The Acton Free Press



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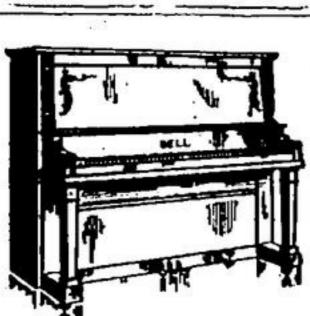
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Backward, turn backward, O Time. your flight Make mer a child avale lost Mother, come back from your echolose

Take me again to your heart as Kies from my forehead the furrows

tror my stumbers Vour living water Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me Hackward, flow backward, () tide (

the years. am so weary of toll and of tearshave grown weary of dust and decay Weary of flinging my soul breatl

Weary of sowing for others to reap Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to

No other worship abides and endures-Falthful, unwelfielt and patient like None like a mother can charm away From the sick soul and the world weary brain. lumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lide

tock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to Mother, dear Mother, the years have Hince I last listened your luttaby wong ling, thee, and unto my woul it shall

Vomanhood's years have been only dream. lasped to your breast in a loving em tny face. Vever hereafter to wake or to weep lock me to sleep, Mother, rock me

Yamily Reading Select

- Elizabeth Akers.

Miss Abby's Rose Garden By Little Yaylor Barashaw

I ISS ABBY hastened out of the post office. Her rosty little bonnet was all awry, and her

cheeks were unwantedly pink. Mr. Perry had seemed quite curious when he handed the bulky envelope over the counter-mail seldom came to Miss Abby.' As for the little lady horself her heart beat fast with the importance of it. The pig, rooting along the sidawalk seemed to have a kind of deference in its grunt as she cabin. named it by. Did the boys screaming at their baseball in the road, stop. wide-eyed to gaze after her ? She fancied they did, anyway.

Once out of the post office she turned her steps homeward. Past the houses that straggled along the road she went, turned into a lane where wild plum blossyns were struggling to break their brown prison bars, made a wharp turn to the left, then paused at her own door.

There was a prodigality of land in the village, but Miss Abby's domain lingered long with Miss Abby. was but a strait between undulating never forgot the kles of the balmy air cotton fields. The house itself consisted of one room and a lean-to? A win- small of upturned earth. On either dow, stared out like "Little One Kye" in the fairy tale; a tiny porch jutted soil, she planted the seeds. It is true

Merchant Miller | forward like a prominent chin. brown reticule which she carried, Miss smeared with mother earth. Bu upon the dingy walls were suggestive Abby was not of the breed that filech of the Mississippi and its tributaries. By the low browed window stood an

ancient sewing machine. but a chill lingered within as though yet expired.

the door boasted only a beap of sahes. but Miss Abby was soon kneeling upon the neatly clayed hearth with a handful of kindling wood and an old which served in lieu of audirous, there was quite a respectable blaze. After filling an old from kettle at the well in the back yard, she placed it carefully on a tripod in front of the fire. Then she sank into her hard old rock-

After adjusting her spectacles abo sat quite still, gazing in a kind of wonder at the stout manila envelope in her lap. Hhe lifted it in her trembling hands, turned it over and over as if to miss no detail. The type-written adtifully printed. But the thing that threads of his law practice. made hor dim eyes shine with a forgotthe upper loft hand corner, "Coupliments of Congressman Homer J.

"Homer ain't forgot, mr." her voler quavered high, "he's kept his friends he was saying, as he fondled her hand, in mind. I made that boy his first "though in fact it was not intended for nair of panty, and I took a sight of

good, was boulde her; her gentle voice sounded above the low whir of the sewing machine; the ruse at her

throat perfumed the air-

The fire, burning low, sent a spark bubble of her dreams. She started, and atoned for her neglect by laying two sticks instead of one, across the coals. Then she came back to ber chair. She made short work of the patent class now, and in a moment several small envelopes spilled out of the large one. Miss Abby examined them curiously.

"Flower seed!" The half articulate hand: cry told what flowers meant to her. Fluttering flugers took such envelops in turn, and beauty-hungey eyes feasted upon the pictures. They were lithographed in fisming colors; the effect was surpassingly crude, Bleedheart seemed indeed to have burst blood vaisal, so mistakenly had the carmine been used. Cosmos suggested chace instead; the others made what modern novelists call a "riot of

were triumphe of artistic skill rattled each envelope and smiled at the beauty within. Hhe read the teres directions for the culture of the flowers. Below this in finer type was printed : "Please report the result of your experiments to the department of Agriculture at Washington.". This puzzled Miss Abby for some time and when she at last understood its purport her beart beat fast.

