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The Acton Free Press

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE CHICAGO NORMOTOR. It acknowledged the lightest running and best windmill manufactured. I am agent for this district. Call and investigate before you buy. T. EBBAGE, Main Street, Acton

EVERTON AND EDEN MILLS FLOUR and OATMEAL MILLS. Best quality of Flour and Oatmeal at right prices. Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed, Etc., for sale. Cash for Wheat and Oats. Chopping every day at both mills. HENRY HORTOP. PROPRIETOR

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Good Shoes Seasonable Prices. We are here to serve you faithfully and well. The whole system of our business revolves around the central point, that we sell good goods at reasonable prices. The day of large profits is gone. Sudden fortunes are not often made honestly. We are content with the moderate rewards that come from a large trade well managed. Come and talk Shoes with us; we can't discuss politics, but we are full of ideas on foot gear. We sell all Lines and suit all Customers. W. WILLIAMS The Shoe Man. Street - - - Acton

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Poetry.

A UNIQUE POEM.

The following remarkable poem is a genuine literary Mosaic, each line being taken from some well-known English or American author, whose name in every instance is given. The author is said to have spent more than a year on its compilation:

LIFE.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?—Young.
Life's a short summer—man is but a flower.—Dr. Johnson.
By turns we catch the fatal breath and die;—Pope.
The cradle and the tomb, alas! how nigh!—Prior.
To be to better far than not to be.—Sewell.
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;—Spencer.
But life's curse speak when mighty griefs are dumb.—Daniel.
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.—Sir W. Raleigh.
Thy fate is the common fate of all;—Longfellow.
Unmingled joys here no man befall;—Southwell.
Nature to each allots its proper sphere;—Congreve.
Fortune makes folly its peculiar care.—Churchill.
Custom does not reason, overrule.—Rochester.
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.—Armstrong.
Live well; how long or short permit to heaven.—Milton.
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.—Bailey.
Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face;—French.
Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.—Somerville.
Then keep each passion down, however dear.—Thompson.
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear.—Byron.
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay.—Smollett.
With craft and skill to ruin and betray.—Crabbe.
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.—Massinger.
We masters grow of all that we despise.—Cowley.
Oh, then, renounce that phantom self-esteem.—Beattie.
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.—Cowper.
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave.—Sir William Davenant.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.—Gray.
What is ambition? 'tis a glorious cheat.—Willis.
Only destructive to the brave and great.—Addison.
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?—Dryden.
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.—F. Quarles.
How long we live, not years but actions tell.—Watkins.
That man lives twice, who lives first life well.—Herrick.
Make, then, while you may, your God your friend.—William Mason.
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.—Hill.
The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just.—Dana.
For live we how we may, yet die we must.—Shakespear.

Select Family Reading.

..Their.. Daughter-in-Law..

"YOUR hat day? Dear, dear! must you go to-day, Harvey?" said Mrs. Seely, looking across the breakfast table at her son, with affectionate concern.

And her daughters, Kitty and Margery echoed her words.

"Couldn't you have got off for another week?" said his father, breaking a hot roll carefully. "Now that you're partner though—"

"Now that I'm partner, it is hard work getting off," responded Harvey Seely. "It was all I could do?"

He paused suddenly.

"What was all you could do?" inquired Kitty.

"Well," said Harvey, laying down his knife and fork, with a beaming smile, "here goes, here's the news I've been saving up for you till the last, from a natural modesty. It was all I could do to get things arranged so that I could go on my wedding trip a month hence. I am going to be married."

Kitty's spoon fell into her saucer with a clatter, and Mr. Seely dropped his roll hastily.

"Married?" said Margery breathlessly.

Mrs. Seely alone remained calm.

She rolled up her napkin, put it in its ring, and looked at her son through her gold-bowed glasses compassidly.

She felt, however, that this was an important crisis.

When Harvey—their only son—had, with commendable independence, left his pleasant home to "get a start" in the neighboring city, they had all expected great things of him.

He would be rapidly successful; he would distinguish himself in the profession he had chosen and amass a fortune; and he would woo and win some sweet girl, with a long row of ancestors—the Seelys, being themselves a good old family, were great respectors of blue blood—a host of accomplishments and a heavy dowry. Their hopes had seemed likely to be fulfilled. Harvey had proved himself possessed of remarkable business qualities; he had risen quickly and had recently exceeded their wildest ambitions by being made a junior partner of the firm. All that now remained to be desired was his safe conquest of the beautiful and aristocratic young person of their dreams, with her many talents and substantial inheritance. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the girls were trembling with eagerness; that Mr. Seely fumbled with his watch-chain, in nervous suspense, and that Mrs. Seely opened her lips twice before she found strength to propound the all-important question, "Who is she?"

