The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXVIII.---NO. 32. Every Subscription Paid in Advance ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 6, 1913. Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT THE

FREE PRESS BUILDING

MILL STREET - ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. $1.50 to subscribers in the United States. 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 line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Contract display advertisements, for 10 or fewer lines, per annum, 10 cents per line each insertion. Yearly contracts for reading matter 10 cents per line each 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 extra composition must be paid for at regular rates.

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W. WILLIAMS
"The Home of Good Shoes"
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Poetry.

SPEAK KINDLY TO THE OLD FOLKS

When on the downward path of life,
With its story almost told,
Oh, welcome then each gentle word
And kindness to the old.
The grace of loving tenderness,
I—then a blessing dear,
Speak kindly to the good old folks,
There fading lives to cheer.

Chorus:
Then let the sunshine fill their hearts,
Their each declining year,
Speak kindly to the good old folks,
Their fading lives to cheer.

Oh, smooth their paths while drifting on
To bright eternal day,
Ere life's uncertain weary light,
Doth gently fade away,
When they are gone how oft we sigh
To bring them back again!
Speak kindly to the good old folks,
While with us they remain.

Select Family Reading

Treating Mother

By Bertha Corsman Woods

MRS. Markham was down on her knees before the refrigerator, and Annie, the maid of all work, behind her.

"We might make this into croquettes," Mrs. Markham was saying as she took out a plate of left-over beef from yesterday's "pot roast." "And you can warm up those carrots and cream those cold potatoes. I'll see to the croquettes myself," she added, "and you'd better get the soup bone over as soon as possible, Annie. It ought to simmer several hours. The meat will make a scalloped dish for to-morrow's lunch."

"Yes'm," said Annie.

Mrs. Markham sighed a little as she rose from the cramped position before the refrigerator. "It does seem as if we eat, eat all the time," she said to herself. "No sooner is breakfast over than it's time to plan for lunch, and then dinner before one can turn around!"

It was a glorious morning, such as Ontario delights to offer after the long winter. A sky of cloudless blue and everywhere the grass a vivid green dotted with dandelions. Just outside the kitchen window an oriole sang in the crab apple tree. Already some of the spring languor was creeping into the air. Mrs. Markham sighed again as she carried the cold meat into the kitchen and began her preparations for the croquettes. "It's enough to make a person sympathize with the vegetarians," she thought, with a little shiver of distaste as Annie splashed the water over the big soup bone and the odor of the raw meat came to her. "But then, I haven't much appetite, anyway," she added, "the rest will enjoy the croquettes!"

Through the afternoon her little family straggled back to her—first Frittie and Bessy from the primary school; then Edith, a senior from "Central High;" finally, the tired but cheery father, whose kiss always seemed to smooth away the weariness in Mother Markham's face, with nineteen-year-old Alice, who for several months had been happily filling her little place in the business world.

Mother's welcoming kiss and smile were ready for each, her ear always alert for all the news each had brought home.

She smiled the happy little smile of possessive pride, that she always felt when they gathered around the big table. Who so rich as she?

"Mother, you do make the most delicious croquettes!" Alice's eyes smiled over to her. "Why aren't you eating them yourself?"

"Oh, I'm not very hungry to-day," Mrs. Markham said with an answering smile, but she took her fork and made a pretence of eating.

"What's the matter, mother?" this from Edith. "You ought to do your part. They're so good, and you made them yourself, didn't you?"

"Perhaps that's the very reason she has lost her appetite," Alice suggested with sudden thoughtfulness. "Seem's to me your appetite's been pretty poor for quite a while, mother." Then abruptly, "did you get weighed the other day, mother, when you took Frittie down?"

Mother flushed a little but the question was too direct for evasion. "Yes, I did, dear, but you know anybody's weight is apt to go down in the spring, and—"

"What was it?" demanded Edith, "mother, you don't mean it! Ninety-eight pounds, why—why, that's ever so much below your normal weight, isn't it?"

That night, up in the little room that the girls shared together, Alice suddenly turned a troubled face toward her sister. "Mother isn't looking a bit well," she burst out. "How blind we've been not to notice it more!"

"I know it!" Edith paused in the process of braiding her thick, auburn hair and stared back at her sister.

"She isn't able to get out enough," Alice added, "she's so tied down at home. No wonder her appetite's poor!"

"But how can we help it?"

