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H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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Assortment of mechanical and other TOYS at Half Price.
FLAT CUTLERY
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New designs in SILVER TRAYS
A line of Tools, any one of which would make the eyes of a boy of a mechanical turn of mind sparkle.
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Funeral and Wedding Orders Specialty.
All orders placed with E. J. HASSARD Druggist, Acton, will receive prompt attention.

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All kinds of Fresh and Salt Meats, Sausage, Bologna and Poultry

We are prepared to pay highest Cash prices for all kinds of Fowl, dressed or alive, also for Farm Produce.

Cash paid for Hides, Skins and Tallow.

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Poetry.

A SONG

"That passed over, and this may, too."
Many sorrows have come and gone,
Pain has tarried—and then, passed on.
"That passed over, and this may, too."

This is the song I would sing to you,
Now that trial has come once more.
You've conquered pain in the days of yore,
"That passed over, and this may, too."

Who forgets that the skies are blue,
In dreary seasons of fog and rain?
To-morrow the wind may shift again.
"That passed over, and this may, too."

God who sendeth the summer dew,
Guardeth the daffodil under the snow.
Spring must come, and the winter go,
"That passed over, and this may, too."

—Sarah M. Haughton.

Select Family Reading

A Blunder and What Came of It

BY HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH

THE postman who had passed Miss Betty's gate retraced his steps, and as he came up the walk the front door opened, to all appearances automatically. As a matter of fact, Miss Betty had been watching at the window. She had passed beyond the stage of welcoming her birthday joyfully, but it would have hurt her if Adelaide had forgotten it.

But Adelaide had not forgotten. The dainty white package was proof enough of that, though the superscription was in an unfamiliar hand. Probably Adelaide had been due at some board meeting and had called on one of the pretty young girls who were always visiting her to act as her secretary. Betty untied the cord—not for worlds would she have cut it—with a fluttering of the pulses that was curiously suggestive of youth.

In a general way, Betty felt quite sure what the parcel would contain. Adelaide selected her gifts with careful consideration of their appropriateness. As a rule they were books, such books as are recommended for Sabbath reading. Betty thought this parcel too light for a book. Then it was sure to be something practical, like handkerchiefs.

She stopped for a moment to gaze fondly at the card on which Adelaide had written, "For Dear Betty." Then she removed the tissue paper wrappings and blinked as if the room had been suddenly flooded with strong sunlight. Shining gossamer folds of a delicate rose-color, slipped through her fingers. She gave a little incredulous gasp.

"Oh, how lovely! But she oughtn't to have given it to me. I—I'm too old for such things. She must have forgotten."

On second thought she knew this to be absurd. Adelaide's birthday was within three months of her own. She could not have forgotten that Miss Betty was no longer young. Moreover, Adelaide prided herself on her discriminating taste. Could it be possible—Miss Betty blushed at the thought, but found it difficult to dislodge it—could it be possible that she was not as old as she thought herself?

She went slowly to her bedroom, and in front of her mirror deliberately tried the effect of the rose colored scarf. Again the color rose in her cheeks. Really, if she were not in the forties, she would have been inclined to call it becoming. She turned her head this way and that, like an inquisitive bird, and her heart warmed with the glad truth. It was becoming. Never under any circumstances would she have bought such an article for herself, but Adelaide knew. And since Adelaide had selected it, there could be no objection to her wearing it.

With the silken scarf still over her shoulders, Miss Betty turned to the work on which she had been engaged when the approach of the postman had lured her to the window. She was ripping up the gray silk, which was one of the annual benefactions of a wealthy second cousin, preparatory to having it dyed black. But now a daring thought crossed Miss Betty's mind, and quickened her pulse. Why black? If she could wear the rose-colored scarf, certainly there was nothing unsuitable in the gray silk.

"And they would look so pretty together," thought Miss Betty. She let the shimmering, rose-colored folds drop carelessly across the gray silk, and she knew that the question was settled. She folded her birthday gift and went on with her ripping. But now she hummed a tune as she worked, and she came to the conclusion that she would use the money that the dyeing would have cost in getting some lace for the front.