"She is a Miss Dora Berdan at present," said Harvey, smilingly.

"Berdan?" Mrs. Seely repeated, and raised her brows inquiringly. "I don't think I have heard of the family."

"Not at all likely," Harvey rejoined. "They are quiet people."

"Berdan!" Mr. Seely repeated, musingly. "No; I have not heard of them. Where do they live?"

"In Weyman Street," responded Harvey.

Mrs. Seely fell back in her chair with a little gasp; her husband turned a dismayed face upon his son; and Kitty and Margery gave little screams.

Weyman Street! It was miles from the region of aristocracy; it was peopled with working-girls and seamstresses and small shopkeepers, with street venders and old apple-women, for all the Seelys knew.

"Not Weyman Street, Harvey?" said his father.

"Certainly, Weyman Street," Harvey repeated.

"But she is not—she cannot be of good family, living in Weyman Street?" said Mrs. Seely, anxiously.

"The family is quite respectable," her son responded quietly. "Dora's mother is a widow. She sews for a fancy goods house, and Dora has been assistant bookkeeper in our establishment; that is how I met her."

Mrs. Seely groaned. "A bookkeeper—a seamstress!" she ejaculated. "Oh, Harvey, you couldn't have done worse!"

"A penniless girl," said his father, solemnly. "And after all we have hoped for you! No, it could not be worse!"

"A common working-girl!" said Kitty, in a choking voice. "And everybody will know it! Oh, Harvey, it couldn't be worse!"

The young man looked from one to another in astonishment, hurt and in half contemptuous silence. Margery turned to him with a gentle sympathy mingling with the dismay in her face.

"Perhaps," she said, hopefully—"perhaps there is something to make up? Perhaps she is a wonderful beauty, or a great genius or something?"

"I think her pretty, of course," he said. "But I suppose that's because I'm fond of her. I don't think she would be called a beauty. And as for genius—she's very clever at accounts; but she doesn't sing, or paint, or anything of that sort. She never had the time or money for such things, poor girl!"

But Margery had turned away with an impatient gesture.

"There is nothing, then," she said, despairing. "No; it could not be worse!"

Harvey rose from his seat, with an energy which set the bell in the castor jingling.

"This is absurd" he said, indignantly. "It is more than absurd; it is unjust and narrow-minded. How sensible—presumably sensible people," Harvey corrected, rather bitterly, "can say, in regard to a person they have never seen that 'It could not have been worse,' is past my comprehension."

"We will not talk of it," said Mrs. Seely, holding up a restraining hand. "Discussion will not mend matters. And you are to be married next month?"

"On the ninth," Harvey rejoined. "Of course you will all be there?" he added, rather dubiously.

"By no means!" said his father, shortly.

"You hardly can expect it," said Mrs. Seely, reproachfully.

"Very well; if Mohammed won't come—. You've heard the observation. "We shall pay you a visit immediately on our return from our wedding tour, with your kind permission. You must know Dora."

When he left the house, an hour later, he had the required permission. His mother and the girls had even kissed him good-bye, in an injured and reproachful way; and his father had shaken hands, coldly. But his ears still rang with that odious assertion, "It could not be worse!" and he was thoughtful all the way back to the city.

II.

The Seelys were in a state of subdued excitement. Harvey's wedding tour was completed; and they had received a telegram that afternoon to the effect that he would be "on hand" to-night, with his new wife. The dining-room table was set for dinner; and Mrs. Seely wandered from one end of it to the other, nervously. Her husband sat under the chandelier with his evening newspaper; but he was not reading it. Kitty and Marjory fluttered about uneasily, watching through the window for the carriage from the railroad station.

"I hope," said Margery, with a nervous attempt at cheerfulness, "that she will be barely decent—presentable. Think of the people who will call! I hope she won't be worse than we're prepared to see her."

"She couldn't be," said Mrs. Seely, dismally.

There was a roll of wheels, and the twinkle of the carriage-lamp at the door and the bell rung sharply. Kitty and Margery clasped hands in sympathetic agitation; Mr. Seely dropped his newspaper and arose; and Mrs. Seely advanced toward the hall door with dignity.

