The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXIII.---NO. 38. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 19, 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,
HILL 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, 3 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 mentioned 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, 23 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.

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NORTHBOUND

	No. 1	No. 3
Toronto	9 00 a.m.	3 30 p.m.
Washago	12.45 a.m.	9 00 p.m.
Parry Sound	3.10 p.m.	

SOUTHBOUND

	No. 2	No. 4.
Parry Sound	9 00 a.m.	
Washago	11.25 a.m.	6.45 a.m.
Toronto	3.00 p.m.	10.10 a.m.

† Daily except Sunday.
Observation-Dining Parlor Cars between Toronto and Parry Sound, serving meals a la carte.
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Poetry.

A SMILE.

You can drive the clouds away
With a smile,
Just a smile;
Turn the darkness into day
With a smile,
Just a smile;
Oh, there's nothing when a man
Feels the weight of sorrow's yoke,
In this whole wide world that can
All distress and grief revoke,
As a smile,
Just a smile.
How the way is brightened up
By a smile,
Just a smile;
Sweetened is the bitter cup
By a smile,
Just a smile;
Oh, the world may frown at you,
And your spirits try to blight,
But the skies are ever blue,
If you always have in sight
Just a smile,
A merry smile.
It's a simple little thing,
Is a smile,
Just a smile;
But 'twill joy and gladness bring,
Will a smile,
Just a smile;
Many hearts will dry their tears
And go singing on their way,
And they'll put away their fears,
Thinking of the glad to-day,
By your smile,
Gladsome smile;
How the heavy burdens fall,
By a smile,
Just a smile;
Hope again beams over all,
By a smile,
Just a smile;
Lonely lives are cheered each day,
Duties lightened, hearts made glad,
Heaven's bounty fills the way,
If to kindly words you add
Just a smile,
Happy smile!

—E. A. Brininstool, in the Sunset Magazine.

Select Family Reading

A Leap-Year Story

By Anna Shields.

"WELDON Park, Eloise!" said Mr. Luttrell, as the carriage in which he and his daughter had been driven from Fontenoy entered a broad avenue leading to a stately mansion. Eloise looked with languid interest at the house, the broad sweep of lawn, the grand trees, representing the estate of Frank Weldon.

"Yes, papa," she said quietly. "I remember the place quite well, although I was only about twelve years old when we where here last. I suppose the lady on the porch is Mrs. Weldon."

"Yes—yes—and Frank is there too. Dear me, Eloise, I wish you would not look as if you were half asleep."

Thus admonished, Eloise sat more erect, and put some animation into her greeting as the carriage stopped at the foot of the flight of broad steps leading to the porch, where Mrs. Weldon and her son waited to welcome their guests.

It had been understood in the families of Weldon and Luttrell for years that Frank and Eloise would one day unite the fortunes and estates by a marriage. The young people did not consider themselves to be formally betrothed, but when old Mr. Weldon died and left his chum and life-long friend Mr. Luttrell as one of the trustees for the property his son would inherit when he came of age, he certainly expected that Eloise would reign at Weldon Park when Mrs. Weldon, Frank's mother, died; and when Mrs. Luttrell died in Paris, she urged her husband's return to America with the conviction that it would be better now for Eloise to marry Frank, since she had devoted much of her life to her mother's state of invalidism.

It was eight years since the Luttrells had left America to travel for the benefit of Mrs. Luttrell's health, when she died. In that time Eloise had been under the care of a German governess in Germany, a French governess in Paris and an English governess in London and in Italy. She had studied music under the best masters, had dabbled in art, had gone into society at fifteen to "keep papa company" when her mother was ill. Early developed, she had never yet had any love-affair, and when Frank Weldon was sent abroad to finish his education, and joined the Luttrells, Eloise gave him a cool but friendly reception, quite prepared to marry him on the foreign platform, to "please papa."

They were together in many foreign cities, but their love-making was of the most languid description, each giving the other cordial liking and thinking ardent feeling quite superfluous under the circumstances. They parted in Paris, and Frank had been at home nearly two years when he welcomed the Luttrells to America and to Weldon Park.

"You must make us a long visit before you go home," Mrs. Weldon had written to Eloise, "it is so long since your house was opened that it will not be habitable for months, and you will be so near that you can easily superintend all the cleaning or re-furnishing."

So, after a few days' rest in New York the Luttrells telegraphed to Weldon Park and were met at the station by the carriage.

