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## The Acton Free Press

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## Poetry.

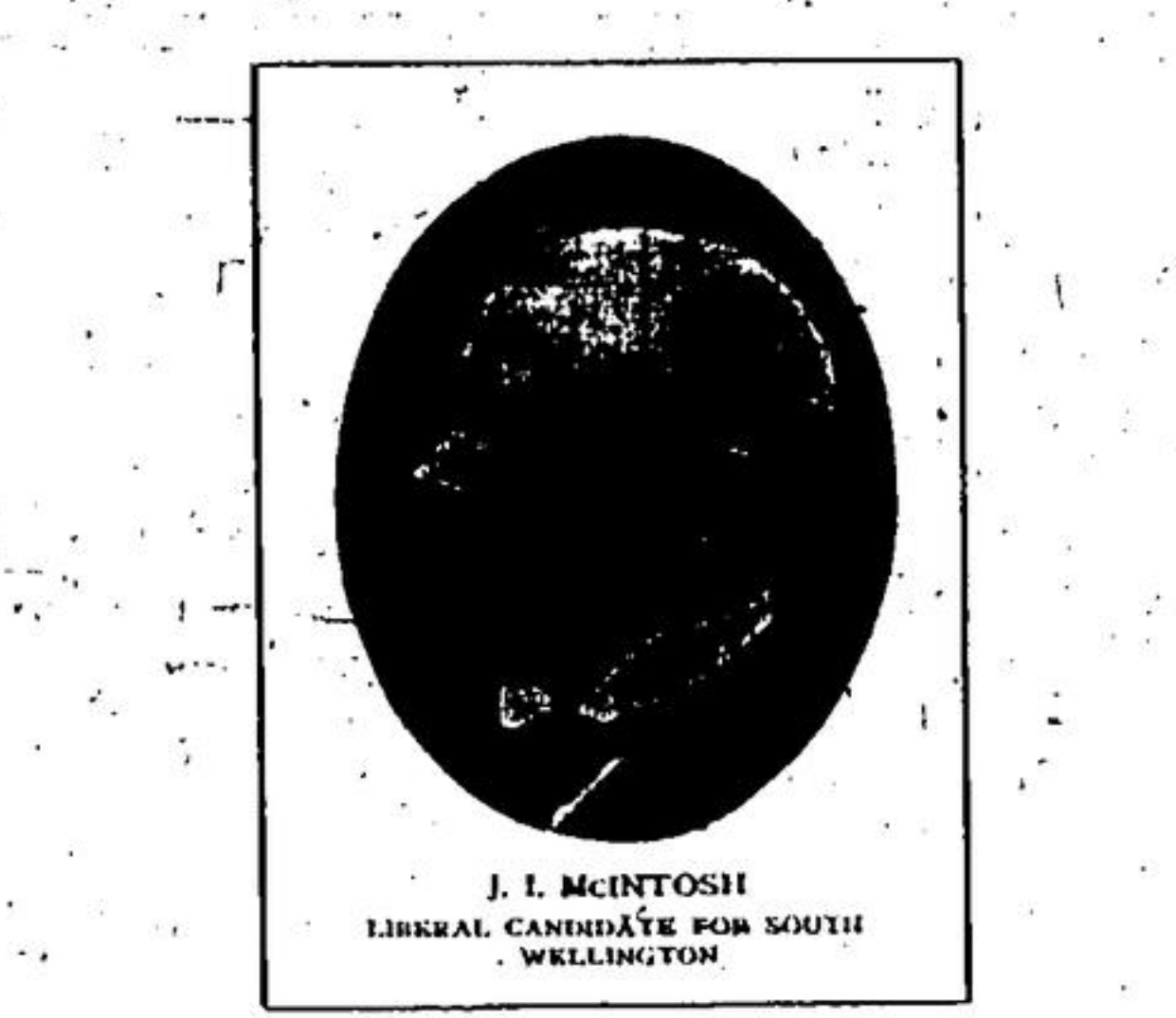
**THE MANNA**  
His children prayed, and God forgave  
all wrong,  
And like the hoar-frost glittering in  
the view,  
Feeling the sun, yet fresh each  
morn anew  
The manna fell, and fed the hungry  
day through  
O, spotless substance! doomed to die  
so long,  
By day it rained but for the chok-  
ing dew  
Not a least symbol of that Manna  
true  
Which lives, the fasting food of work  
and strength.  
Alas! true! thou wast an image, but  
how dim!  
Of that heavenly Manna which each  
day  
Descends from heaven at the voice of  
him  
Who holds Christ's place. O Thou  
who dost allude, though filled up to  
the brim,  
D) Thou support us on our weary  
way

