ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 4, 1913.

The Acton Free Pregs



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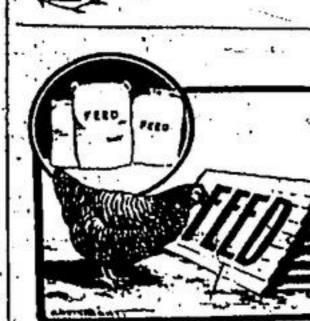
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## Boetry.

MY COMPANY

think while I'm little I'll make up my wiff I am playing with Tomand with And don't like what they do I can leave pretty quick. list when I am cross and ugly and must stay with myself all the time.

und that le had. I'm a pratty good judge of the follow I can bee when they play fair and mever tell lies : Sometimes when I shirk or sneak off and blde. I'm just such a boy as I cannot abide Ho the kind of a boy that I like I will

don't you wen! -- Lydia Avery Coonley.

Select Family Reading

and the same The Parson's Place Assis Hamilton Dennett

smoke was left hanging in the still air. Then she turned and faced the devolate little station.

"I bolleve I'm marconed !" roaned. 'There len't a soul in-yes there's a boy. Have I got to ask him for help." The boy was brown-very brown. fix tromsors were oranimed carelessly into big top-boots, and the boots were muddy. The boy was blg and awkward and hashful. He sidled away down the desected platform, as if to

scape as soon as possible. He did not ook up once. "Oh, wait! Please walt a moment?" he girl oried hastily. "There's nobody else to ask. Won't you please tell me if this is Outlor? I'm straid I got off at the wrong place."

The boy's abrupt stop and the girl's impetuous chase had brought them close together-too close for the delaty summer skirts. The girl involuntar lly twitched them away from contact with the big, muddy boots. Hhe did | way. not see the blood rush to the boy's tunned face, staining it a rich mahog-

"Have I made a mistake? Oh, I out the Parsons place no matter what hope I have-no, I guess I don't mean that, but it's so-so dreadful here !" "This is Outler," the boy muttered. stiffy. "Hut it's not the village, were talking things over. Mrs. Quier That's over here four miles." He minted with his thumb.

"Four uilles! Then there must satuge. I don't see any. Oh, it hasn't goue, has It P" "There isn't any stage that meets this train. There's one in the morn-

The girl's volce showed distress. trall of muddy roadway stretched away before her, and bereyes followed Torry Quinn's heart melted. "How far are you calculating to go? I don't

"Not any stage!"

know but I could take you a place," he got past the house; then he broke said, suddenly. "I live this side of the out into clear, shrill melody. The village a little way." "Lam going to the Parsons place. Do you know where it is?"

the boy, and he contrasted it mentally | before the sturdy swing of the southe. with the beautiful, delicate girl before and the straggling bushes began to "You can go along with me if you and bouncing pets. want to. I've got a load of grain so I

shall have to go slow."

girl oried, gratefully. "You are very An old farm-wagon loaded grain-bags stood near. She had hard | up the grass, and concealed it beneat work to clamber up to its high seat. They rattled away down the muddy

road, lurching into rute and swaying over stones. The girl's eyes grow wide the brown old pump a marvellous seat, and gazed straight shead in an agony of bashfulness. At intervals he elloped a little farther away too from the dainty figure beside him;

He was sure the girl was laughing home to breakfast." at it. He was sure slie was afraid of he grain bags! Suppose she wanted girlish figure.

The girl est looking down the road. Her sweet face grew inore sober every minute. She was thinking of her mother and of Molly and the unknown Parsons place. At last she could bear

"Is It-nice?" she asked, suddenly, starting the color into the boy's brown face. "The Parsons place, I mean !" Terry had the dismal picture still in tile mind. The parsons place was unrepaired, uninhabited. He remembered the tall weeds and grass in the dooryard, and the broken windows and Mrs. Quinn, the gate that sagged on its hinges-For ten years the Parsons place had Oh, I thought it would be-different! been ahandoned.

"Is it painted white with green blinds?" the girl persisted. "Are there beautiful trees? And rose-bushes? Is there a view? I shall be so glad if there's a plantal We could she could lie there all the pleasant | or to her, and she nodded slowly. days and get well. That's what we're !

left to us a year ago in a will. Now windows and chairs set round in the that mother is sick, we are very glad | yard, and the air is wonderfully of it, because the ductors say that she | sweet." toust be in the country. I've come to

"Where were you expecting to stop to-night?" questioned the boy, awk-

wonder at the question. "Why, at the hotel, I suppose, hadn't thought, but that's where I shall go, of course. Is it near the Queer anybody should take pains to l'ar-on place?"