The breadths were all ripped by the time Mrs. Carey came.

"I can't stop but a minute," she said as she deposited her portly frame in Miss Betty's most substantial chair. "I'm on my way to hear that lecture on the New Japan. You ought to go, Betty. They say he's a wonderfully interesting speaker."

"I don't know anything about the old Japan," said Betty, quickly. "You know all the years that I took care of mother, and did the housework and all our sewing. I didn't have time to read. And now I'm way behind everybody."

"Why don't you make a start?" Mrs. Carey demanded. "You have time enough now, I'm sure." She regarded Miss Betty curiously. In her delicate face there was an unwonted tinge of colour, as if the rose-colored scarf had left a reflection of its own hues.

"I—don't you think I'm too old?" asked Miss Betty. The question was almost a cry. The day before she would have scoffed at the suggestion. Learning was an excellent thing for young people she would have said. If she could live her life over again, she would try to start differently. But it was only since the postman's visit that she had begun to think that perhaps it was not too late for her yet.

"Too old!" repeated Mrs. Carey, indignantly. "If you were a man you wouldn't think you were too old to do anything you had a mind to. There, your hat, Betty." And Miss Betty ran up the stairs with a sense of exultation which was not due altogether to her anticipation of her lecture on the New Japan.

When Miss Betty took out a card at the public library, the wrinkled librarian, who knew the whole town by name, regarded her with interest. "This is your first card, isn't it, Miss Betty? Singular you haven't patronized us before."

Miss Betty blushed vividly and becomingly. "For a long time," she replied, "I didn't have the time to read, and when I had the time I didn't have the sense. Now I've got both, and I'm going to start." The librarian's eyes followed her as she moved away, and he was not too absorbed to notice the effect of the knot of bright color showing at her throat. "She's grown better looking in the last ten years," the old man reflected. "And upon my word, I believe she's getting to look younger."

About the time Miss Betty was undergoing her first qualms over the possession of the rose-colored scarf, Caroline Westcott received a dainty package directed in an unfamiliar hand. It was one of a number, for Caroline was a popular girl, and her birthday was remembered by many friends. The table before her was strewn with a number of pretty trifles, when she with leisurely fingers, unwrapped a package that was evidently a book, and disclosed the card, across the face of which was written, "For dear Caroline."

But the book was a surprise. It was not a novel, nor a volume of poems exquisitely bound. She turned the pages thoughtfully. Why had her friend made this selection for her? "I guess she must think I need a little lecturing," thought the girl. Though several packages lay unopened on the table, and the box of flowers beside her had not been examined, she turned to the first page and began to read.

It would all have been an old story to Miss Betty. The beauty of service, the satisfaction of self-denial, she had demonstrated in her life years before. But to the girl of twenty the message came with the freshness of a new revelation. The chances are that if the book had come into her possession in any other way she would have left it unread. But Adelaide Bailey's methods were too well-known to her friends to admit of any doubt that the volume had been selected with especial reference to the recipient. "She must have thought I needed it." Caroline told herself more than once. And unconsciously she thrilled with a certain pride in the thought that hitherto unsounded depths in her nature would respond to so noble an appeal.

"There's been an extraordinary blunder," Adelaide Bailey said to her husband at breakfast two weeks later. "I got Amy to direct some packages for me, one day when I was in a hurry, and she sent the present I designed for Betty Proctor to that little frivolous Caroline Westcott, while Betty received Caroline's scarf. And the strangest part is," she continued, spreading two notes of acknowledgment before her, and studying them judiciously, "that each one seems delighted with my choice. Betty, who is the primmest little Quaker you ever saw in your life, is telling how well the pink looks with her new gray silk, and how she was complimented when she wore it to the minister's pound party. And, stranger still, here is Caroline, who never had a thought for anything but dress and vanity in all her days, talking about trying to do something for other people. It's really mysterious."

