

THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

Volume II. No. 33—Whole No. 105

ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1877.

\$1.00 per annum in Advance.

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MY NEIGHBOR.
"Love thou thy neighbor" I am mute,
He lives across the way,
And plays upon the Guitars flats
Some twenty hours a day.
On him I do not waste my labor,
Nor even try to love my neighbor.

"Love thou thy neighbor" I am dumb,
She lives next door to me,
A single lane, with yards of dreary;
Her age is forty-three,
Ah! it were surely foolish labor
For me to try to love my neighbor.

"Love thou thy neighbor" Heaven
forbid!
He hath of gold galore,
And at usurious rates doth lend
No small sums of his store,
And whosoever should I squander labor
Or waste my love on such a neighbor?

"Love thou thy neighbor" Nay, not
so!
This were too much to ask:
My heart with love is all aglow,
But finds a happier task
Ah! not in vain my heart hath sought
To love my neighbor's daughter.

"We are going next week."
"But you have laid your plans
to travel in Europe for the next
year, at least."
"What was the use for me to at-
tempt to explain it was so
torture to myself. I had told Lillian
so many stories, without regard to
their consistency, that she knew
not what to believe. I was dis-
gusted with myself.

"I don't see where you got so
much money, either, Paley," she
added.

"Do you think I stole it?" I
asked, somewhat severely.

"I'm afraid you did," she
answered, with a shudder.

"When I think of it, I am
really afraid you did. Here we
are in London under an assumed
name. All your papers call you
Charles Gaspar. You told me
you had over thirty thousand dol-
lars, too."

"Should have had more if I had
not lost any," I replied, in rather a
sullen tone.

"Tell me the whole truth, Paley.
Let me know the worst. If my
husband is a—"

"A what?"
"A defaulter, a thief. Let me
know it," said she with a burst of
agony.

"No thief!" I exclaimed, spring-
ing to my feet.

"Don't be angry, Paley."
"When my wife calls me a thief,
we have been together long enough,"
I added, sternly.

I took my hat, and rushed out of
the room. I was angry, but my
wrath was of only a moment's dura-
tion. I went out into the Strand
and walked at a furious pace till
I reached the American Agency.

I wished to know the worst. If I
had been published as a defaulter
in Boston, I was no longer safe in
London. I wished to see a defau-
lter in London. I had not thought
of looking at them before, because
I desired to banish my native land
from my mind.

I turned the folios till I came to
the one which Lillian had seen. I
read the paragraph again. It was
very vague. It did not say that
the missing teller was a defaulter;
it only hinted at something of the
kind, and the inference always is,
when a bank officer disappears,
that his cash is short. I turned
over the sheet to find something
more about the matter. There was
nothing else about me or the bank;
but as I examined the paper, my
eyes rested for a moment on the
list of deaths.

"In Springhaven, 15th inst.,
Miss Rachel Glaswood, 67 years."

My aunt had passed away on the
very day that I sailed from New
York! How I cursed myself again
and again! If I had not fled I
should certainly have been able to
pay my debt to the bank in a short
time, for I was confident she had
left me enough for this. I had
banished myself from home for
nothing. I had suffered tortures
which no innocent man can under-
stand or conceive of, and years of
misery were still before me. I had
made up my mind long before that
honesty was the best policy, and I
had a glimmering conception
of something higher than this. I
was sure I should have been hap-
pier with poverty and hard labor
for my lot, if I could only have
been honest.

I envied Tom Flynn! His
piety, which I had derided, seemed
to me now to be the sum total of
earthly joy. I do not believe in
cant of any kind, but if ever a man
was convicted of sin, I was, though
I had not yet the courage to attempt
any retrograde step. The writer
virtually called me a thief. It was
only the truth; I deserved the
epithet, and more than that.