Terry Quion fult a wild dealer to laugh. The idea of a hotel near the Parsons place was too much for blm. But a side glance at the wistful, girl- I wonder if it could have been-I be ish face sobered him. For I always must live with myself "There lan't any hotel herealents,"

to said. "No hotel? Why, I thought of with shining eyes. course.-Oh, I don't see what I am going to do!" "Mother'll take you la, I guess," in-

close by. Hhe'll see to you. Mother's In the instant of offering the girl the hospitality of his own home, an other idea had occurred to Terry Quinn. He sat on the adge of his seat, driving the old white mare at a snall's pace and thought it all out to

ble satisfiction. It was growing late. The soft June dusk was settling lightly over the land. The girl's impationes nearly asserted Itself. It would be so late to see the Parsons place!

"We've got the key at our house," Terry announced, with abruptness. "We've always kept You'd better not try to go down to the house till to-morrow. It-it needs daylight to see it anyways Mother'll go slong with you in the morning, Mother's great." He had sald that before. The gi emiled to hereolf wearlly,

They were jugging by a little painted, uninhabited house set weeds and neglect. . The girl shudder "Oh, I hope it won't look like that

That's dreadfull" she said. looks like that I think I shall-cry !" Terry whipped up the old white mare hastily, and drove away from the dreary place. In another five minutes he had stopped before schoer ful little house hugged by vines and roses. His mother was in the doo

"Oh, yes, shu's 'great'l" the thought, as she lay up-stairs in a big soft bed. "Hhe's beautiful. She helpe it's like. And that boy-well he's protty nice, even if he is muddy out-Down-stairs Terry and his mother

approved of the plan, but was no three o'clock earlier than need be ? "I'll need all that time," the boy sald. "I guess you haven't been down to the Parsons place very lately, mother. It's & sight." "You, I know. Poor dear, it was

mercy she didn't know it to-night." At three o'clock the next morning the boy and the birds were up. Terry went straight to the Parsons place, encumbered with a soythe and a rake any lower, seein' how pinched I am and various other tools." He whistled under his breath till he

birds answered jubiliantly. For an hour, two hours, the boy,

tolled. Gradually the unkempt little The Parsons place ! A ploture of it, | front yard took on a kind of trimness. abandoned and forlors, rose before The tall weeds and grass blades fell look more nest. There were left un-"Yes, I know where it is," he said, touched only the flaunting hollyhooks

"They're too pretty to out down thought Terry. Maybe she'll like 'en "Oh, I don't mind going slow," the I do.' The precious time sped by, but Terr

had made his plans carefully. with righted the sagging gate. He raked the hushes. He oven had time mendisome of the broken windows. And as a finishig touch he painted celestial blue! That was his final Terry Quinn sat on the edge of his triumph. He stood back and gaze entranced at the work of his brush. "It looks great," he muttered, "but I hope she won't want a drink. got a heap of drier in it but it won't until the vacant space on the seat had dry as quick as that. There's mother

blowing the horn! I've got to hurry Mrs. Quinn went with the girl his muddy boots and coarse clothes, the Parsons place. In her orlen-Suppose he should spill her out! Sup starched sunbonnet and print dress. pose she got her skirts all floury from | she plodded heavily beside the slender All things were favorable this mor

ing. Nature abetted the boy in his kind little plan. What had looked dreary and unattractive the previous night looked bright and pleasant under the spell of the clear day. And the girl did not recognize the new Parsons places in its new dress. . She thought that who had never seen it before. "What a queer little place!" she said as they approached it. "But it

looks as if somebody cared for it. rather like it." "This is the Parsons place." "The Parsons place? This? Out I didn't know it was going to be little and-and-queer.

