The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXIV.---NO. 4. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 23, 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, 4 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: 10 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. F. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

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We also carry a splendid stock of Groceries and Confectionery.

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You would enjoy a bath room in your home, with hot and cold water under pressure wherever required. Why not have it and be up to date? By the

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this is successfully accomplished, even though you have no water works system within reach.

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For further particulars write

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Old Home Week

Will be more enjoyable if you wear a new Hat or Cap. It's your duty as a citizen to tell your friends about La Fontaine's Hat Sale, if you do not wear one yourself.

$2.50 and $3.00 Hats, at $1.00

Straw Hats, Half Price.

Caps, Half Price.

See them and take advantage,

Lafontaine's Fur Establishment
95 Quebec Street,
GUELPH - - ONT.

THE WAY TO
Muskoka

This Summer is by the Lake Shore Express, of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway. Write for booklets describing Muskoka, the Maganetawan, and the best country in six provinces for the holiday maker and business man, opened up by the Six Railways of the Canadian Northern System, to the Information Bureau, Head Office, Canadian Northern Railway System, Toronto.

Poetry.

THE KISS IN SCHOOL.

A District School, not far away,
Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of three-score mingled girls and boys;
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on future mischief bent
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book,
When suddenly behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
As 'twere a battery of bliss,
Let off in one tremendous kiss.
"What's that?" the startled master cries,
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe;
I saw his kith Thuthannah Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The Master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to that awful presence came;
A great, green bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun,
With smile suppressed and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered: "I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school to hoot,—
What evil genius put you to 't?"
"Twas she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad,
"I didn't mean to be so bad;
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered I was 'frail of girls,
And durst't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it sir, at all!
But up and kissed her on the spot.
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
But, somehow from her looks,—boo-hoo—
I thought she kind o'wished me to."

Select Family Reading

The Deputy Janitor of The Rosamond.

By Clem V. Wagner

AORRIS Raymors' opportunity had come, and he had now called upon the college president to say good-bye, preparatory to going forth from the school to take a situation as a teacher.

"I have a letter asking that you come at once," said his teacher and friend. "Now, as you go, my boy, remember that we here are sure you will succeed. I am told it is not an easy position, but I feel you will be equal to it. Only put heart into your work, and let your real self go out to meet your pupils, and you'll win."

And so the young man came to enter upon his duties at the head of the grammar department of the schools in in the rather overgrown country town. As his preceptor had intimated, the place was not an easy one. The teacher who had preceded him had been very popular with the pupils, but had had some trouble with those in authority over him, and for that reason had been compelled to resign his position. The boys and girls of the department had protested against the loss of their favorite teacher, and were in a spirit of rebellion that made them anything but friendly to the newcomer. Morris felt this from the first, but earnestly sought to overcome the under current of opposition.

But while some were won by the frank earnestness with which he went about his work, the greater number of his pupils maintained a decidedly unfriendly attitude toward him. They compared his methods unfavorably with those of his predecessor. His very efforts to make friends they affected to be insincere. They resented his youth.

"The boy professor tried to be very nice to the geometry class to-day," said Myra Graham, as a crowd of boys and girls were passing down the street from the schoolhouse one afternoon. Myra really did not know how disrespectful it sounded to speak of her teacher in such terms.

"Nice!" exclaimed Charles Lane, with a shake of the head by which he intended to convey a meaning he did not care to put into words. "But did you notice how he blushed, when Chester asked, in the general history class, why it was the Athenians never allowed a young man to become a teacher?"

"Yes," answered Lester Drayton. "But I thought he gave it a pretty good turn, when he said that those same Athenians were made to know what a young man could do, when Alexander, at eighteen, conquered them in battle. He is just eighteen, now, you know.

"Do you know, folks," interrupted Lena Gaines, "that Tom Martin has been very sick? I saw Mrs. Bush this morning, and she says he may not be out for several weeks yet. He lives with them."

Inquiries were made concerning their sick schoolmate, and it was agreed that someone from the school ought to call at the Bush residence and let Tom know that he was not forgotten. Lester Dayton and Charles Lane offered to take this duty upon themselves, and the others at once burdened them with messages of good-will to be conveyed to the sick boy, who was a popular member of the class.

The short winter day was drawing to a close as the two young friends made their way to the remote part of the town where their schoolmate made his home. They had just turned a corner on which stood a large building known as Rosamond Flats, when Lester uttered an exclamation.

"Look!" he cried, pointing toward the rear entrance to the basement of the building. A young man clothed in blue overalls and a blue blouse was just carrying a basket of coal through the door.