It must be confessed that Mrs. Weldon was not pleasantly impressed by the entire coolness of her daughter-in-law-elect. She was a warm-hearted impulsive little woman, who idolized her only son, and she made little allowance for the early maturity into which Eloise had been forced. It chilled her to see how calm and self-possessed this girl of twenty-two, and even the statuesque character of her superb beauty rather appalled her. She gave Frank a half-frightened look as the guests swept up the staircase to the rooms prepared for them, and Frank, as soon as they were out of hearing, broke into a boyish laughter. Nearly five years older than Eloise he looked younger, being blonde and boyish, while she was brunette and stately. I think in her heart of hearts Eloise rather despised his merry, light-hearted nature, but she never expressed any such opinions.

When the guests joined mother and son in the drawing-room, before dinner, they were both surprised to meet a gentleman who was introduced by Mrs. Weldon, as "my brother, Doctor Gerrish," and to find this member of the family a cripple and invalid. He was a tall, slight-built man, of thirty-seven or eight, with a delicate, refined face, and with one shoulder deformed, while there was a decided halt in his gait. Shrinking evidently from notice, he yet made an effort to aid in entertaining his sister's guests, and conversed in a low sweet voice, almost womanly in its delicate modulations.

It was not until the next day that Frank, sauntering through the garden with Eloise, spoke of his uncle.

"No," he said, in answer to her question, "he did not live here before you went abroad. He was practicing medicine then in Boston, but he was injured by a fall, and he lost his property in some unfortunate investments; so mother insisted upon his coming here, to take care of her while I was in Europe. Since then, it has been easy to persuade him to stay. He enjoys the seclusion, and he is a close student, contributing largely to medical literature, though he has ceased to practice. He cannot trust his nerves since his accident, and a doctor dare not be nervous."

"Does he suffer much?"

"Not physically, but I think he does mentally. He was ambitious and an enthusiast in his profession. It was hard to be cut short in what promised to be an unusually successful career."

"Very hard," said Eloise, with a great sigh. "It is as bad as being a woman with no great object to live for."

Frank looked slightly bewildered, but made no reply. Eloise had never confided to him the longings of her heart to be a great artist or a great singer, nor the weary disgust to her that it was to know she must be only a fashionable young lady, with plenty of money of her own and a fortune of her father's in prospect.

"I cannot even be Lady Bountiful," thought this disgusted young lady, "for there are no very poor people about here that I know of, and papa would not let me go near them if there were."

But Frank's account of his uncle roused her interest, and she longed to let him know how keenly she sympathized with him.

It was not easy to break through his reserve, but certainly no better opportunities could be found than those afforded by a summer sojourn in the same country-house; and, scarcely knowing how the intimacy commenced, Doctor Gerrish and Eloise became friends.

Eloise would have indignantly denied the possibility of her flattering any one, and yet there was the most delicate flattery in her respectful deference to Doctor Gerrish's opinion, her habit of turning to him for sympathy in her opinions, her evident pleasure in his society. She sang his favorite songs and wore his favorite colors; and when he would talk to her of his pursuits, his book in progress, she felt a strange sense of elation at being thought worthy of his confidence.

Alterations were being made at Luttrell Place, where Mr. Luttrell talked of establishing himself for the future; but they were not urged forward very rapidly. The house and grounds belonged to Eloise, being a portion of her mother's property bequeathed to her; and Mr. Luttrell often spoke of going abroad again, as if the settling down at Luttrell Place was not entirely decided upon.

"It is as well to have the place in order," he told Eloise. "You and Frank may object to living here, you know, though Mrs. Weldon would be a model mother-in-law."

And Eloise had answered only by a burning blush and drooping eyes.

More than once she had met any reference to that tacit engagement in the same way, but Mr. Luttrell had asked no questions.

In the fall they went to their own home, and Frank became a daily visitor, while there was seldom a week passed when Eloise did not drive over in her pony carriage to call on Mrs. Weldon. She was unlike the calm, self-possessed woman who had returned from Europe, in those days. She was restless and pre-occupied, neglecting her usual pursuits, and often shutting herself up in her room for hours and hours together, coming out with red eyes and pale cheeks, but never speaking of illness or sorrow.

Christmas came, and there was a ball at Weldon Park, which would be followed, it was understood, by a similar entertainment at Luttrell Place on New Year's Eve. It was between these two festivities that Mrs. Weldon came, one day, to visit Eloise.