She gazed about her almost in horror. But gradually the next yard and period, and in some unguarded moment trimmed husbes - the bouncing-bets fall again from his high catate, and and the nodding hollybooks -- spreaded make a beast of himself in the old way. to her. The little place grew pleasant-"But I rather like it," she said, "It | pouring his sorrows into the sympacoming here for. The doctors said looks as if somehody cared-not lonely thetle ear of a friend, the latter inter- ter?" she could not be any better in the and neglected like one I saw last night | runted him. city. It's awful in the city in the Oh, I couldn't have borne that ! . Yes, i ! Blinks," he said; "why dpat when, of ink," said the nurse. I like the flowers and the bushes - you feel that intelerable craving com-The boy made no answer and attri- there's a shady place for mother's ing on old fellow, go and jump of the quired what had been done for the

But oh! but oh, the pump! Was seesbout getting the house opened and | anything ever bluer? The girl went aired. Then I'm going back for them | cautiously up to the brilliant appari tion, but Mrs. Quinn called her back la a paule

"Look out !" she warned. "Terry's

just -1 mean somebody's just hee She turned upon him in puzzled painting that. You'll get all blued up, my dear !" Terry had just -- nomebody had just been painting the pump.

paint an abandoned pump! "Hat it len't so queer as the pump itself," the girl thought, "I don't wonder that somebody took pains lieve it was. And the grass, of cours he cut that, That's why its so short. She wheeled around faced Mrs. Quinn

"I believe somebody has done al this !" she said. "I believe that it was

terrupted Terry, hurriedly. "We live "Terry's a good boy," murmured his "He's 'great'," the girl said with nateady little laugh, "but I don't believe he wants me to thank him-"No!" Mrs. Quinn cried, with gentle emphasis. "Dear heart, no Terry Man .- Col. Wm. Allan.

"Then you must do It for me. Tel blen it has made all the difference ! the world. Tell him I like the Parson place-and the pump is beautiful! never knew what the country was

like before or a country boy. I'm glad I know now." The sweet June days filed by in their tender, lingering way. Hefore they Storey's. were quite gone the invalid mother was at the Parsons place, and already her thin cheeks were taking a faint tint of color from the wonderful country air. Molly was housekeeping Guelph by Ald. and Mrs. H. K. Nelson. under the syringas, and the girl was housekeeping Indoors. The Parsons

place was alive again. Down the road a little way Torry whistled cheerfully about his bomely work, and grew browner still. had forgotten that be had

#### he girl did not forget it.

THE HANDSOMEST THING The story is told of a Cape Cod may who was a thirity soul, even accounted a trifle "near" by those who knew him well, but who always declared that he was "plached," for money, and so could not afford to be generous.

When the summer residents of the town had raised money for a library he committee selected, as the best site for the proposed building, a corner lot owned by the thrifty man When he was asked to name the price. he said, "Considerin' the object, he was willin' to let the land go for nin hundred dollars."

The committee were aghast; nobody and dreamed that even be would set such a value on the small lot of land. help us out ?" asked one of the young men, trying to aubilue his indignation | digging up dirt in that way !" "Well, no," said the landowner

slowly, "I reckon I can't put the figger jest now. But I tell you what I will the mouths of hundreds of laborers do for ye. You pay me a thousand dollars for the land, and I'll contribute an even bundred to the lib'ry fund. Y had jest as soon put it down in writin' other fellow. don't set up to be one o' these phllan- ling on and who had overheard the day." thropists, I call that a pooty handsome | conversation remarked :

### A NICE DISTINCTION

The bronged and blut-nyed "cap'n although his native town on. "The joined heartly in the laugh that fol Cape" is full of well-to-do people for I lowed and one of them added : nearly four months every year. A . "You're right mate! The machine's new-comer to the place thinks he may | the thing after all." have found the key to the captain's moderate circumstances.

One day, this young man had invited party of a dozen to go as ble guests for an "all-day oruise" with the captain. At the end of the excursion he found that in the hurry of the early start he had left his money at home. "I'll be down to-morrow first thing, to pay you saptain," he said regretful

y, "and I'm sorry I was so careless as to come off without my money to-day. tendering the young man a buiging a pen. Her mistress found ber pencilwallet which he extracted from bis in- led copy in the kitchen and, very imelde pocket, "if you'd feel any easier to properly read it. Here is a part of the settle your bill to-night I can lend ye epistle : the money well as not, and you can give it back whenever it's convenient, here, they do. It's cookin', baykin' or let her run over till another spring and swaypin' I am all the time, and -It's pretty near the end of the season anyway. I know how you feel about a regular bill. I always want to get them paid up soon as they're due."

### USELESS

Blinks was a good-hearted fellow but a hopeless inebriate. When not his cups be was a most exemplary oltizen, but at intervals of a few weeks I he was wont to indulge in a prolonged. 'eproe," during which he would squapsaid der his money, reel about the streets, pital. and conduct himself in'a diagraceful manner generally.