Her husband looked thoughtful. "We're very likely to think, aren't we, that people need what they are accustomed to have, when the chances are that they don't. Your friend Betty, who has been sacrificing all her life, didn't need the appeal to self-denial, while Caroline did. And possibly the pink scarf, which would have only fostered Caroline's weakness, acted as a sort of tonic on poor, suppressed, stifled Betty. On the whole, Amy's blunder doesn't seem anything to regret."

CAUSE OF AURORA BOREALIS

Neon, a newly-discovered gas, is the cause of the aurora borealis, according to a statement made recently by Dr. W. L. Dudley, of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., before the division of physical and inorganic chemists, at a recent session of the American Association for the advancement of science.

Dr. Dudley showed what he said was the only sample of neon in this country. It requires over 100 tons of air to get a pint of it. Dr. Dudley has discovered that friction of neon against mercury in a Crooks' tube produces a yellow light, and when held near a wireless coil Hertzian waves illuminate the gas.

Dr. Dudley's conclusions are that at the magnetic poles of the earth, neon, under high pressure because of the cold, is acted upon by magnetic currents, thus producing the aurora borealis, a phenomenon that has always puzzled scientists.

AN IMPORTANT CONDITION

Five-year-old Zora had been listening very attentively to the older ones talking, when she turned to her and asked, "Well, Zora, what are you going to do when you are grown?" After drawing a long breath she answered, "I'm going to teach school if there are any kids left."

HOW H— S—, MICH., WENT DRY

The following extract, taken from a personal letter, speaks for itself: "The whisky men worked like mad, and in their desperation would do some of the meanest things and resort to tricks of which no one but themselves would think. As a last resort they got a noted criminal lawyer from Chicago, who works for the class, but who is a powerful speaker. The drys were worried, for they knew that there were many in the balance and they feared that his eloquence and sophistry would turn them the wrong way, so this is what they did. There was a young lawyer who had committed suicide through drink only a few weeks before. It was a sad case and one that appealed to everyone, as he had been one of the brightest and best. He left a young wife and a little boy, who had the sympathy of all. The wife is a lovely woman and highly respected.

One of the temperance leaders asked the managers of the liquor campaign if they had any objections to himself and some friends having chairs on the speaker's platform. This favor was conceded. When the audience assembled they saw seated in a chair, right beside the speaker, with her little boy in her lap, the bereaved widow of the dead lawyer. Of course, the speaker did not know who she was, but her pale, sad face and fatherless boy gave the lie to everything he said. The plan worked like a charm, even the speaker noticed the unresponsive attitude of the audience, and the manager, who understood the cause, was beside himself with rage. Every word that the speaker uttered but strengthened the temperance cause. Oh! the jubilee of that election day, when the results were made known; whistles blew, bells rang, people shouted, dogs barked, children sang and the saloon-keepers swore. One loud-mouthed fellow was ranting about taking a man's business and giving no recompense, when a woman stepped up to him and said: "You can have my old washtub and washboard; that's what you gave me for recompence when you took away my husband's money and manhood."

THE HOME LINK UNBROKEN

The minister knew that his visitor had joyful news to tell, for his face fairly shone with happiness.

"I've got something to show you, pastor," the middle-aged man began, as he reached his hand toward the pocket of his coat.

"Out with it, quick," laughed the minister. "I know by your looks that I want to see it."

"It's a letter from my college boy," beamed the father, "written the day he was twenty-one. Let me read you a little of it and see if you don't think his mother and I have reason to be happy over it. 'Dear Mother and Daddy,' that's the way it begins. Only think, of his wanting to be a comrade with me enough to call me 'Daddy!' Then he goes on:

"'Just like the little boy when asked, "What are you going to be when you become of age?" I reply, "I'm going to be twenty-one, and am going to be the same boy, only, I hope, a better one." Parents dear, you may not have a handsome, clever, and brilliant young man for a son, but he is clean and honorable, if he does say it himself, and he is proud of it! I cannot, nor will I, promise to avoid all the evil or harmful so-called pleasures indulged in here in college. A good many fellows have asked me, Why? And in addition to the other reasons, I reply, "My dad believes I am just as good away from home as I am under his roof, and I know he believes I wouldn't do anything dishonorable, for he has told me so. He trusts me, and I would do anything rather than break trust with my dad."

