# The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXIII.---NO. 29. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 16, 1908. Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---THREE CENTS

**The Acton Free Press**
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
AT THE
Free Press Steam Printing Office,
MILL STREET. - ACTON, ONT.

Terms of Subscription—One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

Advertising Rates—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than above sanctioned the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

Accounts payable monthly.

English office, 26 Fleet Street, London, E. C., where Messrs. E. and J. Hardy & Co. will receive for us news subscriptions and advertisements, and where our readers can, free of charge, see our paper when in England.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

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## Poetry.

### SOMEBODY ELSE.

Who is Somebody Else? I should like to know.
Does he live at the North or South?
Or is it a lady fair to see,
Whose name is in everyone's mouth?
For they say, "Somebody Else will sing,"
Or, "Somebody Else will play."
And Jack says, "Please let Somebody Else
Do some of the breaks to-day."
If there is any hard or unpleasant task,
Or difficult thing to do,
'Tis always offered to Somebody E.—
Now wasn't that very true?
But if some fruit, of a pleasant trip,
Is offered to Dick or Jess,
We hear not a word of Somebody Else—
Why, I will leave you to guess.
The words of cheer for a stranger lad
This Somebody Else will speak,
And the poor and helpless who need a friend,
Good Somebody Else must seek.
The cup of cold water in Jesus' name,
Oh, Somebody Else will offer,
And words of love for a broken heart,
Brave Somebody Else will proffer.
There are battles in life we only can fight,
And victories, too, to win,
And Somebody Else cannot take our place
When we shall have entered in.
But if Somebody Else has done his work,
While we for our ease had striven,
'Twill only be fair if the blessed reward
To Somebody else is given.

## Select Family Reading

### In the Quicksands.

By Mary Porter Jarvis.

NANCY Maitland sat in the porch at Woth Farm and stripped and sliced the kidney beans for dinner. It was a golden autumn day, and the south wind stirred the fluffy hair that waved crisply on her forehead. The sleeves of her dark blue linon dress were rolled back, and the yellow bowl that held the beans, and the 'glory' vine that rioted over the trellis-work made a pretty harmony of blue and gold that arrested the gaze of the artist-stranger, pausing at the gate.

At the click of the latch Nancy looked up, and he said: "This is the Woth Farm, I think. They told me at the inn I might possibly get accommodation here."

"We take a boarder sometimes at shooting time," she answered, rising. "Mother, this gentleman wants to know if we have rooms to let."

"We have, if you don't mind homely ways and farmhouse fare," said a hearty voice from the doorway. "You can have this parlor and a bedroom if you like."

And Brian Ashley followed his rosy-cheeked guide into a low, wainscotting room, where spindle-legged furniture and dragon china kept ancient company.

"You won't mind taking meals with us?" she added. "We've a lot to do here, and don't take lodgers as a rule."

"I shall like it," he said, with a satisfied look around, "I'll sends my traps round presently and be here to tea."

And with a few words as to terms, the matter was settled and the visitor departed.

"A pleasant spoken gentleman, but mortal sad about the eyes," said Mrs. Maitland, sagely. "Don't smile any higher than his moustache. Good thing you did the spare room yesterday; but you'd better make another batch of your cream cakes, Nancy child. I've noticed that the grievous-looking folks can generally clear a platter as well as them as do whistle their way through life! But he'll get cheered up here. Father'll take him out shooting maybe, and you can give him some music, as good as they got in London town." And the comely dame, whose speech made up in loving kindness what it lacked in grammar, bustled away to her dairy.

Five o'clock found Brian at the door, where the farmer met him with a genial greeting, and they went to the kitchen dining-room together.

"Mrs. Maitland, that table ought to be put in a gold frame," said the visitor, as he surveyed the laden board.

"And hung upon out of reach?" queried the hostess demurely, while Nancy joined in his involuntary laugh.

Plates of golden cakes were supported by rosy ham, and home-made bread and preserves, butter and honey, filled the spaces between, and slender glasses filled with poppies and cornflowers gave brightness to all the rest.

"I'm a great believer in good wholesome victuals," said Mrs. Maitland, as she contentedly lavished cream in the boarder's cup, "but it is Nancy does all the fancy things and the arranging. Never a meal without flowers on the table since she left school for good."

"Something pretty to look at as well as taste," said her father heartily, as he carved the ham.

"Ah, well, farming isn't what it used to be; but we've never had a scant table yet, thank God."

And Brian delighted his hostess by fulfilling her prophesy and making a satisfactory meal. Then the talk drifted away to the great city and the busy haunts of men."