The dear little woman was terribly troubled and took her grief to headquarters. Quite by accident, she had discovered that her crippled brother had given his heart to the beautiful girl who had so gently won his confidence, and the hopelessness of his attachment was appaling to his warm-hearted sister. It was the strangest thing to ask, but she did ask Eloise to stay away from Weldon Park until after her marriage.

"Then my brother and I will go abroad until he is himself again," she said, "and I know you will keep his secret. You will never let him know I betrayed his confidence, Eloise?" she pleaded.

"I will never let him know."

"He feels the fact of his poverty and his deformity so keenly," said Mrs. Weldon, "that he would never dream of speaking of his love; but he has a true, noble heart, and it will not be easy for him to conquer the passion he feels. Poor Stephen! He has had a hard life."

Eloise echoed the sigh, but made no comment, and Mrs. Weldon, departed, only half satisfied with herself. She might have been less so had she heard a question Eloise asked Frank a few hours later. They were discussing the ball in prospect, when Eloise said:

"Frank, don't you think this farce of our engagement had better end? You will never care half as much for me as you do for that pretty May Hilton."

And Frank blushingly assented.

The night of the ball was clear, brilliant moonlight, and Doctor Gerrish who seldom left home, astonished his sister by appearing in full dress just before the carriage started.

"I am going with you," he said, but did not explain that there had reached him a little note from Eloise.

"I have a New Year's gift for you, and beg you will come for it on Wednesday evening."

She had never seemed to him so winning as on that evening when, in one of her exquisite Parisian toilets, she received her friends. Astately as ever, there was yet a soft light in her eyes he had never seen there before, and her voice was low and musical as she gave him a cordial greeting.

Just before midnight, she took his arm and led him to the conservatory, to ask his opinion of some new arrangement there. They were standing quite alone among the flowers when the church-clock struck, twelve. Silently they counted the strokes, and as the last one died away, Doctor Gerrish took Eloise's hand in his own, saying, in a low, tender tone:

"May I wish you a happy New Year?"

She was very pale as she looked into his face and answered:

"You alone can make it so. This is the first hour of 1908—leap-year—and I—I—you ought to know, stupid!"

Nobody else was very much astonished, but Mr. Luttrell went abroad when Doctor and Mrs. Gerrish took up their abode at Luttrell Place just one week after Frank Weldon brought pretty May Weldon, nee Hilton, to Weldon Park.

"He never would have asked me, papa," Eloise said, when she confessed the truth of her proposal to her father; "and yet he loved me! Was I very dreadful—indiscreet — or unmaidenly, do you think, papa?"

And Mr. Luttrell, laughing heartily, only said:

"Very! But if he is pleased I do not see why any one else should object."

And there was no doubt that Doctor Gerrish was more than pleased with his lately acquired treasure.

"THE HOLY CITY."

Thirty men, red eyed and dishevelled, lined up before a judge of the San Francisco police court. It was the regular morning company of "drunks and disorderlies." Some were old and hardened, others hung their heads in shame. Just as the momentary disorder attending the bringing in of the prisoners quieted down, a strange thing happened. A strong, clear voice from below began singing:

"Last night I lay a sleeping,
There came a dream so fair."

Last night! It had been for them all a nightmare or a drunken stupor. The song was such a contrast to the horrible fact that no one could fail of a sudden shock at the thought the song suggested.

"I stood in old Jerusalem,
Beside the Temple there,"

the song went on. The judge had paused. He made a quiet inquiry. A former member of a famous opera company, known all over the country, was awaiting trial for forgery. It was he who was singing in his cell.

Meantime the song went on, and every man in the line showed emotion. One or two dropped on their knees; one boy at the end of the line, after a desperate effort at self-control, leaned against the wall, buried his face against his folded arms, and sobbed, "O mother, mother!"

The solo, cutting to the very heart the men who heard, and the song, still welling its way through the court-room, blended in the hush. At length one man protested.

"Judge," said he, "have we got to submit to this? We're here to take our punishment, but this—" He, too, began to sob.

It was impossible to proceed with the business of the court, yet the judge gave no order to stop the song. The police sergeant, after a surprised effort to keep the men in line, stopped back and waited with the rest. The song moved on to its climax:

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Sing, for the night is o'er!
Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna for evermore!"