"Well, I am now twenty-one, and free from all legal disability, and have full contractual powers, but also full responsibilities. And now I am a man, I will try to make good use of my manhood. I always was glad I was not a rich man's son, and I never was so glad I am a poor man's son as I am to-day. I have a very high degree of ambition, which is proper, but the crop of brains and ability must be grown to match, and that crop can't be forced, and needs great care and attention.

"This is a real serious epistle, and a lady told me she thought I was a real serious-minded young man. And, anyway, I am a man to-day, and that is quite enough to make a fellow serious. Lovingly, your grown son, Sunny Sonny.'"

As the father finished the reading, with a voice that trembled a bit, the minister clasped his hand and said:

"That is a fine letter! It has cost you something to keep that boy in college, but you feel paid."

"Yes," said the father. "He had an offer of three thousand dollars a year on the athletic team of a great university, but he refused it and is to practice law."

"And intends to be an honest lawyer," said the minister.

The father nodded.

"And he will be," said the minister. "The boy who lives up to his father's belief in him, and will not 'break faith' during his college course, is not likely to break faith with his father later on." Then the minister added, "The time will come when he will know more fully the reasons why his father and mother wanted him to do certain things, and abstain from others." And then he will be still more glad that he has kept faith with you and kept the home link unbroken."

FAT AND LEAN

A man, praising porter, said it was so excellent a beverage that taken in great quantities it always made him fat.

"I have seen the time," said another, "when it made you lean."

"When, I should like to know?" said the eulogist.

"Why, no longer ago than last night—against the wall."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes From the Free Press Columns of January 16th, 1890. Many Persons Herein Recorded Have Passed Away

It is generally hoped that "as the days do lengthen, the cold will strengthen" this year.

Mr. W. H. Rutledge has purchased Mr. Thos. J. Speight's 25 acre farm on the eastern boundary of the corporation for $3000.

FREE PRESS readers may congratulate themselves that their favorite is issued this week at all. Four members of the staff have been down with "the grip."

Rev. W. O. McCormack, Congregational minister will preach in Mr. Robt. Denny's house on Sunday evening. Subject: "Take it by the tail."

Saturday was Sir John A. McDonald's 75th birthday.

Mr. H. T. Arnold, of Glenwilliams, informs us that he will shortly open a glove factory in the building formerly used by the Salvation Army as a barracks. He has been in the glove business for some time in Glenwilliams.

Rev. W. O. McCormack, late of Barrowford, England, has accepted a call to the Churchill and South Caledon Congregational Churches. He is a son of a minister in England, and has sent for his family to join him here.

Acton Lodge A. O. U. W. officers:—P. M. W.—Wm. Stark; M. W.—W. R. Rogney; Foreman—Isaac Francis; Overseer—James McTavish; Recorder—W. J. King; Receiver—Jno. Matthews; Financier—A. A. Secord; Guide—Jno. P. Worden; Inner Watch—R. D. Graham; Outer Watch—Thos. Statham.

Walker Lodge A. F. and A. M. officers: Wm. Stark, W. M.; Joseph Anderson, P. M.; Harry Blake, S. W.; J. T. Ellis, J. W.; Wm. T. Smyth, Chap.; J. B. Pearson, Treas.; W. R. Kenney, Sec.; J. P. Worden, S. D.; Robt. Moore, J. D.; Fred Secord, D. of C.; A. O. Beardmore, Organist; John Lawson and Wm. Hampshire, Stewards; Isaac Francis, I. G.; J. Kenney, Tyler.

Two men employed in Lee's tailor shop got into a row on Saturday. One of them who had been drinking a good deal threatened to shoot the other, approaching menacingly with a pair of tailor's shears. Chief Lawson took him in hand, and Magistrate Storey sent him to Milton to await trial, he having at once pleaded guilty and replying to a remark made by the magistrate, said, "Whiskey is the trouble, it was at the bottom of the matter."

