

THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

Volume 11, No. 33—Whole No. 86

ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1877.

\$1.00 per annum in Advance.

BUSINESS CARDS.

W. H. LOWRY, M. E. M.
C. P. S. Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons—MILL STREET, ACTON.

D. E. MORROW, Physician.
Surg., etc., of Bellevue College, New York, Assistant of Victoria College, Canada. Consultation days—Tuesday and Friday, from 9 a. m. till 3 p. m. Residence—West Bower street, Acton.

D. HENDERSON, CONVEYER.
Attorney, etc., for Agents, Canada, etc. Prepared to do, promptly, all business connected with mortgages, and on reasonable terms. Money loaned on mortgage security. Office—Glasgow House, Acton.

ACTON BAKERY.

Cheap Bread.
GALLOWAY BROS.
ARE STILL AHEAD,
And we intend to keep so with our Superior
Bread, Buns, and Cakes

Delivered fresh around the village and vicinity every day. A good stock of BREAD, BUNS AND CAKES Always on hand at our bakery, good, fresh and cheap for cash.
No Credit Given.
Except to prompt-paying monthly customers.
All kinds of Produce taken in exchange for goods.
WEDDING & FANCY CAKES Made to order in the shortest possible notice, and satisfaction guaranteed.
N. B.—All goods are warranted pure as nothing but the best of material is used. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

GALLOWAY BROS.
Acton, Aug. 9, 1876.
CHEAP BREAD FOR THE MILLION

B. & E. NICKLIN
Bog to announce that they have secured the services of a
First-Class Baker,

and that their baking business is now in full operation, in the premises owned by Mrs. Evans.
Bread will be delivered daily at the houses in the village and vicinity.

Wedding Cakes, Tea Cakes, Pastry, Buns, &c., made in the very best manner, and kept always on hand, good and fresh. Also all kinds of Confectionery, Biscuits, &c., &c.
The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

B. & E. NICKLIN,
Acton, Feb. 29, 1876.

JAS. MATTHEWS
ACTON.
CLERK 4TH DIVISION COURT,
COUNTY OF HALTON.

CONROYANOR,
Commissioner in Q. B.

Life Insurance Agent,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

Agent Money to Loan or Borrow.
Agent Montreal Telegraph Co.

Debts Collected on Commission.

And General Agent, &c., &c.

Parties intrusting their business with me will be satisfactorily dealt with.

Office at the Post Office, Acton.

DOMINION HARNESS SHOP.
E. K. COOK
Having purchased the stock and good will of the harness lately carried on by Mr. J. F. Dempsey, begs to announce that he will continue the harness business in the same premises.

Old Post Office Building, Mill Street, Acton,
where he is prepared to turn out work second to none in the Dominion, being a practical workman of considerable experience. All work done promptly and as cheap as the cheapest. On hand a large and well selected stock of
Harnesses, Horse Blankets, Taps, Whips, Brushes, Combs, &c.
Repairing promptly attended to.
E. K. COOK.
Acton, Sept. 26, 1876.

Pork Wanted.
5000 Dressed Hogs wanted weekly for which the Highest Cash Price will be paid. From \$2,000 to \$5,000 in cash to be paid out to farmers for Pork every week during December, at
SECOND BROS. Store,

THE MALE COQUETTE.

Oh, who can love the vain coquette,
That sports from side to side?
Though flattered by a thousand smiles,
Not worthy of a bride,
He's like a gaudy butterfly,
That lives in rosy bowers;
Or like the titling humming bird,
That fits around the flowers.

His hits are made of almanac,
His locks of patent leather—
His brain is an equality
Of heat and heels together.
His forte, like the champagne, is
An interchangeable lure,
Though virtues have decided that
'Tis far more green than blue.

He'd captivate a thousand hearts,
Without the least regret,
Then charge you with severity,
For calling him "coquette."
His tongue o'erflows with flattery,
And many a honest word,
While with an artful wicket net,
He snares the wounded bird.

With innocence and artlessness,
She leads a listening ear,
And of his deep sincerity,
Anticipates no fear,
Till cross the path another form,
And fairer face appears,
Then to changeable chameleon
Another color wears.

He softly draws the silver string,
And swift the arrows fleet,
Till the fairer and more beautiful form
Lies bleeding at his feet.
Roguesville of his cruel work,
He spins the arched heart,
And slyly places 'neath the cord
Another poisoned dart.