I turned to the next paper. There
was nothing about me or the bank
in it, and I continued my search
till, in a subsequent issue, I found
was happy to assure the public that
the bank would not lose a dollar by
the missing teller. I was surprised
at this announcement, for I was in-

debted to the bank in the sum of
thirty-eight thousand dollars. I
could not understand it. I turned
to the stock lists in the several pa-
pers. The shares in the Forty-
ninth had been affected by the first
paragraph, but the quotations show-
ed that they had been restored by
the information contained in the
second.

I concluded that the bank had
determined to conceal my deficit, to
avoid the loss of public confidence.
But while I was trying to satisfy
myself with this theory, a better
one was suggested to me. My aunt
died on the day of my departure.
Within the week the substance of
her will was known to Captain
Halliard. She had left her whole
fortune to me, and it was to be
used in making good the deficiency
in my cash. Of course I had no
idea how much she had left, but I
supposed it was enough to satisfy
the bank, or to pay the loss with
the sums for which my bondsmen
were liable. One thing was plain,
that if the bank acknowledged no
loss, it would not proceed against
me; and I realized that I was safe
from arrest while in Europe.

I could find no further allusion
to the missing teller in any of the
papers. If the deficit was made
good, doubtless my friends would
labor to cover up my error. As
the matter now stood, the money
in my possession belonged to me. I
tried to make myself believe that
it was Aunt Rachel's fortune. But I
could not wink out of eight my
blasted reputation, for whatever
the papers said, or failed to say,
people would have their own opin-
ions about my sudden departure. I
was far from satisfied. If my fi-
nancial record were explained away,
I could not get rid of the conscious-
ness of my own guilt, which was
positive suffering to me. I was
convicted of my sin, and I had even
prayed to God for mercy under my
misery.

Paley Lillian was suffering quite
as severely. I had left her in an-
ger, and the tears came to my eyes
when I thought of her. I hasten-
ed back to the hotel. I found her
lying upon the sofa, sobbing like a
child. I raised her in my arms,
kissed her tenderly, and begged her
to forgive my harsh conduct.

"O, Paley! how miserable I
am! Only tell me that you are
not guilty, and I shall be happy,"
she said.

"You would hate and despise me
if I told you the truth, Lillian," I
replied.

"Then it is the truth!" she ex-
claimed, springing up, and looking
at me with something like horror
in her expression.

I did not know what had come
over me, unless it was the conscious-
ness of my sin, but without
definitely resolving to tell the truth,
I found it impossible to utter any
more lies. Life seemed to me a
more solemn thing than ever before.

"I deserve the worst you can
say of me, Lillian."

"Then you are a defaulter,
Paley?"

"I am; but no one knows it."
"Yes, I know it," she said.

"I wish I could hide it from
myself. You shall know all, Lil-
lian."

"But give back the money. I
would rather be a beggar and
sweep the crossings of the streets,
than live in luxury on stolen
money."

"Do not be too severe, Lillian.
The bank will not lose a dollar by
me. On the very day that we
sailed from New York, Aunt
Rachel died. I have no doubt that
she left most of her property to me;
and the bank has by this time been
paid every dollar I owe it."

"That is some comfort, but not
much. You have ruined your
reputation. Poor Aunt Rachel! I
wish I had seen more of her.
What could tempt you to go
astray, Paley?" continued my wife,
the tears coming to her eyes again.

"I was extravagant, and lived
beyond my means. I borrowed
the money to furnish our house,
and I was otherwise in debt."

"Why didn't you tell me, Paley?
We all thought we were made of
money."

"I had not the courage to tell
you."

"I know I am guilty, and fond
of dress and show, but I would
rather have lived in an attic,
and dressed in calico, than had you
run in debt. You always said you
had plenty of money, and your salary
seemed to be more than enough to
supply all our wants."

"I was weak and foolish, Lillian.
I can see it now; I could not see
it then."