## Select Family Reading

brings to carry any such burden around with me, Kasper?  
Kasper drew his eyebrows together and Jack caught a new look on his face that startled him.  
"You don't go in for that sort of truck?" he asked quickly.  
"I'm learning to look out for number one!" he answered. "A fellow has to step lively for himself to get ahead in this old world!"  
Jack Burkhardt brought the order book down on his open palm with a crack.  
"I don't believe it! If he does up his packages of good stuff and flings them out where he can, the getting ahead will take care of itself! One thing, Kasper, you don't live up to the way you preach about!"  
And Jack went into the house for the order, and left young Husted staring head at the screen door.  
"Not live up to it!" he said slowly.  
Kasper Husted turned a big round stick on end so it presented a table-

## DR. A. W. NIXON

CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE FOR JAIL  
like surface. Then he took five gold pieces from his pocket and laid them in a circle on it. They gleamed yellow in the sunlight and the young man dropped them back into his pocket with a laugh at the boy's naivete.  
"Hello there, Burk!" called Jack Burkhardt, and he tapped the long red pencil on the open page of the grocery order book.  
Every day since Kasper had gone away to the village grocer, he had come to Grandmother Husted's cottage and tried to make the gentle lady comfortable in some material way. He had filled the wood box and split the kindling; dug clean, straight paths through the winter snowdrifts and rescued her from hunger from hunger in the February blizzard; speared up the flower beds and stuck the pea brush; made clothes lines taut and brought drinking water from the spring.  
And yet all this with no financial gain and a merry whistle that made Grandmother Husted's heart light with happiness and feel that her own boy was at home.  
Kasper had tried to thank young Burkhardt for this more than once since he had come up for the vacation. He had tried to fathom just why his chum had done all this with no desire for any return, but something in his thinking apparatus seemed to have grown rusty from disuse. In months of worldly wisdom had changed his base of reckoning with the motive another man might have for so act, and he saw the old home village chum from the standpoint of a new aspect.  
"Say, Burk, why won't you let a fellow thank you?" he repeated.  
Young Burkhardt laughed easily.  
"Because you're not supposed to know it. I don't put no goods in packages labelled as they will come back!"  
"You might, Burk, don't waste your energy doing what isn't going to bring you the investment with interest!"  
"Shucks! Supposing I did make up everything I tried to do on the square, and kept an eye out for everything I should get? I wouldn't get the



J. I. MCINTOSH  
LIBERAL CANDIDATE FOR SOUTH WELLINGTON

"And my name is Captain Kidd, as I called!"  
"Kasper! Your grandmother's got a telegram for you!" he called Jack. But he went off about his order business without more words; once he and Kasper had sung that when he longed to be pirate on the high seas, and so too longed yet to see the great salt ocean.  
Kasper went in.  
"Don't tremble so, granny!" he laughed, tearing open the envelope.  
Grandmother Husted tried to smile. "I guess you've got used to sending them envelopes but they mostly mean bad news to people around here," she said.  
"Cushing Company wants me on the fly," said Kasper folding the bit of yellow paper.  
"Oh, dear!" said Grandmother Husted.  
"Half an hour to catch the train, granny," he said quickly.  
It did not seem fair for Cushing



DR. A. W. NIXON  
CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE FOR JAIL

Company to cut into his vacation like this and rebellion rose up in him as he remembered the journey grumpy and he had planned together. But Grandmother Husted was already packing his bag and there was no time to be lost if he was to get the morning train cityward.  
"What'll you next year, lad?" said the little lady, but he saw her face was sober and she thought suddenly again that at the best her years were a shortened span.  
Out on the road he met Jack with the village grocer's team and hailed him. The resolution had come quickly and he acted on the spot.  
"I say, Burk! Could you go to the ocean with my grandmother?" Burkhardt had visions of the boyish tripe-longing days.  
"What?" he asked.  
"Far up the valley a train whistled. Kasper pulled out the gold pieces and thrust them into Jack's hand.  
"Take my grandmother to see the ocean. She knows the plans and you step into my shoes, Burk! For more than seventy years she has wanted to see it and she must go with you!"  
"The train was coming down the valley."  
"I'm taking your word for it, old man!" declared Jack. "But if you want that train get in here and ride!"  
It was hard to tell how Kasper could have made the village station about before the train pulled out. As it was he made a running leap from the grocery cart and swung onto the car steps not a moment too soon. He stood on the rear platform of the train and watched the old home village fade into the distance, and to the last, he could see the Husted cottage shining white in the July sunlight.  
It came to Kasper that once more he had belied the worldly-wise conviction that a man must look out for himself if he meant to get ahead in the world. He had jumped to serve at the first word of John Cushing, had assured Grandmother Husted's journey, and after Jack Burkhardt's