Talk not to me of female arts,
Nor chide their honeyed smiles,
While the heartless looks of earth defend
And boast their cunning wiles.
From such rumpled possum shafts,
Though deep may be the quiver,
I'll pray with my last waking breath,
Kind heaven me deliver.

WHO TOOK THE STRANGER IN?

O'ly Van Loon sat in the corner of her poor cabin smoking a pipe, and dandling a yellow baby on her knee. Near the door stood a pale woman, holding a bright boy by the hand, while the master of the house stood like the giant of the mill of laziness, towering almost to the ceiling, his knees being bent as if ready to let him down on the floor.

He had more energy, and she was now displaying it by abusing this poor woman who had lost her good name, and was using for shelter among those who had once despised her.

"No, Lancy Dubois, you needn't come here just 'up my house, and cuttin' up my bread. Go to them that's as fine as you used to be, and they'll feed you and your boy with their pigs," was her declamatory salutation.

The wanderer winced beneath the taunt, and O'ly continued: "Pretty fine piece this old cabin for you, that wouldn't even come here once to a prayer meeting. Like you thought the mountain folks didn't no souls! I remember your ridin' past here a horseback with a feather in your hat, and your skirts slappin' the hoofs feet, and most ridin' over me that was a luggin' wood!"

Here the little spirit the man had, rose in him, and he lifted his hand feebly, and said, "You quit that! She's a human creature, and she's the boy; and I'm master of this house, and—"

"Oh, you be, you!" cried O'ly, with a hysterical laugh. "Well, let's see you take care of the house. You and the children wouldn't have a prayer meeting. Like it, if it hadn't been for me. I jick buckleberries, and raise hins and—"

"And steal corn and apples, and now and then a sheep when it comes handy," interrupted the man. "But as I said afore, I'm master of this house, and I can show it if 'casin' requires."

O'ly knew just how far to go, and now stopped short in her abuse of the wanderer. "I say," continued Van Loon, "you are to fix up a place in the loft for this poor human creature, and get some supper for her and the boy."

When O'ly had spent her ill temper, she put down her baby and began to spread out her poor fare. Her curiosity now rose above her temper, and she began to ask the poor outcast the news of the town below, and to abuse the people for not sheltering the homeless. O'ly and her lazy giant were of the class styled "domineers, in the hills below, whose hands were made up of their own sin, and were a common origin with their wealthy neighbors, too often live by begging and stealing sheep, poultry and fencibles. She would work rather than starve, but Jim would doubtless have chosen the latter fate, if he had been a single man.

The neighbors felt that she had broken living; they were free of all responsibility; and so she had become a homeless wanderer. She had humbled herself as much as did the Prodigal Son when he asked for the hunk that the swine did eat, and not even a brother had given them to her.

"When O'ly—who was not as humane as her words would make her appear—saw that her guest did not eat of her bounty, she said to her, "you needn't be afraid of 't'is reasonable clean, considerin'."

Then the woman burst into tears, and said, "O O'ly, I'm too sick to eat! Give me a pillow, and let me lie down and die here. My own brothers have shut their doors in my face to-night, and wouldn't even shelter the boy! If they had taken him in, I would have lain down and died on my mother's grave. It seems as if my agony must bring her out of heaven to-night. God forgive, but sinful man will not!"

"What fetched you up here, then?" asked O'ly, quite subdued by the scene. "Because you were sinners and outcasts like myself. I thought if the 'righteous' could me guest you would not—that you who knew what scorn was would pity me," was the reply.

"Well, now, child, I'm powerful sorry I rought you; but you see he is such an aggravatin' feller, he won't work but he'll eat, and ask everybody else to; and it was to dress him down a little that I rought you. You may eat all we've got, and sleep a month right through on my hins' feather-bed and pillow, and I'll give you boy all the molasses he can eat to-morrow, to keep him 'way from you, for I see you're in a roasin' fever."

"There, Jim, if you ain't too lazy, help the poor child up the ladder, and I'll give her some yarp tea and settle her down for the night. If I live to see daylight, I'll go down to the plain, and I'll ring the village bell, and get the dominie, and all the grand folks out, and then I'll call 'em everything I can lay my tongue to, I will—I sarprints and tippers, and hypocrites, and loss moral, and if I get a good chance—without being hung for it—I'll set fire to her brother's barns, and teach 'em to forgive like they hope to be forgiven. I guess I can teach them 'ligion, 'bout their comin' 'up here and holdin' of meetings 'mong us and never axin' us to go down into the church where the carpets and the clock and chandeliers is and—"

"Look a here!" cried Jim, "she's a' tied out while you're preachin'. Better settle her now, an' git up in the pulpit and box your say to-morrow."