It opened wide before she could reach it, and Harvey entered, his face suffused with genial, blissful smiles.

"This is my wife," he said proudly. "My mother, Dora; my father, my sisters, Kitty and Margery!"

And, with a caressing touch, he took by the hand and led forward among them—

What?

Mr. Seely gazed with startled eyes; Mrs. Seely dropped the hand she had started to hold out with her face growing ashy, and Kitty and Margery gasped.

For what they saw was a woman of apparently forty years with a face powdered and painted in the most unblushing manner, with thin gray hair crimped over a wrinkled forehead in a sickening affectation of youthfulness, and with a diminutive, gaily-trimmed bonnet perched thereon; with an affected, mincing gait and simpering smile. "This is my wife," Harvey repeated. "Have you no welcome for her?"

The bride tittered, "Mebbe they think I ain't good enough for 'em, dear?" she observed tartly.

"Impossible, my pet," Harvey responded, and patted her fabely-blooming cheek affectionately. "Besides, if you were but a shadow—a caricature of your beautiful self, they were prepared for the worst." He looked at his horrified relatives meaningly. The truth of his words flashed over them. Yes they had all said repeatedly, that "it could not be worse." But this wretched, wrinkled, bedizined creature—had they dreamed of this?

Harvey watched them with an undisturbed smile—his father turning away at last and rubbing his forehead with his handkerchief weakly; Mrs. Seely, gazing at his daughters-in-law with a dreadful fascination, and the girls, sinking into chairs in dismayed silence.

"Well, mother," said Harvey, lightly. "Of course a new addition to the family is an object of interest; but don't forget that I have an appetite, and getting married has rather improved it. Take off your bonnet, my own. Here, Kitty?" Kitty came forward with a set face, and tightly-closed lips, to receive the marvelous combination of beads and silk flowers held out to her with a disgusting air of sprightliness. She was afraid to speak. Poor Mrs. Seely, sick at heart, had made her way to the bell and rang it, and dinner came down presently.

"Turtle soup?" the bride observed, looking around the table with a girlish smile; "ain't nothing I admire so! Just pass that celery, father-in-law. Delicious! ain't it, darling?"

"Extremely, my dear," said the bridegroom, complacently.

Ignorant and vulgar! What dreadful things would they discover next?

It was an evening they never forgot. The unfortunate parents sat with pale faces and unsteady hands, staring into their empty plates, or looking at each other with fresh horror at each simpering, senseless, ungrammatical remark of their terrible daughter-in-law.

"I shan't think of setting up," said the bride, rising from the table with an apologetic giggle, and with the last of her dessert held aloft. "I'm too wore out. If anybody calls—of course everybody'll call—just tell 'em I'll see 'em to-morrow. Come on dear."

And she tripped up stairs, with a juvenile nod over her shoulder, and with her beaming young husband following.

Mrs. Seely wrung her hands despairingly.

"We said it could not be worse," she said, faintly. "But this! How shall we endure it?"

"I shall not endure it," said her husband; his face had grown almost careworn during the last two hours. "I shall send them packing to-morrow, and if ever he enters my house again—"

He brought his hand down on the table threateningly.

"But that will not help matters," said his wife, miserably. "He is ruined; we are disgraced; and everybody will know it."

There was a silence.

"I had pictured her to myself," said Mrs. Seely, beginning to sob, as a young girl—a person of suitable age for my poor misguided boy, decently educated, and at least a lady. And even then, when I did not doubt that it was such an one he had chosen, I thought myself the most unhappy creature in the world, because she had not wealth and an old name. Surely it is a judgment upon us. Oh, was there ever so dreadful a thing?"

"Probably not," said her husband, grimly.

It was a solemn group which waited in the dining-room next morning, for the appearance of the newly wedded couple. There were marks of a tossing night on every face—in troubled brows, swollen lids and pale cheeks—and a general gloom prevailed. Mr. Seely stood in front of the fire place, watching the hall-door with a stern face. He was master in his own house at least, and he was determined that it should not be disgraced by his son's wife for another hour.

"Please get them away before anybody comes, papa?" said Kitty. "It would be dreadful if anybody were to see her!"

"Dreadful!" Margery echoed, with a groan.