"It's only right and fair," she said tremulously, "for Homer to wanter know whether the flowers grew all right. An' if he takes the trouble send me such a nice present, him and the Department of Aggeryculture ain't going to want for a report from me. Homer always took a sight of

Interest in his ma's flowers!" Time was when the little yard in front of the cottage was gay with bloom, Phlox and portulace and peonles were but a small part of this family of perennials that name through the earth each year in answer to the blandlehments of spring. Miss Abby weeded them herself, brought water from the back yard in seasons of drought, and waged unending war against creeping things that subsist

upon tender leaves and sprouts. In those days a colored boy worked the small vegetable garden in the rear "on shares." He was a stupld lad, but faithful, and be had the kindest beart in the world. One day, when Miss Abby was away in the village, he extended operations to the front yard. A ruthless hoe was being directed toward the little plants that were just peoping through the brown earth-he fancled that Miss Abby would be only too wlad to be rid of "them woods". and he did not stop until he had bewn them out roots and all, leaving the little yard as innocent of vegetation as the hard-baked space before his own

Miss Abby, returning at nightfall, found her flower garden a wreck. The pity of it was that the brown reticule could not spare even a cent for seed from which to raise more plants.

After her dim old eyes had scanne with infinite care the directions on the last envelope of Congressional flower seed, the light on her face would have Illumined a room even darker than the one in which she was sitting.

The memory of that March afternoon | a sudden thrill of delight. upon her cheek, or the fresh, pungent side of the front path, in rich, loamy she arose from her delightful task After fumbling for a while in a with cramped limbs and with hands Abby fitted a key into the lock and these small discomforts, together with the door creaked open. The room rheumatic twinges that came later as within was small and poorly lighted. a result of stooping upon the chill The ceiling was low and the cracks ground, were cheerfully endured. Mise

es when the piper demands toil. From that time, her life took on a tinge of rose polor. While she potter-The sun shone with careesing ed about her house, day after day, or warmth over the encrosoling fields, bont over her sewing machine, her thoughts were remote from monotonwinter's lease on the cottage had not lous tasks. There was in her mind's eye a picture of a little garden, flaunt-The fireplace which yawned opposite ling cosmos and bleeding bearts and

sinnias with a border of panelos and inignonette. to them or whether the germ of life drifting down. Out of the arbor we newspaper. Both were dry and ignit, had long since died out of the seeds. od readilyl. By the time she was ready | no tiny green things pushed saids the | heartscase, the little poor relations of to lay a stick of wood across the bricks brown earth. Only chickwood, flour paneles, were always having to be no help for it, I says How do you do. lahing, verdant, raising false hopes, kept from being tred upon, and where

flocked the garden spot with green. sat down in the rocking chair by the outside of their borders. But I noticed | and I knew all was over. I never lookfire and with stiff flugers wrote her re- the roses more than anything else. ed up, hoping my actions would warn port to the Department of Agricul- There weren't any newfangled roses her. But it done no good: the letter to the post office.

greenman from the fourth district, sat the little rose children were sadly school?" after dinner with his wife. Congress stunted in their growth, but how granddress fascinated her. | Never before had adjourned and he had come home | ly they courtesied as we passed! The How could they help it? She spoke frailest systems are led into convales had "Miss Abby Meeks" been so bean to gather up sgalo the scattered damask rose blushed a little redder per- too loud for pretending, and she laugh. cence and strengt by the influence

After the separation it was good to sit together in the friendly darkness. "I received a letter, to-day, Jennie,"

me. It came addressed to the Departextry trouble to make pockets! No. I ment of Agriculture, and one of the he ain't forgot! Him that's a Congress. | clarks after reading it forwarded it to me. Miller thought it was a great envelupe alipped from her fingers, own up it made me feel like a ead. The fire crackled, the stick of wood You know, Jennie," he continued; yet, and if you'd rather have that own daughter?" broke in the middle, sending a galaxy after basitating a minute, "we con- than anything clea, why we'll order a "That I should have lived to see the rop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given steam came from the kettle's long garden seeds to our constituents. It turn that rich spot under the south nose. Hut Miss Abby was in fapoy is not a bail idea, you know, and Limindow into a garden for you." Acton. traversing the paths of other years, availed myself of the privilege, and She cried out in delight. "Would

She was a young woman again, sewing | literally sowed down my district with | like it. There's a flower catalogue on by the day at the big bouse on the the seed. They cost me nothing and the table !" hill. Mrs. Strickland, gracious and my stanographer had all the trouble. . The letter I mentioned just now is decorated and much thumbed pamphfrom an old lady who lives in my old let, and checked their rose favorites

soul, who never went outside Bayboro | up in consternation : In her life probably. Ryldently she into Mice Abby's very lap, bursting the knows nothing of politics, and she present you are giving me? Roses had thought of her and sent the seeds been to so much expense this yearas a gift. There is some sort of request that goes with the seed, asking the think we can afford them this time." recipient to make a report to the want to read what she wrote?"