O'ly took the suggestion meekly. Her heart was too full of pity for this outcast, to quarrel with Jim now.

"I've heered some bibles read in my day, and know more than they think I do; and I'll give the dominie a piece of my mind of I live till to-morrow," she added.

"Oh, no, don't, don't, O'ly! he'd be too late! The lips that would have craved pardon for all the errors of a sad life, and spoken forgiveness for their neglect, were forever sealed."

"Care stole down the strong man's cheeks; and one of them said—as if in compensation for the work done in the dead—"She may be buried from my house, and I will provide for the child."

But O'ly's spirit was only subdued, not dead. "No, I shall go from this house to the grave; and if you're too proud to come here to the prayers, you can stay away."

There was a prayer at Jim's poor home, and the faded form, that once was very beautiful, was borne down by old friends to the open grave around which the relatives were gathered. Here services were held, and many a tear was given to her who had sinned in her youth, been long cast off by her kindred, but who had yet found mercy at the eleventh hour of her short life.

Old men and women, who had been friends of her parents in childhood and youth, gazed on the scene with sad eyes, and saw the good conscience stricken; for they had done nothing to save this imperiled soul from becoming a total wreck. Many had to admit, in this searching hour, that they had never uttered a kind word or held out a hand to encourage her return. They all knew that the last place on earth she looked to for mercy was her native town, where her innocent days had been spent. Her brothers, if they had any conscience left, must have quailed under the eyes of those chief of sinners—the mountaineers—to whom their sister had fled as a last refuge when the weakness of death was on her.

The men who were to fill the grave, leaned on their spades, as if reluctant to shut out the last gleam of day from one who had seen so little sunshine. A dead silence had fallen on all there, when an old man, with uncovered head, started them all by exclaiming, in tremulous tones, "And now, in the name of Him who came to call, not the righteous, but sinners to repentance; who, while He owned the world and all that is in it, had not where to lay His head—I, a stranger and an sojourner of a day among you, thank these poor, neglected dwellers in your hills, for their mercy to the dead! Shall we a stranger among her own; and they took her in; she was hungry, and they fed her; she was thirsty, and they gave her drink; she was cold, and they ministered to her in prison—shut out by cruel bars from the mercy of Christian men and women—and those whom she had regarded as enemies took her in, ministered to her, and closed her dying eyes. You know the promise of God, and you know He is true to all His promises. God forgive you and reward them! Amen!"

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"I didn't come with berries: My hands are too full with your work, to pick berries; and, walking in, she stood before the rich man, and said, "Your sister is in my cabin. It's just the place, and just the company, for her," was the reply. "I hope you'll keep her there!"

"Well, I don't expect to do that. Death is gettin' ready a home for her; and if you want to say a forgiving word to her, you'd better hurry, else she'll go up and tell the Lord that you wouldn't forgive her; and then most like He won't forgive you."

"Oh, I'll risk her dying! Such as she don't die, they hang on to torment and disgrace other folks forever. No, O'ly Van Loon, I haven't snuk so low as to visit anybody that finds their company in your shanty!"

"Very good, sir, you can settle that with the Lord. I didn't come here to quarrel with you, but to give you a chance to forgive her; and here I say afore the Lord that and forgive her, and that can forgive me, that from this hour I will lead a new life. I'll starve afore I'll steal, and I'll make Jim do so too. But you look out for the same Lord 's above us both, and He sees and hears us."

The rich man shut the door almost in her face—the very door through which he and his sister had passed in their happy childhood, morning and night, from school and from play.

O'ly was almost a heathen, although under the very sunshine of grace; and did not know how to approach any one in a proper way. She walked over to the paragon, presented herself before the "dominie," and asked, "Do you want to pray for a dying sinner?"

"Yes, O'ly. Who of your neighbors is dying?" was the response. "It's of your neighbors—Mr. V's daughter," said O'ly shortly. "Not doing it," she was here only a few days ago," was the reply. "Come and see," was all that O'ly would say.

The man of God mounted the rocky path by O'ly's side, listening to the sad story of one who had been a lamb in his fold, in days long gone by.

When he stood by the sick woman's side, she said, "Oh, you are the one who gave me a cup of cold water! In return I will give you an angel to live with you all ways—little Paul—and see you that he leads these people to God. I was a stranger, and they took me in; sinned, and they ministered to me; sinned and God hit me, and never let Him rest till all these in the mountain are forgiven and received, as I, the chief of sinners, am to-night. Good bye!"

