WHEN THE SUN SINKS OVER THE

Tis good to rest at eventide From the tolls of a busy day, ... And let our hearts in peace abide, When all our cares are laid away. The good to feel that life is real And to the world we bear no ill. But bld farewell to ev'ry care When the sun sinks over the hill.

- The good to greet the folks we meet With a kindly word and a smile, Perhaps a word may help some friend To bear with fortitude, a trial. 'Tis good to know some friends we've won When our duties we've tried to fill, But sad to leave some things undone, When the sun sinks over the hill.

The shadows round about us creep When shades of night begin to The wood nymphs charm us all to sleep When the meadow larks cease to call, The mists lie low along the stream, And moonbeams sparkle on the rill, The day fades like a passing dream When the sun sinks over the hill.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

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

Mr. Robert Elgie, formerly a member of the G.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.

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

Councillor John Bingham, of Esquesing, was thrown from his cutter when it alewed 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; bring up a family!" And here is an-Capt. Fennell C. Smyth, Watford; and Wm. H. Smyth, of London.

now completed and the furnishings going The old building will be demolish-

A. T. Brown and A. J. Mackinnon.

given a third reading and passed. The Township officers appointed for the year Moore and James D. Strang, Auditors.

MARRIED Church Winnipeg, on Monday, 27th December, 1915, by Rev. H. Crawley. Henry Prancis Holmes, son of H. S.

80 Years. THOMPSON - In Erin Township. Thursday, January 13th, 1916, Matilda Emack, relict of the late Robert

Thompson, in her 74th year.

### December Report of Public School just what was happening.

in Their Classes the Past Month

Senlor Fourth Gordon McCutcheon, 353; Marie Brun-

Watson, 335. Total 400.

Polly Porty, 459; Prances Chisholm,

394. Total 600.

Senlor Third Margaret Lusby, 478; Olga Dyriw, 452; Rena Braida, 440; Margaret Smith, 440; Lorne Roney, 428; Dora Wood, 421. Total

Senior Third Charles Arnold, 440; Sammy Brunelle, 13. Mary Marzo, 399; Emela Marczak, 393; Bob Jackson, 391; Murlet Darby, 388.

Total 650. Junior Third Eveleen Braida, 403; Peter Turkosz, 348; Ethel Franklin, 327; Beatrice

Winnie Dawkins, 319. Total 500. I. Anderson, Teacher. Senior Second Edward Arnold, 413; Lois Pryer, 408;

Victor Masters, 369; T. R. Lamb, 368. Junior Second A Eleanor Allen, 427; May Nicol, 413

Mae Spires, 411: Annie Porty, 389; Margaret Blow, 385; June Talbot, 379. Total A. W. MacMillan, Teacher.

Senter Primer.

Junior Primary.

ward Giles.

has saved the lives of countless children, to ride,

# Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for Acton Free Press

GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

"All good things come to an end." the "gooder" they are the quicker the end! And so with Christmas cake. year I did not make any and to course we did not run out of it ver quickly, but this year I made five and here we are in the middle of January and only about half-a-pound of cake left. But let me hasten to add, we didn't eat all five cakes ourselves. . Y did give two away and of course, everyone who came Percy Yerks. to the house had to sample our Christmas cake. Not that it was anything wonderful-but you know how every woman likes to trot out her own special variety. Anyway, we are not nearly tired of it yet, and so I am going right ahead and I am going to make some more cakes -three, at least. Extravagant? I hardly think so. Pruit cake is more nutritious and lasts longer than an ordinary light we like it better without leing, so where's Hudson,

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

the extravagance?

And now, I am not sure, but it seem to me there must be some kind of pro verb somewhere which means-"It's th malden uunt who knows best how other quite original, as a matter of fact -There are more children spollt by . The new Registry Office in Milton is 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 The Pull Pair annual report showed raise a family. But I am beginning to to meet 'Im on board, 'he's gotta get a balance of \$994.90 in the bank. The believe that the average malden aunt officers for 1916 were: President, Geo. does, at times, know better the right Havill; Ist Vice-President, Ed. Pearen; course to pursue than Johnny or Joan's 2nd Vice-President, S. H. Lindsay; Secre- own mother. For one thing, she has tary-Treasurer, George Hynds: Auditors, more time for observation and she has a lips." charer vision, because she is not worried At the Nassagaweya Council meeting, with the entire responsibility of Johnny. guy. They don't come any better-or the Hydro-Electric Railway by-law was or Joan's existence. There is nothing like worry and anxlety to cloud one's were us follows: W. J. Akins, Assessor; on mother-love. Pirst, there is the in-Wm. McPhull, Collector; and Thomas evitable drain on her physical vitality. then her anxiety for the health of her family, individually and collectively. HOLMES-GOLDHAM - In St. Alban's Sometimes it happens that Big Sister has a serious illness and poor mother, in her worrled way, overlooks the fact that Holmes, G.T.R. agent, Acton, to Ethel Johnny and Joan are having altogether Marian, daughter of Henry Goldham, too much of their own way. Perhaps glanced back at the hunch, as if to McKENZIE-At Limehouse, on Saturday, and offers a little good-natured advice. January 15th, Donald McKenzie, aged which her sister rather resents and probably tells her a mother surely knows

best how to bring up her own children! Then again we have the over-anxious mother who unconsciously sheltens her off-spring to much an extent that they reach maturity with a deplorable lack of initiative Aunties, of course, could see