"The boy professor!" exclaimed Charles Lane, glancing wonderingly at his companion.

"It certainly was the teacher," answered Lester. "But let us make sure!"

The boys passed a short distance up the street and waited. Soon the young man again appeared, and, as he passed at a pile of coal at the street-curb, and carried it into the basement.

"No mistake!" said Charles. "It's he!" And then, as they turned away, he added, "Pretty work for a grammar-school professor!" But there was a good deal of hesitation in the words. Indeed, both the boys instinctively felt that there was some mystery here.

When they arrived at the Bush home they found that young Martin was so ill that callers were not allowed to see him, and all they could do was to ask that the patient be informed of their visit.

"Tell him that the class misses him and that we hope he'll come back soon," added Lester.

"I'm sure he'll appreciate your coming," said Mrs. Bush, who had come to the door to receive them. "He's wrapped up in his school, Tom is," she went on. "And he just idolizes Mr. Raymor. Well he might, too, for Mr. Raymor's been a friend in need to him. You know Tom's working his way through school, and just before he came down he had got the janitor work at the Rosamond Flats to do mornings and evenings. When he got sick he worried to think he might lose the place by being away. But Mr. Raymor told him to rest easy, as he'd get someone from the school—I don't know just who—to attend to the janitor work. And the teacher's done this, so Tom feels easy about it. The pay comes in good to him, too, now he doubly needs it."

The two boys exchanged significant glances.

"We were in a hurry that time!" exclaimed Lester, as they again passed into the street. "Doing it all himself, too!"

"Makes two fellows about our size seem rather small, doesn't it?" cried Charles. "We've been a set of unruly, silly nuisances, anyway!" he went on. "What have we done it for? We've tried to hurt his work and to make life miserable for him, and he's just gone ahead and trusted us as though we were gentlemen."

"Here comes Lena Gaines. Her people live in the Rosamond, and she'll know something about the matter. Lena," he asked, as they came up to the girl, "what do you know about Mr. Raymor being janitor of your building?"

Lena looked hesitatingly from one to the other.

"That's a secret," she smilingly said, at last. "But since you seem to know it, I guess it is not a secret any more. Mr. Raymor asked me not to say anything about it."

"And he's doing it for the other fellow?" asked Charles.

"Yes, for Tom, you know; mornings and evenings," Lena replied.

The three held a short conference, and when they separated each carried away a secret—a secret which was to be told to the other members of the grammar-school as quickly as possible.

The next morning when school convened, Lester Dayton, who was the class president, stood at the teacher's desk.

"Will you allow us to conduct a little business session?" he asked, turning to Mr. Raymor.

The young teacher involuntarily started, the request was so unusual. Were the pupils about to give voice to their feelings of unrest? But the respectful attitude and smile of the class president banished his doubts, though they but increased his wonder. He gave assent to the request that had been made of him, and sat down to await results.

"We have just a little business this morning," said the president, turning to the school. "I believe Charles Lane has the matter ready to present."

Charles Lane was on his feet, prepared to read a set of resolutions. Of course these common ordinary, everyday young Americans must embody their sentiments, thoughts and good-wishes in formal resolutions. It is the American way. Charles read:

"Resolved, That, after one month's trial, we welcome as the teacher of our grammar-school, Prof. Morris Raymor, whose learning and methods we have learned to admire, and whose unselfish character we have come to esteem:

"Resolved, That we evidence our welcome by giving three cheers for our teacher."

And as Charles ended the reading of these resolutions he led in the cheering and the school joined so enthusiastically that passers-by wondered what in the world was occurring in the school-house. The president declared the resolutions unanimously adopted.

The teacher sat with head slightly thrown forward, a hot flush mantling his cheeks. For a moment after the reading, he seemed utterly helpless from surprise. And then he leaped to his feet, pleasure lighting his countenance. But there was still more to follow.

"Mr. President," said Chester Curtis, rising as Charles Lane resumed his seat, "I have a further resolution to present." And then he read as follows:

"Whereas, our esteemed teacher has appointed himself deputy janitor of the Rosamond:

"Be it therefore resolved, that the president be, and he is hereby directed, to appoint a committee of five members of the class to act as assistants in the work."

Then, indeed, did the cheering break out. Boys sprang to their feet, girls waved their handkerchiefs.

It is needless to say that it was a happy teacher who went forward from that day into his years of successful service in that school. His old preceptor had advised him to give his real self to his pupils. He had done this earnestly, unselfishly, and in a way not thought of by the one who had spoken the words of encouragement. And this giving had won his way for him.