"I don't know. Yes, I do too—we must manage it, Edith. Make her get out more—see that she has little changes and diversions, the way we do. Oh, I know we can!"

With Alice, to plan a thing was usually to do it. At eleven the very next morning she was at the office telephone. "Thank you, mother. Yes, this is Alice. How soon can you get ready to come in to meet me? I have an unexpected half holiday. Mr. Hastie's going out in the lake for the afternoon and said I needn't stay in the office either. Yes, wasn't it nice of him? Now mamma, can you manage to come in by twelve? I have the time all planned out. Lunch at Fielding's tea rooms, then the concert. Sue went yesterday and says it is splendid. Oh yes, you can, mamma; let Annie look after things. She can give Frittie and Bessie their lunch as well as you can. Please, mother!"

At the other end of the phone mother must finally have yielded to the pleading tone, for Alice hung up the receiver with a satisfied little smile.

Hurriedly the mother donned her one good street suit, and paused for a few parting injunctions.

"Now, Annie, don't let them have more than two cookies apiece. Yes, they can have some honey and there's peanut butter and oranges. Oh dear, I don't know whether I ought to be away after all."

"Now you go right along, ma'am." Annie interposed with a good-natured smile on her face. "I'll look after them just as good as you could."

"And don't let them get hold of anything with sharp points, Annie," Mrs. Markham looked back to say, as she hurried down the walk. In five minutes more she was on the trolley that would take her to Alice.

It was a lovely ride. Mrs. Markham and the girls had often congratulated themselves that their home was in the outskirts of the city.

"Dear me, how long was it since I was in town last?" Mrs. Markham asked herself. Two or three months at least, for hadn't the State Fair grounds then been covered by a mass of melting snow. Now the grass stretches green and fair everywhere. How delightfully the car glided! "Really as nice as an automobile," Mrs. Markham told herself, and the next moment they were passing through the park. Branches of tender greenness brushed against the open windows, and Mrs. Markham took in with delight all the pretty little wooded paths in sight. Vivid patches of scarlet and delicate grey greens marked the tulip beds and the indescribable sweetness of lilacs floated to her face. What a beautiful time she was having and what a pleasure was in store for her when she reached Alice!

"I hope you're hungry, mother dear," Alice said in an undertone as they seated themselves at a dainty little table laid for two, with a big bunch of jonquils in the centre. "I know I am."

"I am, too," Mrs. Markham ejaculated with almost a surprised note in her voice.

"How about some tomato bisque, mother, to start with?"

But Mrs. Markham's face had changed as she glanced at the menu card and the long row of figures.

"Dear child," she said, "let's just have coffee and rolls, you know I—"

"Now mother," Alice smiled persuasively at her, "I've set my heart on a good time. And truly, dear, we can afford it. If it will make you any more comfortable I'll tell you, the comes out of my special little 'good times' fund. And that is made up of just nickels, you know, and the way it grows is something astonishing. I save for it without feeling it at all. My pocket book is just bulging."

It wasn't necessary to let mother know the rest of it—all of the plans that had formed with the growing fund of nickels. Alice would not have quite so good a seat at a certain coming entertainment, she would have to stop and figure and finally deny herself the pleasure of offering "treats" to girl friends for a week or so. But what was all that compared with the pleasure of "treating" mother, of seeing her brightened eyes?

The tomato bisque was delicious and when the creamed sweetbreads followed, and then a picturesque and appetising salad for which the tea room was famous, Mrs. Markham smiled again across to Alice. "I don't know when I've had such an appetite! Everything's so tempting and delicious, and then I suppose the surprise of it all—not having anything to do with the planning of a single thing!"

"Yes, that must make a big difference," Alice said rather seriously. "Now mother, let's have an ice. Pineapple or orange? And what kind of cake?"

Half an hour later they were at the concert. More than once Alice found herself stealing a glance at her mother's face from which all of the spring languor seemed to have passed. How she did love music!

It was an "Old Song" concert. Mother enjoyed it the more for that. Especially she loved the ballads. "Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True," "Bic's a Wee," and "The Cottage by the Sea" all sent a thrill to her heart. "Papa and I used to sing all of these before we were married!" she whispered once between numbers, and then, "oh, Alice, I love that best of all!" as an exquisitely tender and pathetic voice began the first strains of "The Palace of the King." Clearly and simply—so that every word was distinct, came the second verse:

"Thus again I'm jiles been thinkin'
that when a thing here's sae bright
The sun in a' it's grandeur an' the
mune wi' quiverin' licht,
The ocean i' the simmer; or the wood-
land i' the spring,
What maun it be up yonner i' the
palace o' the King?"