In an ecstasy of melody the last words rang out, and then there was silence.

The judge looked into the faces of the men before him. There was not one who was not touched by the song; not one in whom some better impulse was not stirred. He did not call the cases singly—a kind word of advice, and he dismissed them all. No man was fined or sentenced to the workhouse that morning. The song had done more good than punishment could have accomplished.

IRVING AND HIS OATS.

A new story is told illustrating Sir Henry Irving's kindness of heart. An old lady came to him asking employment.

He telephoned to his business manager, inquiring if there was any employment at the theatre that could be found for her. The business manager answered, "Absolutely nothing—nothing at all."

Irving suggested that she might look after the oats. The manager telephoned back that there were already three women looking after the oats.

"Well," said Irving, "you must find her something. Let her look after the three women who are looking after the oats."

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Business and Pleasure; Sorrowing and Rejoicing; Chronicled in Corresponding Week of 1888.

In the Municipal Council on the motion of W. E. Smith and W. P. Brown a by-law was passed appointing Wm. Smith sexton and caretaker for Fairview Cemetery at a salary of $20 and the grass on the unsurveyed portion.

H. P. Moore, Jas. McLean and W. R. Kenney were appointed as Board of Health in conjunction with the Reeve and Clerk, on motion of Councillors Brown and Ismond.

Moved by W. P. Brown, seconded Wm. Ismond, that Edward Nicklin be Sanitary Inspector at a salary of $20.

The dog nuisance was referred to and a by-law to require all owners of canines to attach tags is likely to be introduced.

Sleighing is nearly done. Fifteen weeks of uninterrupted sleighing has been enjoyed.

The farmer who allows the rivulets to get his barnyard manure is sure the government is ruining the people.

Mr. Peter Sayers, of Nassagaweya, took to Guelph the other day a load of lumber containing 4,250 feet, and weighing 9,450 lbs. He claims that the man who can beat that is yet to be found.

Messrs. W. H. Storey & Son are fitting up the tannery on Main Street, near the G. T. R. track, for the manufacture of buckskin leathers. Mr. Wm. Ramsay is the manager.

This issue of the FREE PRESS is printed by power from a fine little engine and boiler just put in by King & Co., Georgetown.

At the recent written examinations at Georgetown High School, Charlie Henderson, Acton, secured 73 marks, the highest number among the third-class candidates in arithmetic; Wat Jace Lauby followed with 63; and John Brannan, 50. In the second class Willie Kannawin got 66 in arithmetic. There are 102 pupils at the High School.

A lengthy item from the Shelburne Economist gives an account of the capture at Grand Valley, of J. Branegrave Eagle, the notorious "Gallagher" who was wanted in Middlesex County for non-payment of a Scott Act fine. The constable got him to London and he was released upon payment of his fine.

Mr. G. C. Clark, of Peterboro, has been spending a week with Acton friends.

Born—In Newmarket, Mar. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, of the Era, a son.

Born—In Acton, Mar. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Gamble, a daughter.

Married—In Parliament St. Baptist Church, Toronto, March 14, by Rev. Chas. A. Cook, Mr. Harry Edmonson, of Toronto, formerly of Limehouse, to to Miss Maggie Trotter, of Acton.

Died—In Acton, Mar. 16, Selina A., eldest daughter of the late Freeman Worden, aged 27 years.

COSTLY BREAKFAST.

It is well known that some of the most famous and popular of literary and musical compositions have brought their authors little or no compensation. The case of Milton's "Paradise Lost" which the author sold for five pounds, is frequently cited as an example of this fact; but it is not necessary to go so far back for equally striking examples.

Quite recently a story to this point has been told, on good authority, in Paris. Some years ago three young men, all highly gifted but improvident and unfortunate, were walking the streets of Paris together, penniless and hungry.

"What wouldn't I give for a nice breakfast?" said one of them.

"What wouldn't I give for a breakfast, even if it weren't nice?" said another.

"Any kind of a breakfast would do me, provided it was a breakfast," said the third.

"How much must we have with which to buy a breakfast?" said the first.

"We ought to have ten francs," said another.

Ten francs, or two dollars, would have provided the three youths with an excellent breakfast.

"I have an idea! Here's a music publisher's. Come along!" said one.

"Sir," said he to the publisher, "we wish to sell you a song, of which one us has written the words and another the air; and I will sing it, as I am the only one of the three who has any voice."