Then he would "soher up," suffer lortures of remorse, promise better behaviour for the future, be a pattern of industry and sobriety for another On one occasion, when he was undergoing the schering process and was

"This place-the Parsons place-was There could be soft full qurtains at the answered Blinks. "I-I can swim!"

## TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Frees of Thursday, August 7th, 1808 The "Chicago Fiyer" has two engines

on in passing through Acton, owing to the heavy traffic. Ohicago Canadian American-"H P. Moure, editor of the Acton, Ont FREE PRESS, the brightest and hand onnest town weekly on the continent is in the city. Mrv. Moore is with

An old frame building on the pro perty formerly owned by the late Alex. McNab, north of the rallway, was day morning.

destroyed by fire about 4.30 on Thurs-Miss Peters, who was a delegate to the Y. P. S. C. K. convention at Montreal, gave an interesting report at an enjoyable social of the Knox Church local esciety on Thursday evening.

An Orange Lodge was organized in Matthew's Hall on the 4th inst. The officers are: W. M. - Duncan McDonald, D. M .- Hobt. Johston, Chaplain --Henry Baner, Hoc.-H. Swaokhamer, F. O.-Thos. Edmiston, Tress. -W. R. Smith I) of O - Dahr Edmint Lact .-- Wm. Holmes, lat Com. Man .-Wm. Gurney, 2od Com. Man .- J Millard, 3rd. Com. Man .- T. Forbes, 4th Com. Man .- Wm. Smith, 5th Com.

Mr. B. Laing left on Tuesday for New York and Rochester. Mr. and Miss Coleman, of Strabane,

are visising friends here. Mr. I'. Kelly and daughter, Maggie left for Buffalo last week where they propose making their home. Dr. and Mrs. Payne, of Richland lows, are visiting at Mr. W. H

Rev. Joseph Edge, Dr. and Mrs. Uren, Miss Minnie Nelson and Mr. Thos. Kaston left on Friday night for the World's Fair, being joined at Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Worden cele It." brated their golden wedding day on the evening of August 23rd, about 40 friends being present. They were married at Swackhammer's Hill by Rev. H. Denney, the Congregational Jenkins, minister there, and have lived to done anything to help anybody, but Acton and vicinity ever since—in

#### Acton for 21 years. AMBRESON—At Orewsons Corners on Hept. 3rd-to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Anderson, a daughter.

MARRIED WALKER-STARFORD-At the home of Mr. I selle. Eris, brother in law of the bride, on August 20th, by Ref. Joseph Edge, Aston, Mr. George Walker, of Holland township, to Miss Calla Stafford, of Aston. Bearry-In Linteboose, on August Blat. Beatty, aged 'S years. McCoronnon-in Kris Township on August . 30th, Mary Hiswart, ballet of the late Hugh McCotebeou, aged to years.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT. A steam shovel had attracted a large number of spectators, including two Irishmen, who, judging by their aphat you were wearing when you ar pearance, were both temporarily out of employment.

As the big shovel at one lick scooped

up half a ton of dirt and dumped it on "Can't you make any reduction, to a cart, one of the Irishmen remarked : "What a shame to think of them "Well," said the other, muchine is taking the bread out of

who could do the work with their picks "light you are, Barney," said the ment." I you'd like to have me, and though I Just then a man who had been look- a laugh at his expense, "this iso'. Sun

men with shovels and picks, why not | says, 'Six days shalt thou labor.' " get a thousand men and give them tesspoons to do the lob?" who takes summer visitors on long and The Irishmen, with the quick wit of delightful sails in his pretty boat, the their race, saw the force of the remark Phosbe Lou, has never grown rich, and the humor of the situation. They

PRETTY BUSY A story is told of a family whose of friends, and in the course of a equali cook has not been in this country all the boat was upost and the surgeon her life. The members of the family have tried to be good to ber, but it seems that they have failed to meet her expectations,

not long ago, that she was not satisfied | that you could have really drowned in with her place. She first wrote with a your own medicine sheet, now does it. "See here," said the captain, gravely pencil and then copied her letter with doctor?" "They make me work very hard

Molly wrote to her folks at home,

yes wid me right hand, clayoin' the snow from the sidewalk wid me left hand, and shovellin' coal into the furance wid me other !"

here I am now at this minit writin' to

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED That logical reasonableness which hildren so often display in their imitative games was recently shown most

amusingly by a conversation over-

heard in the children's ward of a hos-

A little girl whose role was that of purse rang an imaginary telephone on the wall to talk to her companion at the farther end of the room, who was playing the part of doctor.