I told her the whole story from
the beginning to the end—how I
had been thorned by my uncle and
by my other creditors, and how I
had been tempted to take the
money from the bank. I told the
truth, as I understood it, and I
did not, when I declared that I had
not, at first, intended to rob my
employers. She listened to me with

the deepest interest, occasionally
interrupting me with questions. I
told her the whole truth. I did
not even conceal from her the fact
that I had destroyed her letters.
She wept bitterly as she rehearsed
the sufferings of her parents and
sisters.

"Let us go home, Paley," said
she, when I had finished the loath-
some confession. "I don't want
to see Europe till you have atoned
for your fault."

"I may be thrown into prison,
if I go to Boston again," I sug-
gested.

She clasped me in her arms and
wept upon my neck. If her heart
was bursting, mine was hardly less
affected. The afternoon, the evening,
the night passed away, and still
we wept and groaned in bit-
terness of spirit in each other's
arms. The clock struck four in
the morning before we could decide
what to do. She could not advise
me to go home if a prison cell
awaited me. I never realized the
pressure of guilt so heavily before.

I never knew my wife till then.
Guilty as I was she still clung to
me, and was willing to share my
lot of shame and disgrace.

In the morning hours I told her
what I would do. I would write
to Tom Flynn. I would confess
my error to him, assure him of the
sincere penitence I felt, and be
governed by his advice. I did
write, page after page, and sheet
after sheet, till I had told the
whole story. I assured him every
penny the bank or my bondsmen
had lost should be paid. I would
give up everything I had.

I sent my long letter, with an-
other from Lillian to her friends, by
the next mail, and anxiously wait-
ed a reply, which could not reach
me under three weeks.

[Conclusion next week.]

**A Good Way to Promote Tem-
perance.**

In the "Easy Chair" of Har-
per's Monthly for July a suggestion
is advanced which is eminently
worth considering. It is no new
idea by any means, having been put
into practical shape for many years
in Britain and found to be quite
feasible. It is this: It is notorious
that the attractions which the ven-
dors of liquors throw around their
business tend to present most subtle
temptations especially to our young
men. If drinking could be dis-
sociated from brilliant and attractive
resorts, convenient of access, and
flaunting their tinsel splendor upon
the street, the other temptations
discovered, half the danger to young
men would be avoided. They do
not especially care to drink. But
it is so easily done and done in
such gay society that before they
are aware they are thralls to an
appetite very insidious and fatal.

Now why not stimulate temperance
by making it attractive? Why not
fight it out on this line? The
writer further contends that if a
very large part of the money which
is expended for lectures and papers
and tracts upon the evil of drink-
ing were devoted to maintain-
ing resorts pleasant and more at-
tractive than the corner grocery
and the brilliant bar-room, the good
cause would certainly prosper
more than now. That would be put-
ting the wits of temperance men
against the dram interest.

A PRAT FIELD.—The Dundas
Banner says:—On the farm of Mr.
Joseph Bowman, at Colchester, a
large quantity of genuine peat has
been discovered, covering an area
of nearly two acres, and extending
downwards to an unascertained
depth. This peat has been dried
and tested by a number of those
who in cold Erin were used to
handling and burning the genuine
Irish turf, and they one and all
declare that the Colchester peat is
equal to the best they ever saw in
Ireland.

Mad Dogs.—In view of the ap-
proach of the "dog days" and
their concomitant danger—hydro-
phobia—an exchange remarks:—
"It should be remembered that a
dog that is properly fed and cared
for is not at all likely to go mad or
become a public nuisance. Regu-
lations should be carefully executed
to prevent vagrant curs who no
body owns from roaming about.
Nobody should be permitted to
keep an animal which is really
dangerous, and no one should be
allowed to have a dog that is starv-
ed or abused."

"Follow sinners," said a jirach-
er, "if you were told that by going
to the top of those stairs yonder
(pointing to a rickety pair at one
end of the church) you might
secure your eternal salvation, I
really believe hardly any of you
would try it. But let any man
proclaim that there were a hundred
stepladders up there for you, and
I'll be bound there would be such
a getting up stairs as you never did
see."