There were footsteps on the stair. Mrs. Seely turned with a shiver, and the girls caught their breath. The hall door opened. The waiting group looked up slowly. Would she not be still more terrible in the broad daylight?—that artificial simpering horror? But it was not the sight they were prepared to see which the open door disclosed; it was not a painted semblance of a woman who came in slowly, with a timid smile and downcast eyes. It was a slender, sweet-faced young lady, with shining brown hair crowning a charming head peachy cheeks, in which the color came and went, and soft dark eyes, which studied the carpet with pretty timidity; with dainty slippered feet, and a lace-trimmed wrapper fitting snuggly to a perfect form.

"Good morning" she said, gently.

Harvey had followed her closely. "Well Dora," he said, looking from one to another of his speechless relatives, quizzically, "they don't seem inclined to speak to you."

But Margery had come toward her hastily, and seized both of her hands. "Was it you all the time?" she cried joyfully. "And the gray hair was false, and the wrinkles were put on and all that dreadful powder? Oh, Harvey, how could you."

"I begged him not to," said the pretty bride, raising her dark eyes sweetly. "I told him it was cruel; and such a time as I had saying all those things he had taught me, and keeping my wig straight, and trying not to laugh. Shall you ever forgive us?"

"Forgive you! Oh, my dear!" cried Mrs. Seely, incoherently. And she hurried forward, with a sob of joy and she embraced her daughter-in-law wildly.

"It was rather rough," said Harvey gaily. "I felt like a villain when I saw the way you all took it. But you know what you said, every one of you—that it couldn't be worse. I thought that I'd demonstrate to you that it could. Dora is 10 instead of 40; she can speak correctly when she makes an effort; and I can thoroughly recommend her as a willing and obliging, good tempered, and thoroughly capable girl—the sweetest in the world." Mr. Seely left the fireplace and came and clasped his daughter-in-law in his arms, with a beaming face, and Kitty kissed her effusively.

"It was a dreadful lesson," said Mrs. Seely, looking up with a tearful smile, "but I am afraid we needed it."

A BATTLE FOR THE SABBATH IN CAPE BRETON.

In Which the General Manager of a Railway is Brought to His Knees.

The following graphic story of the interesting campaign in defense of the Lord's Day against desecration by the "Inverness & Richmond (Cape Breton) Railway Company" will be read with keen interest by all lovers of the Christian Sabbath.

The story is best told in the words of Rev. D. McDonald, B. D., of Strathlorne, N. S. It was not written for publication, but Mr. McDonald has kindly consented that it should be published in hopes that others may be cheered with the news of victory.

"Sunday work was carried on to a limited extent in 1900 between Port Hastings and Mabou. The head men were evidently feeling their way. This summer (1901) in order to have the railway completed by the specified time and to have the cleared right to the county bonus of $1,000.00 a mile, and in order to make money faster, work was carried on night and day, and a few men were working on Sundays for a while in May and June. Freight was brought from Hastings to Broad Cove Mines on Sunday. Gravel trains went from the gravel pit behind the Strathlorne Hill to Mabou and Port Hood. Construction material of different kinds was carried hither and thither. The people were shocked by such bold transgression of law. I went two or three times to see the General Manager, but failed to find him. I preached repeatedly on Sabbath observance. Some of the railway men ridiculed the idea of insisting on no Sunday labor in railway construction. The work went defiantly on. I put up a notice between the manager's office and the line of Railway pointing out that Sunday labor was contrary to the laws of God and of this country, tended to lower the physical, moral and spiritual standing of all concerned, and was at best but a form of Mammon worship, and that all Sunday workers might expect to be taken to account by God and man and dealt with according to law. That was on Saturday. Next day work went on again. A day or two later papers were served on the section foreman at the gravel-pit, on the walking boss of the whole line and on the General Manager. The two latter did not appear at the first Court, but the section foreman was fined $3.00 and costs—about $6.00 in all. He paid without delay. As the others were reported to be away from home when the papers were served, and would be away on the day of the trial, we appointed another trial two days later. At the trial the General Manager appeared, and evidently intended to brow-beat the Court. He told the Magistrates that he was going to appeal to the higher Courts for the foreman, the walking boss and himself. Our lawyer, Mr. John L. McDougall—a Roman Catholic—replied, "You cannot appeal for the foreman. He must appeal for himself, if appeal is made. Your own case must take its course here before you can appeal; so also with the walking boss's before he can appeal." The General Manager wanted to appeal before the trial. Then he wanted time—two weeks—to get counsel. We gave him one week or six days, but gave no time to the walking boss, as he did not come to the court either day, although at home. The General Manager undertook to defend the walking boss. We, however, made him give evidence as a witness in the case, and his own evidence was enough to convict his client, who was fined $10.00 and costs. The General Manager paid the amount and got the receipt. He also signed a bond of $800 that he would appear either personally or by counsel at his own trial next week. He fumed considerably, and claimed the right under our Dominion Railway Laws to do on Sundays just as he had done, whatever our Provincial law might be; remarking that street cars were running on Sundays in Toronto in spite of opposition. Mr. McDougall pointed out that these cars were run under a local law and not under railway legislation under the Dominion Government. This was too much to be taken calmly, hence the retort, "I know more law than you do." Then after a little more parleying, "I don't know anything about your laws down here."