And of course we have the mother who Pupils Who Won Honor Standing that, through being to, she does not always notice the small beginnings of illness, unruliness or discontent.

But auntle, not beset with all thes major problems, has time to study her nieces and nephews and may realize even before their mother, the necessity Crippi, 340; Annie Molozzie, 339; Tom of a different method of training.

M. Z. Bennett, Principal. think of their children as young parareproach." Why should any mother be become, before putting her out of the 447; Lorne Masales, 429; Jack Chapman, ashamed to admit when her child is in way? She evaded his questions and 400; Jean Fraser, 307; Lois Dawkins, the wrong? Who wants a perfect child? the conversation soon died into un-D. Folster, Teacher. normally healthy happy and mischlevous

children-but who takes an interest in chiki-training-may know as much, M. Orr, Teacher. not more, than her married sister. We sometimes defeat our own ends by being

too close to our probems. And now the grandparents-God bless them-the chidren's worst spoilers! And why?-Simply-because-all-their-pent-up love of children is lavished on their grandchildron.- They give them little treats, allow them privileges, never in Creamer, 323; Enoch Marczak, 323; 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 sponsibility. They are terrible spoilers, John Turkosz, 382; Donald Eyans, 375; 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 genus. does not mean that him passessing gentus Thelma Lappin, 258; Clayton Fryer, should belittle it, but only that he who 252; Audrey McKinnen, 349; Farle John- than rlaim to call himself a genus, has son, 247; Anetta Evans, 245; Jack his reason to be discouraged. Genius and ladustry are constantly repeating the M. B. Young, Tocher, fajele of the hare and the tortol e. Genua --- could come out ahead every time, but J. O'Rourke, 300; Vivian Girard, 294; a matter of fact, it does not. Edgar George Johnson, 284: Margaret Ryan, Adan Per was a genlust Edgar Guest 280; Jean Brunelle, 269; Ivy Cripps, 265, Lays he is not. The gentus made his life a block tragedy and shadowed every life he touched. The other man has Elizabeth became dimin conscious of

Earl Carnrite; June McQueen; Jean shies at triffes. It bolts and throws the istonishment Giles; John Agar; Shirley Kentner; Ed- rider. Perhaps it balls, and the whip "Hello, Evening Star?" he was say and spur are powerless to move it. In- Ing; "this is Ben Baker of the fea-T. P. Hunt, Teacher. dustry on 'the other hand is neither ture section. Phillips' clothes did the showy nor spectacular, goes steadily ahead trick, all right. Even his girl friend - As a vermicide an excellent prepara- to the goal. Whether or not it to prog didn't spot me! And did I get a tion is Mother Graves' Exterminator. It ferable to genus, it is an easier home story!!"

## Gallant : Desperado

By SAMUEL REEVE

DEATURE EDITOR BLAKE looked I away from the intriguing eyelashes that adorned Elizabeth's expression of anxiety. "I'm sorry, Miss Atwell," 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 lob had made her the envy her whole graduating class, and couldn't possibly afford to lose it. 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 sidekicks, Handsome Bill Phillips and Frankle 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. cake. I always make the dark kind and a gapabling dive on a yacht in the

back and forth on the deserted landcarried 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 summoning the hunch, and no assurance that it would take her if it came.

Then a taxl drove up and a man allghted. He walked to the edge of the binding, blew a peculiar-sounding whistle, and turned to Elizabeth, "Did you signal?" He was a powerfully

built man, with a determined face. "Naw, I lost three of those liggers. and I tol' Bill Phillips If he wants me

The man looked at her again, and then smiled with friendly politeness. "Oh-so you're a friend of Bill Phil-

She boasted, "Sure, Bill's a swell The stranger seemed duly impressed

vision and there are so many demands 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 chitted. The head waiter had Just addressed the man with her as Mr. Phillips! Stopping abruptly, she Aunties see exactly what is happening make a last-minute dush. 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 murnured, "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