To prepare for the Halton S. S. Convention in Acton on Feb. 26th and 27th, the following committees have been appointed: Providing singing—A. T. Mann, J. C. Hill, Geo. Williams, Revs. Gifford and Rae. Billeting—North of Mill and West of John Sts.—Rev. J. W. Rae, Misses Ramsay and Henderson; East of John—Rev. Dr. Gifford and Misses R. Anderson and Bella Hill. South of Mill and West of John—D. Henderson and Misses Speight and Bella Johnston. East of John—H. P. Moore and Misses Lawson and Thurston.

The Council offers $10 for information to convict the breakers of windows at the Agricultural Hall, and $10 for similar offences relative to destruction of any property within the corporation.

Mr. A. E. Nicklin has been elected Chairman of Acton Public School Board.

ACTON SUNDAY SCHOOLS

KNOX CHURCH—Supt.—Alex. Kennedy; Asst. do—John Cameron; Sec.—J. J. Lawson; Treas. Geo. Hynds; Lib.—Miss Jessie Anderson; Organist—Miss Lucy Kennedy; Leader of Singing—A. T. Mann; Teachers—Rev. J. W. Rae, Mesdames C. S. Smith, Lowry, Sen., Joseph Anderson, John McGill and Halsted, Misses R. Anderson, A. Anderson, Pearson and Kate Lawson, Messrs. James Cobban, John Cameron and George Hynds.

METHODIST—Supt.—H. P. Moore; Asst. do—I. Francis; Sec.-Treas.—N. F. Moore; Asst. Sec.—Geo. Thurston; Lib.—C. Speight and G. H. Brown; Organist—Miss Lottie Speight; Teachers—Rev. Dr. Gifford, T. T. Moore, Asst., John B. Cameron, Mesdames Gifford, Jas. Moore, H. P. Moore and I. Francis, Misses Mary Brown and Hattie Thurston. Report on Conf. from Official Board—James McLean, Thos. Ebbage, Jas. Matthews, Jno. Stephenson and L. G. Matthews.

ST. ALBAN'S—Supt.—Harry Blake; Asst. do—J. T. Thompson; Organist—Miss Lizzie Stone; Teachers—Mesdames Blake, and Thompson, and Misses Goodall, Boulo, Perkins and Alice Goodall.

DISCIPLES—Supt.—Geo. Williams; Sec.—John Ramsey; Treas.—G. Williams; Lib.—Miss L. Tovell; Leader of Singing—Joseph Soper; Teachers—Daniel Robertson, Mrs. M. Morton, Misses Bella Hill, Annie McLean and Aggie Ramsey.

BAPTIST—Supt.—Wm. Gripps; Asst. do—Samuel Worden; Sec.-Treas.—J. L. Warren; Organists—Misses Warren and Emond. Teachers—John Warren, Bible Class. Other classes will be formed during the summer.

DUHAM PIKE.—Supt.—A. Waddle; Sec.-Treas.—Duncan McDougall; Leader of Singing—Miss Arthurs; Teachers—D. Henderson, Robt. Kinnaird, Miss Douglas. The school is under Knox Church, Acton, and is dormant during the winter.

BORN.—In Erin, on Jan. 8th, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hart, a son.

BORN—In Eramosa, on Jan. 10th, to Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Gripps, a son.

BORN—At Limehouse, on Jan. 10th, to Mr. and Mrs. Graham Lawson, a son.

BORN—In Eramosa, on Jan. 13th, to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Eagle, a son.

BORN—In Acton, on Jan. 11th, to Mr. and Mrs. T. James Moore, a daughter.

DON'T SHOOT!

Don't shoot! Consider this one fact,
The lack of manhood in the act:
How could a creature of your size
Take aim at any bird that flies?
We are so helpless, and so small!
The tiniest boy is tall
Compared with us. Put down your gun,
And seek some manlier kind of fun.

Don't shoot! Out there in tree and glade,
In pretty nests that we have made,
Our hungry little birdlings wait.
Ah, think of their unhappy fate
If we came not at set of sun!
Put down your gun, put down your gun.