He lighted the lamp, and laid the letter in his wife's allently outstreehed | ask F' Respected sire :

I woud have writen sooner if hadent-been waiting for the seeds to come up before I made my report. hate so bad to tall you all the seeds dident come up, after Mr. Strickland "Then don't you see," she told him, took the truble to send them. But "that it is Miss Amy who must have they dident and I am afraid it was be- these roses, and not us? Why she has sire if you dont mind wont you do me who understand them-and she can't a faver dont tell him they dident in the nature of things, live much and he would feel so bad. It's ma was allways fond of flowers and they had a garden full. If you see him pleas garden for so long. Think what a thank him kindly for the seeds as I dont know where to write to him and you might tell him the people that bought his old home dug up the roses so as to have room for cabbages. This is my report but pleas dont tell Mr Homer Strickland the seeds dident

Yr respectfull servunt

Abby Mroks. Mrs. Htrickland road the letter twice before she raised her eyes to her husband's. 'Tell me about this Abby

Masks," she said at length. "Miss Abby? Ob, she's one of the plain sort-no education, as you can see from her Litter-but I never know botter woman. Mother always thought a great deal of her, and used that she made my first pair of pantal | me." She gave up her lover to stay with her old lady died years ago, and I suppose still wrinkled from hot suds. Mise Abby lives all alone. And poor My dear, we don't know what poverty | was inquired. is. Think of not being able to afford garden was a real soul feast for her- | pity | she used to linear about it hungrily.

flowers to make room for the cabbages I" be quoted ruefully. "It is a secrifice, "murmused his wife. all-no flowers?"

"I judge not. I told you how poor she was. If any, only the poorest the bottom of my heart to think of the God forgive me, the pair of them behen thanking me for them." Mrs. Strickland nodded.

her garden, day after day, to see If the her hopes-bits beautiful flower hopes -disappointed at the end! She must have thought you were following in the seed. Homer!" her voice became

"Yes, Jeanle P" "I am thinking of your tose garden as it was when you took me to lievboro that day."

"Do you really mean to say that you have any pleasant recollection of that class was coming up the stairs. Woonsocket, It. I., for he good situatrip? Didn't the heat and dust and moegultoes make it a nightmare P' She smiled and shook ber bead, "You forget I saw the rose garden. I'll tell

about it if you won't interrupt. "There was a tumble-down gate opening into fairyland-but really, Homer, who could expect a gate to stand up | girls stood around the hall just waiting. straight when it has a whole rosebush leaning over it? Well, the gate let us in. Nobody-had been in the garden for a long time, and of course some people might have said that the under the edge of her pettleoats-the ruffles growth was enaky and dangerous-no, that I goffered with my own hands-I don't believe the gate would let such but I never looked up. people into the garden.

drunk with yellow sunshine, hit me full in the face, and as I passed under But whether the soil was unsuited an arbor, athousand pink petals came entered one of the long walks, where sweet alvesum, mignonette had broken After all hope was gone Miss Abby ranks completely, and gone exploring prised like, then she gave a little laugh ture. Then, after she had erased with | there, Homer, named after presidents |

She was loaning forward. and her eyes were stars. "And to think," he said huskily. "that it is a cabbage garden now!

The one listening was much moved.

Together they land over the gayly home village. Hhe is a dear, plain with a pencil. Suddenly, she looked "Do you realise what an expensive

thought, dear innocent woul, that I aren't cheap, you know, and we have "I know," he said, smiling, "but I "Didn't you say Miss Abby was old ?" Agricultural Department. Do you she asked, looking perplexedly away from the catalogue. "At least seventy. Why do

> "And very poor, and lowers?"

"One of the greatest flower lovers ! Mrs. Strickland clasped her hands, and faced him with shining eyes. caus I tended them too much. But I never had them-she is old and loneset so much store by them. But pleas some-and roses are people to those come up. He sent them for a present longer. Homer, can't they be Miss

"But, Jennie, you have wanted a pleasure it would be to you." The one beside him laughed softly. "Homer dear, you don't understand.