The minister, by his influence, induced the hard brothers to go up to Jim's hotel that night; but it was too late! The lips that would have craved pardon for all the errors of a sad life, and spoken forgiveness for their neglect, were forever sealed.

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Knights of Pythias.

As there is to be a lodge of this very respectable and honorable order instituted in Acton immediately, perhaps a synopsis of their history, aims, objects, &c., may be of interest to our readers. From a small book containing their by-laws, rules, &c., we call the following:

On February 19th, 1864, in the city of Washington the order of Knights of Pythias first saw the light, and Washington Lodge was the appropriate name of the pioneer lodge. But the order did not make much progress till April, 1866, since when the order has gone on prospering, and now its roster shows about two hundred thousand Knights in the United States alone. Eight years after the order of Knights of Pythias was introduced into Ontario, 22d February, 1872, and eight months after it had crossed the border eight subordinate Lodges and one Grand Lodge had been formed, and to-day the city of Toronto alone contains no less than six subordinate Lodges, and the headquarters of the Grand Lodge is also in that city. Its success in Canada is almost unparalleled, and its members are composed of those holding the highest and most exalted position in our land as well as some moving in humble spheres of life. The society prides itself and is noted for the respectability of its members.

Its success in Canada is almost unparalleled, and its members are composed of those holding the highest and most exalted position in our land as well as some moving in humble spheres of life. The society prides itself and is noted for the respectability of its members. It is not an ordinary society, but one that has taken as one of its aims a firm hold in Canada that it now bids fair to flourish for many generations yet to come, and it is fondly hoped, forever.

That secret societies are a benefit to mankind is now beyond all dispute. That covenants have existed since the world began is so evident to students of biblical lore, that it is unnecessary to enter into a defence of what all cheerfully admit. When a society has for its objects the promotion of good fellowship, the spread of brotherly love, the befriending of widows and orphans, who can lift up his voice against it, and say, that its foundation is not resting on the solid rocks of christianity? The Knights of Pythias do not seek the fellowship of infidels—no, they seek to bind by an indissoluble tie, all believers in the one true God, in one vast bond of peace, love and true charity. Founded in the time of war, it became a time of peace only to help those who in fighting life's battles are obliged to succumb to will stronger than their own. Where would the suicide be found, could every man when adversity pushes him hard, but look around him and reckon his friends through the medium of Pythian Friendship—sworn friends—by hundreds and by thousands.

Friendship, says some, will flourish in all ages without the help of mystic ties; true, but then it will be the friendship of individuals, not one grand universal friendship, such as it is the object of the Knights of Pythias to establish. The stranger is cast upon our shores, sick and weary, far from home, known by none, but if he be a Knight of Pythias, then the strong hand of fellowship, of brotherly love is held out to him, and he who is thought worthy by our brothers to be their trusty fellow knight—no matter how great the distance over which he has travelled—is gladly welcomed with open arms and kindling faces. He is not a stranger, he has true and tried friends innumerable. A brother dies, his wife, his children are mourning his loss, they are in despair—no comfort is at hand: starvation stares them in the face—no, there are friends at hand. But who are they? Brothers and sworn brothers, his children, and his children's, his wife is their dear sister. Such are the first elements of Pythian Friendship.

We ask none to join our Order, without first examining its principles, and convincing themselves that its objects are good, that it in no way conflicts with their religious or political freedom, and that its very existence tends upon the purity and integrity of its members. If they can find anything in antagonism in our Constitution to their moral or heaven-born tendencies, let them leave us alone—we do not wish for any but those who are willing to join heartily, hand in hand, with us for the great and glorious objects we have in view—namely, the spread of brotherly love, and the inculcation of true charity.

The romantic story of Damon and Pythias is too well known to need repetition here.

In case of sickness or accident members are entitled to a weekly benefit of from two to six dollars per week so long as unable to attend to business; in the event of the death of a Knight his funeral expenses are paid by the lodge, and his widow draws forty dollars per year so long as she remains a widow, which is a nice little insurance.

And when a Knight dies his last moments are somewhat cheered by the knowledge that the wife and children of his love are not left entirely destitute or without friends, that there are those who will look after and care for those hapless ones who are compelled to leave. There are many other benefits known only to knights.

Slander.
Never use a lady's name at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to use a woman's name in a reckless manner shun them. They are the very worst members of the community; men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and heart-broken by a lie, manufactured where it should not have been, and in presence of those whose little