The most publisher made a grimace. "Well, go on. We'll see if your song is good for anything."

One of the young men sang.

"Hum!" said the publisher. "It isn't much of a song—a simple little thing. But I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you fifteen francs for it."

The three young men looked significantly at each other. They had not expected as much. They handed the publisher the manuscript, took the three dollars, and went and ate them all up at a neighboring restaurant.

The author of the words was Alfred de Musset, the composer, Hippolyte Monpou, and the singer, Gilbert Duprez. The song, which was entitled "Couraliseux-vous dans Barcelone," had an immense popularity, and brought the publisher forty thousand francs. The breakfast which these three young men ate was, therefore, perhaps the most expensive one that was ever eaten.

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY.

Family Friend—There is Miss Podigroe, who is such a society belle. She has so much aplomb.

Mr. Comeup—Then my girl must get some too. She's got to have everything going.

Most of us are very ambitious, but the trouble is that too few of us work at it very much.

HOME SWEET HOME.

For the benefit of those who have not read "Home Sweet Home" as it was first written, I quote the words entire:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet, home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call—
Give me them with the peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

How sweet, to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, O give me! the pleasures of home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

To these I'll return overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest face will smile on me there.
No more from that cottage again will I roam—
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home!

The sweet sadness that pervades this simple little poem is exquisitely expressive of melancholy felt by poor Payne when he penned the lines, alone in a foreign country, away from all that he held dear.—London Musical Society.

THE COST OF A BOY.

I read the other day that it costs nearly a thousand pounds to bring up a London boy and educate and dress him well. I said to myself, "That is because everything in the city has to be bought, and living is high." But I began to study the thing, and I found that even a country boy costs his parents a good deal.

When you count what a boy eats and what he wears, and the school books he must have, and the doctors' bills that have to be paid when he gets the measles or the scarlet fever, he will cost his folks at home, at least $100 a year. If a boy is given to breaking things, kicking the toes out of his boots, and so on, he costs more than that. So when I am twenty-one and old enough to do for myself, I shall have cost father more than $2000.

Mother cooked my food, made my clothes and patched them, washed and ironed for me, took care of me when I was a little fellow, and whenever I was sick, and she never charged any thing for that. If she were dead and father had to pay for all that, it would cost another $100 a year more, and that $2000 worth of work mother will have done for me by the time I am a man.

Four thousand dollars for a boy! What do you think of that?

These are hard times. When parents put $4,000 into a boy, what have they a right to expect from him? Is it fair for him to play ball, go swimming, or hang around town all the time, when, maybe, his father's potatoes are not dug, nor the wood brought in for his mother? Is it fair for him to disappoint them by swearing and drinking? Is it fair for him to forget his parents when he has left home, and neglect even to write them letters?

I remember a bright young man saying, "Some of our parents have put about all the property they have into us boys and girls. If we make whiskey decanters of ourselves they will be poor indeed; but if we make good citizens and substantial men and women, they will feel as if they had good pay for bringing us up."

Boys, what are you worth to your parents?—Children's Friend.

CONSUMPTION.

Its Cause and Suggested Means of Recovery.

Consumption is not always an inherited disease, and a large percentage of cases may be attributed to the following causes:

First, defective digestion. Second, imperfect nutrition as a result of the first. Third, the accumulation of morbid product in the lungs as a result of imperfect nutrition, and this in turn breaks down the function of respiration and consumption is an established disease.

The first step toward a cure is to restore the function of nutrition, and to this end nothing in the world excels Vinol.

It is for this reason we want every person in Acton to know about our delicious cod liver preparation, Vinol, which is far superior to old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions because it is made by a scientific, extractive and concentrating process from fresh cods' livers, combining with peptonate of iron all the medicinal, healing, body building elements of cod liver oil, but no oil.

In pulmonary diseases it nourishes the body, increases vigor, checks the cough and often mitigates the disease. As a strength-creator for old people, delicate children, weak, run down persons, and after sickness, Vinol is unexcelled.

We ask Acton people to try Vinol on our offer to return their money if it does not give satisfaction. E. A. Robertson, druggist, Acton.

COMPLIMENTARY.

"All my friends say I made a mistake in marrying you!" cried the shrewish beauty. "We were never meant for each other, for you're just as different from me as you can be."

"Ah," retorted her husband, "you flatter me."