 19 Woolwich St. Guelph, Ont.

INSURANCE

FIRE, CAR, ACCIDENT SICKNESS, ETC.

E. HARROP

REPRESENTATIVE Core District Mutual Norwich Union Canadian Fire Insurance Company The Alliance Assurance Co. The Casualty of Canada Assurance Company The Merchants Casualty Co. The Portage-la-Prairie Mutual

NEW BUSINESS

PRINTED advertisements will attract new business to take the place of the old that you are losing. Get our prices on printing.

THE ACTON FREE PRESS