"Hello !" said the nurse. "le that the doctor P "Yes," answered her companion, in deep voice, "this is the doctor." "This lady is very slok," he was in-"Well, what seems to be the mat-

"She has swallowed a whole The doctor, with great gravity,

## SINGLE COPIES---THREE CENTS

We search the world, and truth we The good, the pure, and the brautiful-From graven rock and written seroll, And all old flower fields of the soul; And, weary seekers of the best, We come back laden from our quest,

To find that all the seges said Was in the Book that mother read.

LOYAL TO THE UNION Labor unions are perhaps a little strict about their rules, but the ionocent reader is under no obligation to accept as literal truth the following

There was trouble at the Maginnises night before last. Mrs. Maginnis had just made a fine batch of "ketchup." which she left in the kitchen.

When Mr. Maginals got home be went late the kitchen for a drink of water, and presently several 'dull thude" were beard in the back yard. Loud talking between Mr. and Mrs. Maginnie followed, and at one time the sounds ludicated that something

like a fight was in progre When Mr. Maginnia fared forth next morning one of his neighbors asked him if he and his wife had been having an engagement with burglars. "Not a bit av it," said Mr. Maginule.

"I trowed Mrs. Magingle' ketchup out o' the house, so I did." "Why did you do that?" he was

"Why did I do it? Hay, I'm a unior "Well, what has the union got to do with your wife's ketchup?" "If I had 'a' left that ketchup in me

house I would have been expelled." said Mr. Maginnis. "How so ?" "Why, there it was ten o'clock, and the ketchup workle over time! The

### union don't allow that. Not a Lit av

ALL HE KNEW "That waiter has the most wonderful memory of any man I know ?" said

"In what way?" asked the friend who was lunching with men. "You see that row of hats hanging up there? Well, I'll bet you anything you like that when we get up from the table he'll give you, your, bat, and me mine-although I'm wearing a new one to-day. I expect be noticed it as soon as I came into the restaurant !"

tioned the proper headgear to each of the two men; where upon Jenkips in "I say, waiter, how on earth do you know that this is my hat ?" "I don't, sir," replied the waiter, after he had pocketed his tip. "All

I know is that it happens to be the

This prophecy was amply fulfilled

At any rate the walter duly appor-

#### "I bevis ALSO IMPORTANT

The Roy. Peter Cartwright, the famous ploneer Methodist circuitrider, while travelling to an appoint-"What do you mean?" saked his ment one day, saw two young men of his acquaintance sitting idly on the bank of a small stream, fishing. I was a fine spring day, and the scrut of freshly plowed fields was in the sir. "Boys," he said, "I am sorry to see

> you breaking the fourth command-"Why, Uncle Peter," they said, with

## ging would give work to a hundred ment. You forget that one part of it

"See here, you fellows, if that dig- are breaking the fourth command-

STRANGE CATASTROPHE The surgeon of an English ship was noted for the monotony of his prescriptions. He apparently considered salt water taken externally or internaly as a cure for all the ills that fleat is beir to, for be ordered his patients to take it, no matter what might be the malady presented to his notice. One day he went sailing with a party

came near being drowned. "Well," said the captain of the ship when he was told of the narrow es cape, "I'm glad you were saved, but it hardly seems possible in any event

Only those things that are put into

No prince can be strong, and secur

Progress is never blessed with the

ald of the downward current.

living are learned

inless he is religious

There never was and never will be a universal panaces in one remedy for all lile to which flesh is beir. What would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the others. We have, how ever, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound, unadulterated state remedy for many and grievous ille By its gradual and judicious we the frailest systems are led into convales cence and strengh by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves those to whom a chronic state of murbid despondency and land of interest in life is a disease, mid-by tranquillaing the nerves display to sound and refreshing-loop-impacts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through the velue strengthening the bealthy, animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary resulstrengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs which bottle | naturally demand increased substan -result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, bave given. to the public their superior Quining. By the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any

buting his allence to bashfulness, she couch. Molly could keep house over pler." there, smong those thick bushes. I "It wouldn't do any good," tearfully

"I gave her two pade of blotting-

on the market. All druggists sell it.