Don't shoot! But leave us free of wing
To build, and nest, and soar and sing.
We ask so little, just to live—
And for that privilege we give
Our souls in song, till life is done.
Put down your gun, put down your gun.

Don't shoot! Earth has enough of joy,
Of space, and food, for bird and boy;
Enough for both of light and sun,
Put down your gun, put down your gun.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

ANNO DOMINI 1910

Anno Domini, or its abbreviation, A. D., meets us everywhere—in the daily papers, in the weekly journals, in the monthly magazines, in the quarterly reviews. They are all dated as being published at such and such a distance from the Incarnation, otherwise Christmas, a season now just passed. The ledgers, the day books, the letters we dash off—often in unthinking haste—these are all related through their date to that memorable December in the sacred century in which Christ was born. The Christmas entertainment, the New Year's service, the annual Firemen's Ball in the Civic Hall—these all tell the same story, as their dates announce their fixture, for they are fixed at a time which is related to the coming of the Messiah, to the first singing of the "Gloria in Excelsis."

Do we not all know something of that heart gayety and that deep inner contentment, wrapt up in the old English greeting "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year?"

"Some keep the olden greeting,
With its meaning deep and true,
And wish a merrie Christmas
And a happy New Year to you."

WHAT MAKES A HOME

The real home is the abode of happiness, purity and love. It is the foretaste of heaven and all that is left of the Paradise from which the two-edged sword shut out mankind.

The home is still the real fortress and bulwark of the nation. The stability, the life, progress and success of a nation depend on the home, and therefore on the parents, and especially upon the mother who is the light of the home. Husband means housband. He holds the home together, but the mother is the center. Then is not motherhood the greatest of vocations?

Does the world still need the child? Let the child drop out, let race suicide continue, and not only do we depopulate the earth at some coming day, but even have to destroy the incentive for life, progress and future destiny. For what is wealth accumulated? For the coming child. For what invention and art and literature and science and history? All for the child. In spite of ourselves, we are forced to fulfill the scriptures, "No man liveth unto himself."—From January Physical Culture.

A REAL CATASTROPHE

Philip, aged four, is in the habit of going across the street to a neighbor's house for milk. One day in December he returned home with an empty bucket and a grave face. "We can't get any more milk," he announced in a tone weighty with the importance of the message. "The cow's dried up." And, as we stared in surprise at him, he suddenly clinched the matter with an observation, evidently of his own—"They don't think she'll thaw out till spring."

BODY COVERED WITH ECZEMA

Yet Zam-Buk Cured Him

Mr. A. M. Brooks, of Wellington St., Stoulton, says:

"Ten months ago I contracted eczema, which at first appeared on my neck, later spreading to my chest and body. The doctor thought this was caused by the irritation of my shirt collar and the poison and steam from the pulp, as I was then employed at the Pulp Mill. I began doctoring, but instead of the disease being checked it showed signs of becoming worse; and my neck, chest and my whole body was soon in a frightful condition. The skin actually peeled off, leaving the flesh raw.

"I suffered cruelly from the terrible itching and soreness, and was completely confined to the house. Not seeing or feeling any improvement, I next resorted to the ordinary salves and ointments recommended for skin diseases, but although I gave each preparation a fair trial, none seemed powerful enough to bring about a cure until I began using Zam-Buk.

"From the first application of Zam-Buk I had some relief, and as I persevered with its use daily the soreness was by degrees drawn out and the intense itching and aching completely vanished. Scabs or scales formed over the raw flesh, but Zam-Buk soon cleared away all these, and although the cure was naturally gradual, it was complete."

If you suffer from any skin disease don't make the above mistake, and try all sorts of things before Zam-Buk. Get Zam-Buk first! Eczema, ulcers, abscesses, poisoned wounds, cuts, cold sores, scalp sores, face eruptions, chaps, red, rough patches—all are healed and cured by Zam-Buk. Best balm for babies' rashes. All druggists and stores at 50c a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.