When the grateful Tom Martin, strong and well again, came back to the class a month later, the enthusiastic committee turned over to him his old place as the Rosamond, and the [illegible]

THE TIME TO GIVE UP.

"There's ten dollars lacking, and ten dollars is as bad as a hundred or a thousand, with only two days to get it in."

Mamie did not answer except to lay her hand gently on her brother's shoulder. The boy turned his head and regarded her curiously.

"You haven't given up, have you?" she said.

He drew a long breath.

"You ought to have been the boy."

"No, I hadn't!" Mamie cried almost angrily. Nothing annoyed her like having someone, either in plain words or by implication, find fault with Richard. "But I haven't given up," she added, "because there's no use in doing that till you have to. We've got the two days."

Richard shook his head. Mamie's unfailing hopefulness was as hard for him to understand as his early dejection was puzzling to her.

It was early the next morning when Richard woke to find his sister standing by his bed.

"Get up quick, Dick. Peter says there's a freight wreck two miles down the track, and the eastbound passenger is tied up at the junction."

Richard blinked sleepily. "Well, what about it?"

"Why, you old goose," cried his sister, with an impatient laugh. "This is our chance. Don't you see?"

Richard only stared.

"I heard Peter talking under my window this morning. That's what woke me. He thinks it will be noon, anyway, before the track is cleared. The people on the pullman will be looking around for entertainment. They will buy our oranges and flowers, and we can row them around the lake for ten cents a trip. Hurry, now. We want to be ready."

And Dick hurried. When the passengers from the pullman sleeper began to make their appearance in twos and threes, looking for something to fill up the time, they found it. A table stood on the front porch on which different kinds of fruit were tastefully arranged and grandma was stationed behind it to act as saleswoman. On the beautiful little lake was a good-sized boat, and a good-looking boy was ready to convey passengers to the spring and back for ten cents a trip. Mamie's little sister was flower girl, and carried a tray covered with little clusters of semi-tropical blossoms. Mamie was mistress of ceremonies—met the newcomers, gave them permission to go over the ranch, use the piazza and make themselves generally at home.

It was a busy day. The track was not cleared till four in the afternoon, and the young people scorned the thought of stopping for luncheon. All the fruit was sold, and most of the flowers. Richard made the trip to the spring and back till even his stout arms ached. And when the whistle of the locomotive sent the passengers scurrying back to the train, they sat down on the piazza and counted up their gains. Then they looked at each other with shining eyes. It was too good to be true.

"Well, 'it's an ill wind that blows nobody good,'" said grandmother from her chair. "I suppose it's hard on the railroad folks, having a freight train leave the track, but it's pretty lucky for us."

"And yesterday we didn't see how it was possible to get ten dollars, even," Richard said. "It's like having money drop from the clouds."

Mamie did not often say: "I told you so," but this once she thought it would not matter. She put her hand affectionately on Richard's shoulder. "Just remember, Dick," she said, "the time to give up is when you have to."

CHRONIC WEARINESS.

You are "too-tired to go to church." That's sheer nonsense. There isn't a place on the continent so restful as the church. You are going to lie around the house all day; snooze in a hammock; loll in a rocking chair; go to sleep over a book. That isn't resting, that's loafing. Tell yourself honestly—you like to think you are honest—did you ever in all your life see a loafer who looked rested? Did you ever see a loafer who didn't look tired all the time? The people who try to rest are always tired. Resting is the hardest work in the world, when you make work out of it.

About a year ago, I stopped in a Boston street to watch a group of laborers. It was noon hour. They had been at work all the morning digging a sewer excavation. They had eaten their dinners from the little tin pails and now they were "resting." Some of them were pitching quoits and others were putting the shot, with a great round boulder. They were workingmen "resting." And sitting on the curbstone watching them—too lazy to even stand up and look at them; their lazy chins resting on their lazy hands, and their lazy elbows supported on their lazy knees were the loafers who had been watching them work all the morning. These fellows were too tired even to join the games by which the workers rested themselves.

You have no need to loaf all day Sunday. Two hours in church; two hours of the quiet; the sermon; the reading; the uplift which comes from the new channels into which your thought, your mind is led, will rest you more, physically, morally, intellectually, than will all the day spent in trying to "rest."

A CLOSE MAN.

"I presume old Pinchcent is the closest man in town."

"Well, he is a judicious business man, to say the least."

"He is not overlooking any bets."

"What has he done now."