Ah, what must it be? The question was asked again in mother's eyes, Alice felt sure, as they strayed once out of the window, to the mist of white blossom on the pear trees. An expression on the delicate profile, something in the look of the patient hands, for mother had slipped off her gloves, and they showed in all their blue-veined thinness brought a lump to Alice's throat. Suddenly her own hand sought and clasped mother's. Nobody else saw, but if one had what matter? For a moment Alice's soul was alone with mother's.

"Such a beautiful, perfect afternoon!" Mrs. Markham said softly, as they left the concert hall. "I shall never forget it, dear."

"We must have a good many more such times, mother," Alice said hastily. "I wonder if there isn't time for me to stop off at the park on our way back. I want to see how the lily ponds are coming on—and you haven't been there for a perfect age, have you mother?"

But Mrs. Markham with a little gasp was consulting her old-fashioned watch. "Oh, it can't be!" she exclaimed, "a quarter of five, and Annie's so slow, she'll need me about the dinner, and—"

But Alice shook her head. "Now, mother, do let Annie get along the best way she can. Suppose dinner is late a few minutes. Besides, Edith always gets back early Saturday, and she'll be helping, if necessary."

Finally, Mrs. Markham let herself be persuaded, and they wandered like two girls through the beautiful park. The lily ponds were not very far advanced as yet, and they promised themselves another trip together when there should be more to see. In the meantime they enjoyed to the full the beauty of the white birches and the glowing colors in the flower beds.

"Oh, such delicious air!" Mrs. Markham exclaimed. "And it's so sweet. Queer how many of the little new leaves have a fragrance of their own just like flowers!"

"Yes, it's perfectly lovely," Alice assented soberly. She was thinking how her car rides took her twice daily through this lovely place, and her mother's humdrum duties kept her housed, day after day, so that this visit to the park was to her like an entrance into fairyland. Oh, things must be changed! Mother must be coaxed into this beautiful green world oftener!

"Edith, it would have wrung your heart to see how mother enjoyed this simple little outing!" Alice almost whispered when she reached her room a little later. "And you know there's no one so companionable as mother. It's a perfect joy to go to places with her. Why haven't we made her go out places with us more?"

"I don't know," said Edith in the same sober tone, "but I'm going to see that she goes out with me, too."

In a few minutes they were all at the dinner table together. Frittie and Bessie full of the day's doings to tell mother. "Annie, let us have a little party on the porch," Bessie said, her eyes shining. "I watered all my flowers." Frittie added, "and Annie gave me some seeds her cousin sent her."

Mrs. Markham smiled happily upon both of them, and then her bright look went to faithful, awkward Annie, who was lumbering around with the water pitcher and who gave a rather embarrassed smile in return.

Perhaps the table wasn't set quite so daintily as it would have been if mother had been there to supervise. The Hamburg steak balls were possibly not so well browned as if they had had mother's supervision, and the mashed potatoes may have been a shade less fluffy, but Alice noted with deep gratification that her mother was eating with unusual appetite. "How good things taste!" she had remarked, "but I don't see how I can eat a mouthful after that delicious luncheon, Alice."

"If a little outing like that acts like such a tonic to mother, she is certainly going to have a good many of them," Edith and Alice were both resolving, when their father said to their mother:

"I saw Mrs. Winslow to-day, dear. They're just moving out to the lake, going early this year, and she's determined to have a visit from you; says she's going to write you about it to-day, and you'll have to give her a week at least in June."

"How lovely of her!" Mrs. Markham spoke with favor. "But of course it's out of the question. A whole week! The idea!"

"Why not?" this demand from three voices—father's, Edith's and Alice's.

"It's just what you need, mother, and you refused last year, you know!" How could they have let her refuse Alice and Edith each questioned herself silently.

"I couldn't think of it, you dears," Mrs. Markham protested.

"I'd like to know why," said Edith. "School closes so soon, and I'd just enjoy putting my domestic science into operation. Annie's faithfulness itself, and—oh, you simply must go, mother!"

"Yes, mother, you must!" said Alice.

"That settles it—like the egg in the coffee," said father. "You can't hold out against such a determined family, dear."

"And you know how you love the lake!" added Edith.

"And the Winslows have such a fine launch," Alice put in, just as if mother needed to be assured of the delights awaiting her.