## THE WAY IT GOES

A little boy made him a new snow-  
And rolled it about in the snow;  
And he gathered the crystals and clung  
to them all,  
And O how that snowball did grow!  
You've made one, of course, so you  
know.  
A little boy whispered a word one day  
Unkind, of someone he knew;  
And each one who heard it repeated  
his way  
The story till, O how it grew!  
And a heartache was caused by it  
too.  
Two red little mittens the small ball  
pulled  
That grew in such a magical way;  
And a little red tongue was the one  
to hold  
The tale that grew big in a day.  
Be careful, was tongue, what you  
say!  
—Pauline Frances Camp, in the  
Housekeeper.

## MIND.

My mind to me a kingdom is.  
Such present joys therein I find  
That excels all other bliss  
That earth affords or grows by  
kind.  
Though much I want which  
most would have,  
Yet still my mind forbids to  
crave.  
—Edward Dyer.

## TWENTY YEARS AGO

The Lorne School section had over a hundred applicants for a position as teacher, at a salary of \$300, or less.  
Mr. Alex. Elliott, who has just completed his course at the County Model School, has been appointed teacher at Benshoof school at \$250 salary.  
Dr. McPhatter, a Nanawaga boy, is now at Denver, Colo., where he has a hospital for invalids, and it is reported that his receipts will average \$30,000 yearly.  
There were several serious days at the Methodist Parsonage last week, the only remaining son of Rev. Jos. Edge, about four years old, was attacked with inflammation of the lungs, and for some time his life was despaired of. He is, however, now recovering, and it is to be hoped that his life will be spared to his parents.  
While Rev. Mr. Ben was driving to preach anniversary sermons at Puelich, the buggy was upset, and Mr. Ben had his right arm severely sprained. The usual graceful pulpit gestures were noticeably absent on Sunday.  
The water has been let into the pipes from the new waterworks reservoir at Silver Creek. The reservoir has a capacity of 320,000 gallons, gives an average pressure of 87 lbs. to the square inch, and the system cost Georgetown about \$30,000.  
Mr. Alex. Kennedy, who until last year has been all his life a resident of Acton, and recently, recently came across an old memorandum book containing a record of the advent of the Grand Trunk Railway here. As it is well known, the line runs through the Kennebec hamlet, and Mr. Kennedy was a young man when the first train ran across his father's farm. The record says: "The first locomotive carrying iron for track, came on Oct. 31, on a 1. Requeuing on Saturday, 26th January, 1853, and the first passenger car passed through on the 30th, and contained as a passenger, Sir Edmund Head, Governor General of Canada."  
Revs. Reo and Edge exchanged pulpits on Sunday evening.  
A Crowsnest Corner farmer with ill-fated experience in hog killing, assisted by an old butcher, essayed recently to kill two porkers. In scalding the first, one side of the scalding-trough was broken, and in hanging him up, the snaws broke, and the carcass fell down again. A barrel was secured for the second, and with the first plunge the bottom gave way. Both were scalded, and the usual scalding. When the second was ready for hanging it was found that the dog had eaten part of the shoulder off the first one. The day's proceedings were closed with the annihilation of the dog.  
The first loss of the Haver Mutual Fire Insurance Co. was on a drifting house and pig pen of Mr. Grummel, of Nasawagawa, on Nov. 25th.  
In the Public School Board, the teachers were engaged for the year as follows: R. E. Moore, principal; Mrs. M. D. McPhall, \$300; Miss J. K. Cleveland, \$500; and Miss Minnie Nelson, \$250. Architect Cameron was instructed to proceed with plans and estimates for a six-roomed building.  
Mr. T. James Moore, one of 121 applicants, has been appointed Principal of St. George's School, Guelph, at a salary of \$300.  
Rev. J. E. Furner, an old Acton boy, now of Racine, Wis., is now Rev. Dr. Furner.  
Mr. Geo. Thurston has secured a good position in the Government Printing office, Toronto.

## THE QUIET HEART

The struggle of the perplexed and wearied soul only add to its unrest. The way of peace is not to be found by stormy thoughts but by loving submission to God and communion with Him. "He maketh the storm a calm. Let us enter into the secret of His pavilion. Let us take to Him in our troubled hearts, our vacillating wills, and all the multitude of our anxious questionings. The converse of a sage of old is wise: 'Leave all around thee, when thou art not, and where thou wilt find no help from Him; go into the inner chamber of thine heart, and shut the door behind thee. Stay thou with thy whole heart, I seek Thy face, O Lord; teach me how and where I should seek Thee, and when thou wilt I shall find Thee.

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