"Foiled by the lawyer, he turned the attention of the Court to me by stating that this was the first time a clergyman had interfered with railway work in Canada. I replied at once that the statement was not correct. "Well," said he, "It's the first I ever heard of." I thought it was time to remind him that his knowledge was limited. He then wanted to know why the company had not been prosecuted directly, and a good test case made out. We simply informed him that we were not trying a "test case," that the law was plain; that every transgressor was amenable, and that we should deal with them one by one. To show how lively things were, I may say that the lawyer won some hand-clapping from the audience when he sharply rebuked the Manager for attempting to brow-beat the Court, and added, "I will show you that the law has a long arm and a strong one, stronger than any company, or any corporation or any individual, however cheeky he may be, who will dare to lift a hand against it." This however did not close the scene. The manager once more turned attention to me by remarking that "The Reverend gentleman himself earned his living by working on Sunday"—to which I replied, "My Master preached on the Sabbath and my orders are to do the same; my work is a work of mercy, and I wish the Manager could say that of his Sunday work. I preach the Gospel on the Sabbath, and he, an official, I believe, of a church in Toronto the Good, should have been present to hear, instead of deserating the Lord's Day behind the hill, and violating the laws of the country on that subject, as I am prepared to prove he has done."

"When the next trial came off, the manager was fined. He was not present, but his counsel was there, and gave notice of appeal. Later, he sent for the necessary papers and got them. Some days later still, the counsel intimated, that the Manager had accepted the suggestion of his lawyers to let bygones be bygones; and promised that no more Sunday work would be done unless absolutely necessary and that he hoped wholesale prosecution of the men would not take place.

"There the matter dropped. The walking boss, who maintained before the trials that they would work on Sundays in spite of ministers, priests, people and law, and who remained at home, on the day of the trial insulted a Newfoundlander, and in return was kicked, around the gravel-pit before the Manager returned from Court. Both went in the evening to one of the Magistrates to have the kicker arrested, and to get a special constable appointed for their own work but in vain. They were completely humiliated, and the Manager was in church on Sunday, to hear a sermon on Isa. 58: 13, 14. "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasures on my holy day; an call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord honorable; and shalt honor Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I shall cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob, thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

"We have had quieter Sabbaths since, and we are thankful to God that he gave us the victory, and that the Sabbath is now more respected here than it has been perhaps for a long time."

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PING-PONG.

The shades of night were falling fast
As to the dining-room there passed
A youthful pair, who gayly bore
A box, on which was this—no more—
"Ping-pong."

They cleared the table with a swish,
From daily down to battered dish;
Then through the centre stretched a net
And soon the ball the racquet met—
"Ping-pong."

"Try not the game!" the housemaid cried.
"The dinner is ready now," she sighed
"And I must put it on the board."
The young man turned and fleerely roared:—
"Ping-pong."

The cook strode to the open door,
And cautioned them to cease once more.
"The roast," she urged, is sure to burn.
The maiden gasped: I'm bound to learn
"Ping-pong."

The family lurked in the hall,
And moaned: "Are we to eat at all?"
But still they heard the ping and pong
That made the cadence of a song—
"Ping-pong."

And back and forth they smote the sphere,
Until the dawn of morning clear,
The father, mother, sisters, too,
Wailed hungrily: "Alas! We rue
"Ping-pong."

One day the searchers, out of breath,
Found all these people starved to death;
The cook, the housemaid, lean and pelle,
The family—and, sad to tell,
Above them pinged the pongful knell:
"Ping-pong."

—Baltimore "American"