"Who can that be?" Edith exclaimed as an automobile stopped at the door. "If it isn't Mrs. Winslow herself, mother, come to make sure of you. Now, mother, promise you'll say yes, or I'll go in and accept for you!"

"Oh, you dears," mother said again, "if you really think it wouldn't be wicked for me to go—then—perhaps—"

"It would be wicked for you not to go," said Mr. Markham, decidedly.

MONEY WASTED

"I always was unlucky," he said, with a weary sigh.

"What's the matter now, old man?" his friend asked.

"I've spent over $5,000 on having my boy taught to play the fiddle, and now his bike's all coming out."

RELIEF IN SIGHT

Wife: The doctor says I must keep my mouth shut when in the cold air.

Husband: I'll open the window immediately.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, February 9th, 1893

Friday's snow storm was the most severe in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Remitting for the FREE PRESS for a other year our old friend, Dan C. Lawson, of Cheyenne, Wyo., concluded as follows: "Everything is lovely here. The weather is especially fine. No snow yet. Bright and warm every day. Just like September. Remember me to all the old boys and—and girls. I'm a bach. yet! How about Jack H?"

On Friday, nothwithstanding the terrible blizzard, Mrs. Jas. Martin, wife of the Stveside mail carrier, set out with the mail, as her husband was ill and no one else could be secured to brave the storm. Returning from Knatchbull between the first and second line, the cutter upset, and the horse got away, coming on to Acton. Mrs. Martin reached Mr. Thos. Arthurs' home nearly perished. Friendly care was given and she was brought to Acton where the horse was found.

Rev. Joseph Edge accepted a hearty invitation to the pastorate of the Methodist Church for the third and final year of the disciplinary term.

Our new system of strictly cash—in advance for the FREE PRESS to commence with the new year has now been put into force, allowing a month's grace to clear up in the case of those who overlooked the matter. Many were surprised and disappointed when realizing the loss of the paper, and scores have since promptly renewed, many commending us for the stand taken.

Mervin Wilson, a little son of Mr. David Wilson, of Darbyville, was playing with a small tin horn when the dog came and jumped upon him, knocking him down with the horn in his mouth and nearly cutting off one his tonsils.

Dublin Public School attendance has been exceedingly good, notwithstanding the inclement weather. Forty-four are enrolled, and recently all were present. The Inspector reports the average as among the highest during his inspectorate in the county.

In the Municipal Council the by-law received its readings to fill the office of assessor, collector, sanitary inspector, Caretaker Town Hall, Public School, Cemetery, Public Park, Street Lamps, cutting weeds, constable, poundkeeper and whatever other duties may be required. The name of R. D. Graham was inserted at a salary of $400 per annum.

A disastrous fire on Wyndham St., Guelph, caused serious loss to Pringle & Clunie' hardware store, E. R. Bolton's, dry goods, and C. W. Kelly, music dealer.

BORN

COOKE—In Acton, on February 7th, to Rev. and Mrs. G. B. Cooke, a son.

MARRIED

BYANE WHITSON—In Georgetown, on January 30th, by Rev. J. W. H. Milne, Mr. James Byane to Miss Nellie Welsion, daughter of Mr. Abram Wilson.

HALL-STEWART—In Georgetown, on February 1st, by Rev. Joseph Edge, Mr. James Hall, of Cheltenham, to Mary Ann, daughter of the late John Stewart.

McTAVISH-WEBB—In Nassagaweya, on February 5th, by Rev. A. Blair, Mr. Archibald McTavish, Merchant Tailor, Acton, to Aggie G., daughter of Mr. David Webb, Nassagaweya.

DIED

HOGGINS—On January 30th, Richard F. Hoggins, of Greenhurst, formerly of Acton, aged 37 years.

THE SPEECH OF HOME

A merry little group of Americans stood on the street corner, chatting and watching the grotesque figures of the maskers. The "battle of confetti" was in progress during the annual carnival at one of the winter resorts on the Mediterranean coast.

With the group—bodily, if not in spirit—was a boy in the midst of his teens, his face expressive of deep discontent. He was one of those American boys who are dragged, reluctant, over the continent of Europe by mother and sisters.