The Country Editor.
We love to shake the hand of a
country editor. We find in him
the true working man of the land.
He works not only with his hands
but with his brains. Under his magic
work towns grow into cities, black-
smith shops grow into foundries
and the little bunch of cottages are
transformed into palatial mansions.
These changing scenes go on, and
yet the country editor toils on as
he did when his village was in its
infancy. There is no reward for
his work other than the satisfaction
of knowing that he and he alone
wrought the glorious improvement.

Few know the trials and tempta-
tions of the country editor. One
day he may revel in the luxuriance
of a load of wood, and the next day
shiver in the absence of food. Ho
wells on, nevertheless. He goes on
building his town, seeking ungrate-
ful aspirants to office, and gives
each citizen a shove up the hill of
life, down which he is allowed to
tumble.

Therefore, when Col. Tooster
comes into our sanctum, we feel as
if we were more honored than if
Ben Hill or Chief Justice Bradley
had visited us. We love the coun-
try editor. And although he is
but a trifle worse off in this world's
goods than the poor scribe of the
city, we feel as if he was one of the
nobler works of God, in that he
desires more for his fellow men, and
is paid less for it than any other
creature on earth.—*Bridge Smith's
Paper.*

Pearls of Truth.
Christ is himself the one unassur-
able proof of Christianity.—*Goethe.*

The more a man denies himself the
more he shall obtain from God.—*Horace.*

He is rich who saves a penny a year,
and he is poor who runs his hand in
a year.

Wickedness resides in the very
foundation of our nature, even though it be
not perpetrated.

One good and honest life contains
more solid arguments in favor of Christ-
ianity than half a century of theolog-
ical works.

He that forgets his friend is ungrate-
ful to him; but he that forgets his Sa-
vior is ungrateful to himself.—*Bunyan.*

"Who has a heart so pure but some
moleculary apprehensions of knots and
law days, and in sessions sit with
meditations and.—*Shakespeare.*

Very few people go into an argument
in order to discover the truth of the
matter. They want to hold their own
and rout the enemy. Hence the gen-
eral loss of temper.

Let us pray God that he would root
out of our hearts every thing of our own
planting, and set out there, with his
own hands, the tree of life bearing
fruit for ever.—*Calvin.*

—*Ward the cock-pigeon shot,*
has absconded from Toronto.

Why is another a queer animal?
Because his tale comes out of his
head.

Editors never commit suicide.
They haven't the time to waste for
such fooleries.

—*Hon. John Young* is expected
home from the Australian Exhibi-
tion about the middle of August.

An editor, puffing air-tight cof-
fins, said: "I persons having cov-
ered one of these air-tight coffins
will ever use any other."

Many ladies give us an excuse
for carrying for money that they
can't find anything else in a man
nowadays worth having.

Never catch me marrying a Chi-
cago girl; when I get married it
will be to some man that doesn't
need reformatory.

Now is the time for lovers to get
spray over ice-cream, she taking a
pretty dab at his vanilla, and be fer-
rowing a taste of her chocolate.—*This
process inspires confidence in the
day when they will be throwing
corned beef and cabbage across the
table.*

The other day a simple child of
nature was walking along the banks of
a river. Suddenly she said to her com-
panion: "Tell me, there does this
water go?" "Into the sea." "But
then why doesn't the sea overflow? Ah,
I know why it is. Because in the sea
there are so many sponges they suck it
all up."

A philosopher says every married
man should have a dog in the
house. A dog will scare off rob-
bers and burglars, and he is a
household pet, and when you come home
of humor and find supper an hour
in arrears, you can give vent to
your wrath by kicking the animal
clear across the room.

The occasional newspaper war
is a nuisance as well as nastiness.
It never rises to the dignity of a
battle or the intellectuality of wit.
It invariably falls into bad temper
and words unadorned by
humor and sarcasm, and it is apt
to get the best of it who has the
largest and dirtiest repository of
slang, the foulest imagination, the
greatest sense of irresponsibility
and the meanest heart.