"Wanted to get into the circus on half fare price because he claimed to the ticket seller that he was in his second childhood."

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Chronicles Carefully Conned, Culled, Condensed Compiled and Copied from the Free Press of July 24, 1888.

DIED.—At Amelisburg, Prince Edward County, June 30, Griffith Howell, father of Rev. J. E. Howell, Seaforth, aged 71. His end was peace.

DIED.—In Acton, July 20, infant son of Mr. Peter Masalas, aged 2 months.

News has just reached friends here of the death of Josiah Royce, brother of the late Robt. Royce, of Acton. He died in California, having settled there in 1849.

Mr. John Waldie has again been chosen to be the Reform candidate in the coming bye-election for the House of Commons.

The farmers throughout this county have reason to be thankful for the crops they have, though in some cases comparitively poor, the majority have better crops than the average elsewhere.

Mr. John Masalas, nephew of Mr. Chris. Masalas, Acton, was drowned at Minden, on the Gull River, where he was working on a dalve.

Georgetown Village Council has voted $12,000 for the building and furnishing of their new High School.

These pupils from Mr. Moore's room passed the examinations at Georgetown High School: Herbert Henderson, Samuel Laird, John Ramsay, Thos. Ryder. Katie Orr lacked a few marks, but has been recommended to be admitted by the Education Department.

John R. Clarke, the noted lecturer, for whom we have filled several orders for job printing, writes: "Your last work like your first, is superb. The circulars are a model of neat, unique and artistic work. Everyone that sees them says so. I have been as a public man, getting work done in the old world and in the new for the last 25 years, and I pronounce your work simply perfect."

Rev. Geo. Richardson, the highly esteemed pastor of Churchill Congregational Churches, has tendered his resignation and will farewell on Sunday. He has been in charge for four years and three months. His labors have secured large congregations, and won for him much favor and esteem. He leaves shortly for Australia.

An "Unqualified success," is the statement regarding the garden party at Cedar Creek Farm, the home of Mr. John Warren last week.

A very entertaining concert was given in the Town Hall on Thursday evening, under the auspices of St. Joseph's Church.

Frank Hunter; near Campbellville, died suddenly in Devlin's Hotel, there last week. He had been suffering for some time from consumption, and had entered the hotel with a friend, when he suddenly became sick, and sank helplessly to a chair.

Few of our citizens have any proper conception of the volume of business transacted at Acton station, G. T. R. The agent, Mr. Holmes, has given out the following figures of the shipments for the year ending July 1, 1888; stone, 8139 tons; lime, 1027; manufactured goods, 551; grain, 454; live stock, 272; lumber, 48; miscellaneous, 380. Total, 11,799 tons. This is very creditable, considering that the classes of goods extensively manufactured here are light in weight.

The shipments received for the same period was: Hemlock bark, 330 cars; lumber, 50; hides, 50; coal, 15; implements, 3; brick, 3; salt, 1. Total, 451 cars.

Mr. Richard Maloney has returned home from his theological studies at Montreal. This excellent young man passed this year's examination with great credit to himself. He will probably complete his course next year.

Mr. Harry Blake, Mr. Joe Perkins, and Miss Jessie Perkins arrived home from England in excellent health and spirits yesterday morning. Mrs. Blake and Gordon will remain in England for some months.

Mr. W. H. Speight spent several days this week with friends in Markham.

Mrs. Geo. Hynds, Sr., of Toronto, has been visiting her son, Mr. George Hynds, here, this week.

Miss Agusta Nicklin, is away visiting friends at Toronto, Markham and Stouffville.

HE HONORED HIS MOTHER.

There is a story of a boy who attended college, about a hundred miles from here, who was about to graduate. He wrote back to the farm for his mother to come. She replied that she could not do so. She said her clothes were worn out and she had no money to buy new ones for the occasion. The boy said, come anyhow. The poor mother went in her best, but was not stylish. The commencement was held in a fashionable church. The son was prouder of his mother than of his honors. He walked down the aisle with her to the centre of the church and took her to one of the best seats. There were tears in her eyes, and she burst out weeping when her son pronounced the valedictory. The president pinned a badge on his coat, but he took it and pinned it on his mother's faded dress, as he bent and kissed her wrinkled face. The boy with this kind of pride will be an honor to his country and his God. May his number increase and the shadows of his loveliness cover the world.—Ex.

A MODERN FAMILY.

"Where's Edythe?"

"Up in her studio hand painin' a snow shovel."

"Where's Gladys?"

"In the library writin' po'try."

"Where's Clarice?"

"She's in the parlor playin' the pianner."