The girl became torrified. Was he gons. Like Caesar-they are "beyond trying to learn how dangerous she had Would you not rather have your child certain silence. Suddenly there was a commotion on deck. The stranger -in a good-natured way-than almost stepped to the doorway, looked out and dashed back to Elizabeth excited-And so I would say to a woman without ly. "We're raided," he whispered; "let's get out of here, kid!" Suspiclous, 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 stealthly downstream. Phillips, or whoever he was, bent to the oars powerfully and steadily, smiling reassurance occasionally at the re-; Somehow, Elizabeth's fear melted into a deep admiration. man could have been more decent to

ther than this desperate gangster. But what a Story! If Blake didn't raise her for this, he was crazy. have to get a telephone," she

claimed as the boat grounded. "We both do," the stranger said grimly, helping her ashore. They strode down a deserted street to a

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? -Home break! Stay there until I send a man up," She hung up, exhausted, for she knew all the other morning papers had already

As the letdown flooded over her. D. Shepperd; Rose Arnold; Jack Close, found a world a happy, friendly place, her companion's voice, talking into a I. Bruce, Teacher, and made it more pleasant for thousands, phone by the next booth. She started, Genius is a steel hard to control. It and suddenly because rigid- with

THE LAMP IN THE WINDOW (Continued from Page Three) . .

Suddenly Lynn felt the ating of snow in her face and the tug of a squall her skirt. Startled, she looked up. From mothent, it seemed, the clouds covered

the moon and there began to swirl about Lynn the snow of the Indian Hills. Swiftly the girl turned and started back. Her strength was not spent. Mayshe could keep ahead of the storm. Soon the wind begun to blow from

another direction, from two or three at the same time, so it seemed. The going became harder; it was almost imposthen it was gone again. The skates be- Martin know about it? came worse than useless. . Lynn cast them uside and started out on foot.

was going fast. The bitter cold wind my compass." was biting clear to the bone. Lynn felt She could scarcely see now. The snow

was, blinding. Her hands reached 'out Midnight found Elizabeth pacing gropingly, her feet stumbled. A little yellow light of the lamp. dark help crumpled down in the snow. From it came w sobbling cry, "Ted, oh, . Ted-come-I'm cold-tired-come-"

ing for.

business.

marching on.

covered lake plowed two men. their calls sounded over the lake. "Lynni Lynn!" Only the storm answered.

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

Feverishly Theodore tugged at the line with one hand while with the other he rulsed the girl to his breast. Desperately he began to rub snow into her frozen face, calling her all the while, holding alble to get through. Once Lynn thought ber close. Dead? Allve? Martin had she saw the gleam of Martin's lamp; said she would be alive, but what did

Matthews came panting through the snow. "Quick!" he cried. "There is no In spite of all her care her strength time to lose. We'll soon be in. I have pated.

> Together they carried the girl. Doggedly they fought the storm until at last they saw the lantern swaying in the tree. From 'Martin's window shone the

At last the rescuers placed Lynn before the fire in the cabin. The numbed laddle to hand yer sticks, for this ma face, hands, and feet were rubbed and bath nicht."

Did You Ever Stop

to Think?

By Eddor, R. Waite, Shawnee, Oklahoma

A town worth living in is worth work-

All things should be judged by merit

. He who sets a steady pace is the one

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get the merchandise and your town loses

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Advertising is a public utility. It is

only. This includes politics as well as

who gains the summit first.

stock worth advertising.

mains in your home town.

Governor of Kansas.

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

by little. . Finally her cyclids fluttered and Lyni came back to the world. As she opened them dragged a rope. Again and again 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 hugh of the room they heard her whisper, "Ted, oh Tedl

knew you'd come!" Tenderly, and with something of 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 Jet's put'a lamp in our window, too!"

Culs and Brukes Disappear. - When suffering from cuts, scratches, bruises, sprains, sore throat or chest and any similar nilment, use Dr. Thomas' Eclectrio Oil. Its healing power is well-known In every section of the community: A bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil should be in every medicine chest ready for the emergencies that may always be antici-

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

Caddle: "Weel, ye can get some ither

## TIME TABLES

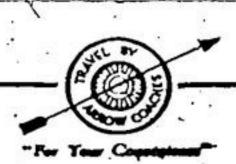
AT ACTON Daily, except Sunday ...... Daily except Sunday ...... 10.07 a.m.

Daily, except Sunday ...... 6.13 p.m. Sunday only ...... 734 p.m. The Chicago filer, that passes through here at 0.31 p. m., eastbound, stops at Georgetown at 0.40 p. m.

Golng West

Dally, except Sunday ...... 8.55 a.m. Daily, except Sunday ...... 2,23 p.m. Dally, except Sunday ...... 7.04 p.m. Daily, except Sunday ...... 12.31 a.m. Sunday only ...... 9.08 a.m.

STANDARD TIME



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 u. m. (daily, except Sunday)

- 9.10 a. m. - 12.45 p. m. - 4.30 p. m. - 6.45 p. m. - 9.00 p. m. ITINERARIES PLANNED TO ALL POINTS IN CANADA. UNITED STATES & MEXICO

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