Miss Abby is old. She may only have a few years to love roses in, but as for me - why my life is not halflived yet?" Homer Strickland turned away, and stood looking over the star-lit lawn. He forgot for that moment he was congresman. He was just a man with hig heart of love. When he spoke his voice was tender

"Mise Abby shall have the room," he said, "and she shall have other things."

WHE. DELBHANTY

"That I should live to see the day." grouned Mrs. Delchanty, "that I to bire her to sew by the day at our should live to see the day when child house. I think I have heard her say of mine would do the like of that to Church, from I Peter, 2, 17.

She sat by the marble-topped table mother, who was feeble-minded. The In her front room, her toll-worn hands "Which one of the girls was it?"

"Helen, of course," sighed Mrs. Deleeven a package of flower seed! I re- banty, "though for fear to tell a lie, member her as one of the most ardent there that one of the four but would Secretary, R. J. McNabb; Ase't. Sec., flower lovers I ever knew. Mother's have done the sante! More's the Annie Smith; Treasurer, Alex. Secord Chaplain, Rev. J. W. Rav: Sentinel,

"You see, Mr. Higgins, him that le Mother used to send her cuttings, I bead janiter at the High School, alremember, and baskets of roses. And ways gives me the extras to do there. now they've cut down all the old The pay is good and the work is easy -just dusting and like that. But I Jenner. never said a word of the chance at home. The girls don't want me work-"But, Homer, do you mean to say that | ing out. They say I'm too old, and | home before midnight on April 25th the poor woman has no flowers at I've done my share; and that it's for them to keep the house now. Did you every direction, was noticed on Monever bear the like? "But they never noticed me

kind," he added. "Oh. it hurts me to ping away-to church, I told them, poor old soul tending those seeds and ling so busy making a new dress for Holon. My Helen's in the High he spded his life by drowning there. School, and if God is good, and ber thinking how she must have visited health holds out, she's going to be a the Methodist Church on Hunday, Rev. teacher." When all was ready at the Mr. Edge administered baptism to six seed had come up. And then, to have schoolhouse Mr. Higgins wanted the adults and two infants and after the pictures cleaned. 'I wish you to do love feast and sacrament were observ-It,' he says, 'I can trust you to careful.' Thank you for that word.' your mother's footsteps when yousent says I, 'I'll be back the first thing in received upon profession of faith and the morning. They'll be clean against

echool opens." "But the girls was late getting off, from a visit with friends in Oswego and I couldn't alip away. And the work was careful and 'roal interestin'. The first thing I knew the room was full of scholars, and affle of my Helen's Well I knew her teacher, though I tion. never pretended; and then, and then, -though I never lifted my eyes from the pall, I saw Helen, nest and pretty ling party. as any what was there. Paith, bor an enjoyable family gathering was clothes were a credit to her two alsters, if I do say it. Wan hundred Then the principal says, 'Miss Delehanty,' and out she steps easy and been preaching in Canada the past few steady. She has a lady's walk, has my weeks. Mr. Campbell passed his 82nd Helen. My eyes was on the level with birthday a short time ago.

" 'Will you take these, Miss Dele-"First of all, a big Silene Forrest bud | hanty, and compare them with your " 'Yes, sir,' says my Helen, quiet and polite, and the next minute I know she

> " 'Why, dearle?' she cries, like she was took back, and seeing there we Miss?' and made to go on with my work. For w minute she looked sur-

"'Mother, dear,' she says before care the pencilled lines, she carried and congressmen (no offense, Homer,) them all, and the other girls and the would relieve one ill in turn would for all the old families the rose aris- teachers, 'Mother, dear, are you go 'aggravate the others. We have, how tocracy-lived in that rose city. Oh, lng to pretend you don't know your ever, in Quinine Wine, when obtained The Hon. Homer Strickland, Con- they were poor and ill-nourished, and own daughter, just because she's at in a sound, unadulterated state a