"Wonderful place, London," said the farmer, in a ruminating tone. "I generally go up for the Christmas show, and send a few beasts myself now and then, but it don't pay. The railway folks get all the gilt off that gingerbread. And what with the crowds and the noise and the pickpockets, I'm always glad to find myself in the furrows again. As for the Thames, I call it a muddy canal compared with our Severn yonder. Look out there now!"

And Brian looked through the open casement at the sun setting beyond the hills, and sending gleams across the river spaces and yellow sands that came up to the meadow land.

"Green pastures and still waters," he quoted, half-unconsciously.

"Ay, still enough now; but you should see it in the equinoxtide or when Flood's Head comes tearing up the Bend!"

"The Bore? I should like to see that."

"Well, if you stay a fortnight you'll have the chance. And plenty of shooting, if your fastes go that way—rabbits and wil I duck and other birds on the reaches yonder; only beware of the quicksands—they're dangerous in places."

"Quicksands—here on this peaceful shore?"

"Sure enough, and more than one have been drawn under and never heard tell of again."

"There, there, father, that will do," said Mrs. Maitland, anxiously, as Nancy left the room. "You knew she has been timid about the quicksands all her life. Some music by-and-by will make her forget them again."

Out in the shadowy porch Brian sat watching the fading afterglow and thinking of the quicksands in which his own hopes had gone down.

Six months before his young wife had died in a home for inebriates, after ruining love and happiness and making his home a desolation. In the long and sordid struggle his own faith had become dim. How could love rule all things and permit such tragedies of sin and sorrow and bitter disappointment?

His thoughts were answered by one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," exquisitely played. The soft river music rising into storm and unrest at mingling with the call of the evening bell, floated into the silence, the unrest, as in all the "Lieder," resolving itself into harmony and peace.

"Where did she learn to play like that?" he murmured as he turned to go in.

"You like it?" said Mrs. Maitland, in a gratified tone. "It runs in the family—all the Maitlands are musical, from the old great-grandfather, who played the base viol in Vernham Church time out of mind. There, father has got his violin and is joining in."

The parlor was in shadow except where the light from the candles on the piano illuminated Nancy's golden hair and her father's strong features. Piece after piece was gone through, and Brian watched and listened through the brightest evening he had known for years.

They were happy days that followed, spent lazily among the reddening apple orchards or out on the breezy shorelands, where health and hope came back with every touch of the strong, pure air.

Long tramps with the farmer, alternated with still longer expeditions alone, and sometimes Nancy was his companion in the home outings.

But whether present or absent, a spell wrought of more than music was gaining strength hourly and changing all his outlook. So the fortnight he had promised himself passed all too quickly, and on the last evening he went for a long shore ramble alone. Nancy had gone on her pony to visit some school friends at a distant farm, and would not be back till dusk.

Brian thought of her as he walked, with a desperate longing for her love and companionship. How utterly she had vanquished his bitter resolve never to love or trust again! But a shamed reticence had kept him from telling his kind friends the story of the past, and all the present was fettered by debts and difficulties incurred secretly by his wife.

In honor he must overcome these before he could speak of love and home-life again. Taking little thought of his steps, he went on and on over the salt turf of the river pastures and the sands that stretched for miles, here firm and smooth, and there still wet from the high tide of the morning.

Presently he stood still and looked back at the farm, with its red roofs and vivid gables, making a spot of rich color far up the level shore.

"I thought a believing heart had gone from me," he murmured softly, "but they make faith easy there. Only this time I must go without a word. It would not be right to speak." He lingered longer than he knew, and then, as he turned to go, his feet seemed held by unseen hands, and there was a strange quivering in the sands around. With a start that was scarcely fear as yet, he remembered the quicksands, and struggled to free himself.

But his feet were held by a strong under-suction, and he found himself slowly sinking, and knew that his only chance of safety lay in help other than his own.

Again and again he shouted, but only the wild call of the curlews and the rising wind answered. And half dreamily he heard the music of the bird and the calling of the bell. And the sun went down, and the light died off the twinkling windows of the farm, and the red cattle moved up, in single file, from the Wath. Then, with a new sinking of terror, he remembered the farmer's saying that cows moved off the river pastures before the coming of the tide.

In an hour or so, Flood's Head would be rushing over the place where he was held captive, and perhaps before that time he might have gone down to a horrible death.

"Deliver me, O God, lest I be like unto them that go down alive into the pit," he cried in agony, recalling words unthought of for years.

And clearly, as if in actual voice had spoken from the Unseen, the answer came:

"Fear not, I have redeemed thee; thou art Mine."

There, in the chill and horror of impeding death, childlike faith came back, and pity, divine and tender, wrapped him round.