"Where's Gwyndoline?"

"Up in her boudoir curlin' her hair."

"And where's ma?"

"Maw? Oh, Maw's down in the kitchen gettin' dinner ready for the bunch."

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

"Three leaves, of course, I'm bound to have,"
The little clover said.
"They're all I'm set to do, but still
I'll think I'll go ahead
And grow another if I can,
An extra leaf to show
That I am trying, with all my might,
To live and work, and grow."
So while the other clovers stayed
Content with leaflets three,
Their braver brother added on
A fourth, for all to see.
"How foolish!" cried the other ones.
"Why do an extra task!
Three leaves are all the world expects
And all that it can ask!"
But lo! men hailed the extra leaf
And grasped its meaning, too,
For now the four-leaved clover stands
For Luck—a symbol true,
Since 'tis the added, willing work,
The extra bit of pluck
That conquers all the best of life
And brings the worker luck.
—By Priscilla Leonard, in Youth's Companion.

THE FIVE CENT THEATORIUM.

The penny arcades and five-cent theaters made their appearance with no greater blare of trumpets than the noise of their phonographic horns and the throaty persuasion of their "barkers."

—They came upon us unobtrusively in the still of the night. Every big city and even the smaller ones, woke up to find them there by dozens. They have multiplied faster than guinea-pigs, and within a short time have attained to that importance where we may no longer snub them as one of the catch-pennies of the streets, says the July Delineator.

With but few exceptions, the pictures shown in these places are as bad as the police will allow. They are suggestive and descriptive of crime, largely presented in most alluring forms.

Months ago, these theaters attracted the attention of the Chicago and Philadelphia authorities, and those interested in juvenile courts throughout the country have been raising their voices in protest against them. Jane Addams, of Hull House, frankly admits that they have not only become a force in the city life, but they are capable of developing crime to a very alarming degree. Judge Lindsey, of Denver, a friend of the homeless boy, has spoken strongly against them.

When a manager of one of these penny arcades was asked why he allowed such pictures to appear, his answer was short: "Because the people like them."

Who are "the people," anyway?

As they exist to-day, the municipal authorities don't like them; the social settlement workers don't like them; you don't like them.

If you don't like these amusements, say so. In this case "say so" to the managers of the penny amusements, to the editors of papers and magazines, to the municipal authorities; and then get your neighbors to voice their protest, too.

If we cannot have pleasure without bad example to our children, let us even forego pleasure.

Don't you think so?

THE COOKBOOK.

Melted butter is very good substitute for olive oil in salad dressing. Many prefer the butter to oil.

Turnips boiled in their jackets like beets are much better than when pared. Adding a little sugar to the water will correct any bitterness.

Fish that is to be fried should be ordered to be sent early, as it cooks much better if previously rolled some time in a clean cloth to insure perfect dryness.

Scoop out as many large lemons as there are guests, scallop the edges and fill the cups with French peas mixed with a stiff mayonnaise. Arrange the lemons on crisp lettuce leaves and serve with cheese and crackers.

A woman who is past master in sandwich making prefers fried ham to boiled for sandwiches. She cooks the ham slowly in the frying pan, giving it just enough browning to improve the flavor. Then she reduces it by grinding to a veritable powder and mixes it with mayonnaise.

HIS EDUCATION.

"Yes, Markley came in for a fortune the other day. He's actually got more money now than he knows what to do with."

"Yes, There are certain people who will be anxious to meet him now, and after that he'll know more."

RUN DOWN—TIRED.

Acton People Who are in this Condition are asked to Read this Article.

There are many people in this vicinity at this season of the year who are all run down, no strength—hardly able to drag about. Don't know what ails them.

We want to say to every such person that our cod liver preparation, Vinol, is the tonic reconstructor which they need. Vinol tones up the digestive organs, creates a healthy appetite, makes rich red blood, and strengthens every organ in the body to do its work. In this natural manner strength and vitality quickly replace weakness and lassitude.

Miss Rose Blair, president Sophomore club, Kansas City, writes: "Last spring I was all run down, nervous, irritable and could not sleep. I tried many medicines without benefit. Vinol was recommended. It was delicious and not at all like the greasy cod liver oil and emulsions I was used to. Vinol gave me a hearty appetite and restored me to perfect health and strength."

Vinol is recognized throughout the world as an unexcelled strength creator for old people, weak, sickly women, delicate children and the convalescent.

Try Vinol on our offer to return money if it fails to give satisfaction. E. A. Robertson, Druggist, Acton, Ontario.