"Did they hear her? They did. haps, when she saw outsides coming od and patted my cheek. But there! which Quinine exerts on Nature's own The early spring twilight was molt- in to view her poverty, and the Mare- what is the use of me talking? Helen restoratives. It relieves those to ten light, was the brief statement in ing into darkness. But pelther be nor chal Neil bid its meager stock of gold sin't wan bit sorry. And Esther and whom a chronic state of morbid his wife minded the absence of light, in shame-and-Oh, you sak me if I Ruth are as had. They say I'm their despendency and lack of interest in remember the dust and the heat and mother, no matter where I am, or life is a disease, and by tranquillaing what I'm doing. They say if I don't the nerves disposes to sound and Her like it I can stay at home and let refreshing sleep-Imparts vigor to the cheeks were splashed with carnation, them support the house. That's how action of the blood, which being they talk, and use working my fingers stimulated, courses through the veins, to the bone to make them ladies. If strengthening the bealthy, 'animal you could have seen how I looked with functions of the system, thereby the pail and propm in my hand. And making activity a necessary result "Jennie," he said suddenly, "how my listen to speak up like that before strengthening the frame and giving She lapsed/into slience, while the joke, but I-well, I may just as well | would you like a flower gerden? I them all! Mother, dear, are you go- life to the digestive organs which haven't selected your birthday present | ing to pretend you don't know your | naturally demand increased substance

GAY I .- MARY BOATE O, BEITTA'

not like other girls-and she ian'E

MA MOLHEL& HVM

Such beautiful, beautiful hands. They're neither white nor small And you, I know, would scar cely think That they were fair at all. 've looked on hands whose form

A sculptor's dream might be.

et are these aged and wrinkled hand Most beautiful to me. Such beautiful, beautiful hands Though heart were weary and sad These patient hands kept telling on, That the children might be glad,

almost weep when looking back

To childhood's distant day! think how these hands rested not When mine were at their play. But, oh I beyond this shadow land Where all is bright and fair ; know full well those dear old hands

Where crystal streams, through endlees years, Flow over golden sands, And where the old are young again, I'll clasp my mother's hands.

Will palms of victory bear :

TWENTY YMARS AGO Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, May 11th, 1998

The new school bell has arrived and Mr. Havill's foundation for his new shop on Mill Street is being built. Mr. Wm. Hemstreet, agent for the Pleury Co., Aurora, for twenty-two years, last week received by express

from that firm a splendid silk bat as a birthday present. Almost any night, after dark, boys, and even girls, ranging in age from seven to fourteen years of age, can be found upon our streets. Who is to blame if they fell into bad company and bad habits? There is more evil learned when children are away from bome uncontrolled after dark, then at

all other times together. A Oricket Club has been organized and officered as follows: President, T. T. Moore; Vice-President, Rev. G. B. Cooke; Captain, George Lawson Secretary, C. K. Falkner; Treasurer. George Hynds.

Rev. J. W. Rae presched on Sunday to the Sone of Scotland, in Knox Acton Temperance Union has been fairly launched and is in good working order. The Society contains a considerable number of energetic temperance workers who will make their efforts felt in this community. ' These are the officers: President, William Williams: Vice-Pres., Harry Jeans;

Edge: Chairman Finance, H. P. Moore; Chairman Social Cons., C. The body of Mr. Wm. Ramshaw who mysteriously disappeared from his and for whom search was made in day morning by Mr. John Chisholm from his garden overlooking Harvey's pond, floating in the water there. This confirms the opinion held gener-

Albert Laing: Usher, Maggio Mat-

thews: Chairman Sick Com., Rev. J.

ally that in a time of mental aberation At the May quarterly meeting in ed, in the evening a reception service was beld when thirty-four were seven on certificate.

and Buffalo. Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Coleman of Strabane, visited friends bere this week. Mr. Michael Flynn left yesterday for

Mrs. Joseph Holme

Mr. C. C. Handerson left last week . for Calgary, N. W. T., with a surveybold at Mr. Arch. Campbell's last week

in connection with a visit from liev. Dr. McGregor, of Aberdeen, Scotland, one of the Keswick brethren who have Rev. Chas. A. Cook, an old Acton boy, has closed his fifth year in the pestorate at Bloomfield, N. J., and the congregation held a re-union and

Marrages—In Bris, on May Mb, William Mat-McMuncay-In Quelph, un May lat, Donald Mooss-At Forgus, on May loth, John Moore brother of the late Thos. Moore, Br., of Acton, in his Milk year.

presented Mr. and Mrs. Cook with

some very valuable mementues.

Wannes-In Walkerton, on April 18th, Mobins Muriel, youngest daughter of Mr. James Warren, U. E., aged I year, 5 months 15 days.

There never was and never will be a infveres pensoes in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is beir. What remedy for many and grievous illa. By its gradual and judicious use the -result, improved appetite. Northto the public their superior Quinina. By the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any on the market. All druggiats sell it.

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