All the pain and bitterness of the past and all the terror of the present fell away, and he rested, cradled in the arms of the Father's mighty, all-sufficient love.

Suddenly there was a cry from the waters, and Nancy, on her black pony, came to the edge of the turf.

"Keep back there, Nancy, and go for help, if you can," he shouted hoarsely. Tell them——"

But his voice died away, and with one reassuring word she sped like the wind to the lower farmyard, where the men were still busy with the cattle. Fortunately her father was there also and able to understand her breathless words.

And in three minutes as many strong men were speeding down the shore with planks and ropes to the rescue, while Nancy led the way.

There was still light enough to see the dark figure out on the treacherous waste. Cautiously planks were laid down from the edge of the safe ground, and then the lightest of the men ventured forward and with great difficulty fastened rope under the prisoner's arms.

Then with long, steady pulls from the united strength of the party, Brian was dragged out and carried hurriedly up the shore. Benumbed and scarcely conscious, he lay on the hastily improvised litter of hurdles, while the rescuers started at a swinging pace for home, and Nancy galloped on to make ready.

"That was a narrow escape," said the farmer, wiping the great drops of perspiration from his brow. "I can hear Flood's Head yonder."

"Ay, master, and I could only just get the ropes round his arms as it was. Ten minutes more would ha' been too late."

Long before they reached the farm gate the silvery crest of the Bore swept past, and the quicksands and all the twilight shallows were lost in a foaming sea of waves.

"A narrow escape," he said again, later on, when he found Nancy alone in the kitchen. "But don't worry, child. Mother will coaxet and posset him to her heart's content and he'll soon get over it. And, please God, he'll come again." Nancy's face was turned away as she said tremulously, "It was so strange that I came back that way, father, and so soon. They wanted to keep me for the evening and drive me back, but I couldn't rest. It was the bell in the river music, calling and ringing all the while."

"Ah, child, it was to be," he said, tenderly. "Depend upon it, it was to be."

Mrs. Maitland was an excellent nurse, and in her motherly care Brian soon recovered from the effects of his adventure.

He had a long talk with her next day, and she learned why her visitor had looked so sad about the eyes' when he came.

And with grave kindness the farmer promised to keep a welcome warm for him when he cared to come again.

Nancy's thoughts were unspoken, but at Brian's request she played the river music as a parting favor."

"I shall always remember how I heard the calling of the bell over and over again out there," he said.

"I heard it, too," she whispered. "It brought me back."

"You have given me more than life," he answered unstendily; "but some day I will tell you all."

Months of hard work and harder waiting followed, but when the 'glory' roses were breaking into bloom Brian found Nancy in the porch again. And in the shy welcome in her eyes he read the fulfilment of his heart's desire.—The Christian World.

### WEIGHED UPON HIS FATHER.

When Mr. Finnerty returned after a day's outing with Michael, the only son, his face was long and doleful, and quickly drew inquiries from the mother.

"I misthrust Micky is not long for this world," said Mr. Finnerty, with a deep sigh. "I misthrust there's a spell over him already, and he'll not be long wid us."

"Arrah, what are you talkin' about?" demanded his wife, as she removed some light brown sticky decorations from the countenance of the sleepy Michael. "He's one o' the long, thin kind, but he's got his good health and a fine pair o' loongs in him.

Mr. Finnerty shook his head with stubborn conviction.

"You can say what plazes you," he remarked, sepulchrally, "but I've got this to tell you, woman. On the platform o' the station there was a large, big scales, an' I stipped on, holdin' Micky by the hand. They tipped an' balanced at wan hundred atventy-two pounds. Thin I lifted Micky up an' hold him in the air,—all free of the platform, mind yo,—and, woman, thim scales niver dthropped a pound. There was only a bit of a trimble.

"I'd hardly the strength in me legs to walk home."

### MY FAIRYLAND.

To-morrow, O sweet To-morrow!
To-morrow is my Fairyland!
Sadly I think of Yesterday—
A wreck-strewn, barren stretch of sand,
Beneath low skies of gray.

To-morrow, O divine To-morrow!
I shall be brave and wise To-morrow!
Weakness and failure marred To-day;
My strength was sapped by pain and sorrow—
I stumbled in the way.

To-morrow, God, O sweet To-morrow!
Untouched and pure that New World lies—
Thy world and mine; A golden strand,
A golden dawn in cloudless skies!
To-morrow is my Fairyland!

### TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Selected and Condensed from the Free Press of Jan. 18, 1888.

A second nomination has secured a council without further election. The Council for 1888 will be:—Reeve W. H. Storey; Councillors, Wm. P. Brown, Wm. Ismond, W. E. Smith, and John Kenney, Sr.