He disliked the food, and would have sold his birthright for a piece of mince pie. He hated, whenever he saw something that he would like to buy, to have to figure out what it would "really" cost—changing from francs and lire to dollars and cents. This kaleidoscopic scene of color and movement, which so charmed the others—the boy classed as revelers, Italian and French, together as foreigners, and wondered gloomily why they wanted to make such guys of themselves when they might be playing ball. The fellows at home were probably making up the football team—

Suddenly the boy's figure became alert, his face lighted up. He turned with an exclamation and started to run.

"What ails you, Teddy," demanded his sister, seizing his arm.

"Let me go, Nell!" he cried. "I want to catch those men!"

"What for? Who are they?" asked his mother, also detaining him, as she looked after the two passers-by who had just brushed against them.

"Oh, I don't know who they are!" cried the boy, in despair at seeing the objects of his interest lost in the throng.

The boy's remarkable behavior had now excited the whole group, and explanation was demanded.

"Why, didn't you hear what they were saying?" The boy was almost in tears.

"What is the matter, Teddy?" His mother was really concerned. "I heard them. They were having an argument about the Pope's ego but—"

"Aw, that wasn't what I meant," said the homesick boy disgustedly. "But one of 'em was saying, 'It's dollars to doughnuts,—and now I never can find him again in this crowd!"

HOW TO LIVE

Worry less and work more,
Ride less and walk more,
Frown less and laugh more,
Eat less and chew more,
Preach less and practice more.

HE MUST DIG

He wanted a job, and, like everyone else,
He wanted a good one, you know;
Where his clothes would not soil and his hands would keep clean,
And the salary mustn't be low.
He asked for a pen, but they gave him a spade,
And he half turned away with a shrug,
But he altered his mind and seizing the spade—
He—dug!

He worked with a will that is bound to succeed,
And the months and the years went along,
The way it was rough and the labor was hard,
But his heart he kept filled with a song.
Some jeered him and sneered at the task, but he plugged
Just as hard as he ever could plug;
Their words never seemed to disturb him a bit—
As he dug.

The day came at last when they called for the spade,
And gave him a pen in its place.
The joy of achievement was sweet to his taste,
And victory shone in his face.
We can't always get all we hope for at first—
Success cuts many queer jigs,
But one thing is sure—a man will succeed—
If he digs.

—Selected.

HOW IT WORKED OUT

Some months ago a warm-hearted swain called the lady who later on became his wife "the light of his life," and declared he could not live without her. In his enthusiasm he declared—"I will go to the ends of the earth for you. What you say, that will I do; what you do, that will I praise."

A few evenings ago, in the presence of witnesses he said: "Well, for goodness' sake, aren't you ever going to learn anything? Are you going to be a dub all your life? How many times have I told you not to do anything like that? Use your brains; think what you are doing. You know better than that. If a nine-year-old child acted like that I'd spank him. You make me tired."

They were playing cards, and all this outburst of indignation was indulged in because she had trumped his ace, and they needed an extra trick. The scene occurred at a social evening gathering.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

"My goodness, how time does fly," exclaimed small Edith on her birthday. Yesterday I was a whole year younger than I am now."

"Thomas," said the teacher, "can you tell me how many teeth a normal man has?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the youngster "He has a mouthful."

Little Willie and his small sister Nina were watching some men carrying an organ into a church.

"What are they going to do with it?" asked Nina.

"I guess they must be going to organize the Sunday School," replied Willie.

WHAT MICKEY COULD DO

The young kindergarten teacher was trying to impress upon her wee charges the value of having the full number of fingers bestowed upon them by good Mother Nature.

"Just turn in all your fingers but one and play that it is the only one you have. Now what could any of you do with only one finger?"

True to her expectations all looked down to their lone digit in a panic of helplessness. But Mickey Finn was not troubled for long. As he pondered the subject a great possibility dawned upon him.

"Bhure an' Oi cud sthick it in th' jam an' git soom an' nivver be troubled wit' th' rist av' thim."

GET THEM AT HOME

A story is told about a man, who was a candidate for public office. Before the polls opened election morning he drove up to where a bunch of business men were talking and waiting to vote. One of them remarked how fine a robe he had, and asked him where he got it.

"Why I sent to —— for it."

"Well," said the same man, "you send there and get your votes, too."

And they licked him at the polls on that issue. Whether you are running for office or not, there is a moral in that story.

Before you send away the next order or buy away from home, just remember where you got the money.

There never was and never will be a universal panacea in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir. What would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the others. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound, unadulterated state a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves those to whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nerves disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy, animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine. By the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any on the market. All druggists sell it.