The Foresters. The newly installed officers are:—P.C.R.—Thomas C. Moore. C.R.—Isaac Francis. V.C.R.—James Sharp. Treas.—W. H. Storey. F.S.—C. C. Speight. R.S.—Thos. Elliago. Chap.—Wm. Ramsay. S. W.—John McGill. J.W.—Henry Crawshaw. S.B.—Neil McGill. J.B.—R. Bremner.

Walker Lodge A.F. & A.M. Officers recently installed are; I.P.M.—Rev. W. J. Piggott. W.M.—Jos. Anderson. S.W.—W. Stark. J.W.—Louis McIlrine. Chap.—John Lawson, V.S. Treas.—J. H. Pearson. Sec'y.—W. R. Kenney. S.D.—J. T. Ellis. J.D.—A. O. Beardmore. D. of C.—J. P. Worden. Stewards.—W. A. Pelton, H. Blake, Tyler.—John Kenney, Sr.

Mr. Hutcheson, of Eramosa, near Oustic, a former resident and early settler of Nassagaweya died, very suddenly from what was believed to be a paralytic stroke. He had taken breakfast and was splitting some wood when he felt unwell, and died very soon.

Mr. James Young, of Cornwall, was buried at Georgetown on Tuesday. He was a member of Esquesing's first Council in 1840. He owned that part of Acton known as Young's survey, including the lands on which are the G.T.R. station and switches. Young St. was named after him. He was a well-known grain buyer in Georgetown at one time.

"Our own correspondent" at Crewson Corners, reports that the Methodist people are following up their special services by two prayer meetings each week. A cottage prayer meeting on Tuesday and a "Grand rally" on Thursday. And that the weekly cottage prayer meetings from house to house commenced after their special services, have become so large that they have to be held in the church. Another revival in expected.

Charlie McLam the seven-year old son of Mr. James McLam, blacksmith, when in the act of catching on a sleigh going down Main St., slipped and fell under, the runner passing over his knee. No bones were broken, but Charlie has a badly bruised knee. It is dangerous play, boys.

John R. Clarke the "Boot Black Orator" will lecture on the 25th and 26th, on "To and Fro in London," and "Hits and Misses." A treat is in store for all and particulary for the Englishmen.

Miss Lena Dorland, who has been visiting friends in Aylmer during the vacation, returned to her school duties on Monday.

Miss Cassie McPhail, of Manilla, and Miss D. Corrigan, of Nelson, took took charge of the second and third departments of the school on Monday.

Mr. John V. Kannawin, who for the past five years has occupied the position of assistant in Mr. McGarvin's Drug Store, has been engaged as book-keeper in the office of W. H. Storey & Son, the position previously occupied by Mr. Will Storey, who intends making the manufacturing department a personal study.

Born.—In Erin township, Jan. 5, to Mr. and Mrs. John S. Coleman, a daughter.

Born.—In Acton, Jan. 7th, to Mr. and Mrs. John Willis, a son.

Died.—In Georgetown, Jan. 7th, Joseph Barber, Sr., aged 72 years.

### INEFFICIENT HOSPITALITY.

"I detest," said Polly, "going to see people. I do not detest people. I should be so glad to visit them if they would only let me see themselves. But that is the last thing they think of doing.

"They show me their house, or that part of it prepared for company inspection. They give me something nice to eat. They permit me to observe their best gown and their best manners. They have things done to divert and amuse me.

"All of which is a mere empty show, external to themselves and not at all the object that has led my footsteps thereward.

"Can I not eat salad and drink chocolate at home? Do I not know that they have pictures and statuary, rugs and hangings? I am reasonably sure they have a nice gown and that they know how to behave pleasantly. As for amusement, there are a hundred things that enable me not to go famished for divertisement to their homes.

"It is not for any one of these things I go. Neither to kill time. For, though they may ask me for that purpose, I want to assure everybody," declared Polly, "that time—no, nor eternity itself—won't be long enough for the things I want to do. I don't have to kill time.

"There is just one thing under the sun that induces me to see people. And that is the faint hope that they may give me, not refreshment and amusements, but—themselves! That they will, by honest, frank-hearted conversation, reveal to me what manner of men and women they are; what thoughts they have; what are their ideals and aims in life.

"And this is why," finished Polly, "I detest going to see people. For through this strange error in notions of hospitality the people themselves I do not really see." — Philadelphia Bulletin.

### A TIMELY JOKE.

"Mistah Walkah, what am de difference 'ween money and a man?"

"I can't answer that one, George. What is the difference between money and a man?"

"When de money am locked up it gits tight, an' when a man gits tight he am locked up."

### GOING TO WORK.

Goin' to work seems kind o' rough;
'Pears like you ain't had rest enough,
Got to wishin' you surely do,
That life was loafin' the whole year through;
And you feel that the factory whistle shrill
Is a kind of ghost that won't keep still,
But scares you before you've had sleep enough.
I tell you, goin' to work is rough.
But after the pills shut down awhile,
An' the neighbors kind o' forget to smile,
An' the town gets quiet an' grievin'-like,
An' folks talk nothin' exceptin' strike,
The greatest comfort a fellow knows
Comes when that good old whistle blows,
An' he takes his tools an' he gets in line—
I tell you, goin' to work is fine!

### AN EXCELLENT PRESCRIPTION.

A rather eccentric yet eminent physician, was called to attend a middle-aged rich lady who had imaginary ills. After many wise inquiries, about her symptoms and manner of life, he asked for a piece of paper and wrote down "Do Something for Somebody."

In the gravest manner he handed it to the patient and left. The doctor heard nothing from the lady for a long time. On Christmas morning he was hastily summoned to the cottage of her Irish washerwoman.

"It's not myself, doctor, it's me wrist that's ailing. Ye see I was after going out into the black darkness for a few bits of wood, when me foot struck this basket. It stood there, like a big mercy, as it was, full of soft flannel, from Mrs. Walker. She told me that your medicine cured her, doctor. So if you plaze to put a little of that same on me wrist, I'll be none the worse for me nice present."

"It's a powerful remedy," said the doctor, gravely. And more than once in after years he wrote the prescription:

"Do Something for Somebody."—Selected.

### WHY SHE WOULDN'T.

"No, Mr. Slowun," said the fair possessor of the square chin, "I must respectfully decline to become your other half."

"B-but why?" asked the astonished young man, who had believed that he was the favored one.

"Because, replied the female extender of the frosty digit, "the man I marry must be brave and fearless. To-night you let out the information that you have loved me for five long, weary years, but have not dared mention it until the present meeting. A man who has no more nerve than that would hide under the bed while his wife went downstairs to interview a burglar who was making a raid on the family larder. Therefore, Mr. Slowun, I will work the piano for a little slow music while the curtain drops on the farewell scene. You will find your hat on the usual peg of the hall rack. Good evening!"

### THE UNKNOWN SEX.

During the time that a certain Middlesex regiment was quartered in Cawnpore, a large order was sent to a shoemaking firm for boots for the men. The manager sent the order to the chief baboo with instructions that it was to be attended to without delay. The baboo took the paper and read it with evident surprise on his face. He reread the order, and appeared more mystified still. He read it a third, then a fourth, and finally a fifth time. Then he went off to the manager. "Please, sir," he said, "not understand. Male sex I know, female sex I know, but what is Middlesex?"

### A LONG DISTANCE LECTURER.

A pretentious person recently said to a prominent resident of a New Jersey town:

"How would a lecture on Mount Vesuvius suit the inhabitants of your town?"

"Very well, sir, very well indeed. A lecture by you on Mount Vesuvius would suit them a great deal better than a lecture by you in this town."

### ALWAYS THE SAME.

Professor (coming from his club, holding up triumphantly his umbrella to his wife)—You see, my dear Alma, how stupid are all the anecdotes about our absent-mindedness; You see, I haven't forgotten my umbrella.

Mrs. Professor—But, my dear, you didn't take your umbrella with you; you left it at home.

### TRAINED NURSE.

Writes A Letter To The People

"To Whom It May Concern: I am trained nurse of nine years' experience in hospitals and private cases, and for the benefit of the people of Acton, Ont., I wish you would publish my experience with the cod liver preparation, Vinol.

"I was completely prostrated from overwork. I had no appetite, could not sleep, my kidneys, liver and bowels became inactive, and as I grew weaker I could not retain either medicine or food on my stomach, and raised blood. The doctors said my condition was critical and I would probably die.

"As I had seen Vinol prescribed for my patients with such remarkable results, I decided to try it. After the first bottle I began to improve. I continued its use, and soon began to sleep and eat well; every organ in my body—was strengthened and became normal, until it seemed good to be alive and I was restored to perfect health and strength.

"I advise all my patients who need strength, rich, red blood, and flesh tissue to take Vinol, as it is so far superior to old-fashioned cod liver oil, emulsions, or other tonics." Elizabeth M. Cromond, Trained Nurse, Boston, Mass.

In Acton we sell Vinol on a positive guarantee to return money if it fails. E. A. Robertson, Druggist.