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The Acton Free Press



Advertisements will be changed were each month, if desired. For changes oftener then have passioned the extra compositi to paid for at regular raise. All appropria extented monthly. H. P. MOORK,

Susiness Directory.

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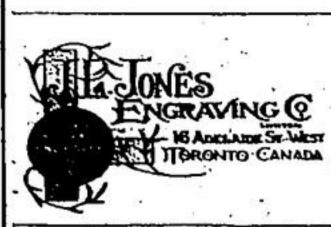
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()h, Mary Jane was dressed in pink, With socks and shoes to match, Hat Mary Jane she would not beed;

A small pink puddle in the ground. -Brooklyn "Ragie."

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600 600 CO The Mother's

tent of those eye defects which are the cause of your Eyestrain troubles.

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duorway and came back to the table from which he had rises a moment before. He had a particularly sernest way of speaking, and it was emphasized now by his attitude of young farmer strength which was

every whit clean. "I don't see why you can't go, chief. mother. I go away when I take a notion and things are running all right when I get home again; the milk route is just like as if I had never been

WAY." and Maurice thought eurely she was ments she had put up to him before when they had talked about her havthen be thought, that she did a lot of things he could not manage well at back to the stable where the cows Tom promptly set to work emptying first, that he needed her to want him and share his days. But she looked up ture.

now with a smile. "I've a notion to try it and see how the largest firm of Piano mak- the world trots along to you for a spell without mother."

The young man laughed, and his eyes were bright. "The idea, if I can't run the farm son will come over every morning and wash up the milk room, and I'll manage the customers on the souts and the few who come for their milk. I'll get my meals over at Simpson's too. Just you pack up and go along to

Uncle Jed's mother!" "I'll be rummaging my brain to find out while I clean up the kitchen, son. You're bound for the piece of grass bar all right. down at the old place this morning, is

that it " The Brooks farming lands were divided late two portless distant from each other: a five acre lot attached to the bome house and barn; and two miles away great low, level, fertile fields where the bay and large farm crops were grown. Haying time was ust at hand and Mrs. Brooks had alday of work away from bome.

ready filled Maurice's dinner pall for a "I'm going to stay over all day, you conclude to go to Uncle Jed's just | which he was unprepared. tuck the door key behind the pantry

Mrs. Brooks worked her hands torether a moment. They were worn with her quarter century of hard work, and the young man felt, a pity he had never known before for the little mother who had stood so bravely by lu all the years. And there was a guick resolution that he must be

better son in the future than he had aver been before. "I'll think about going under one condition. That you will send for me when you can't hire a substitute to fill my niche," she told him, trying to apeak lightly.

"That lan't quite fair. I said I could get along all right about the work. didn't may I could get another mother to fill your niche," be answered. "Well then, we'll let it go that when

you want me back you'll just write The young man leaned down and kissed ber. ' It seemed to bim that this time she might really decide to make the trip to her girlbood home. great-aunt from the far West was visiting there now, and he knew would mean a lot to them all that his mother should be there too. Uncle Jed kept the old home farm slace ble grandfather was dead, and they had written permently to mother that she

should come for at least a few days Maurice felt that she was free to go the pelabbor woman to wash up the the young man went over and lifted milk things every morning and the the cover of the ice box. rest of affairs would go on without any bother. It had rather touched his sty of dishes propped around among and started right along by the early stiff young pride lately that his mother the chunks of loe. But the broken- train," and said. should think be was not quite. capable of paddling his own cance in and the drinking glass, and the pud- mother! I-" a light' broke suddenly dependently of her.

For a long five minutes Mrs. Brooks | since Mrs. Brooks went away. just looked into the bottom of her the wealth of beauty that lay neetling . over one day after he had measured

After all why not go and let Maurice the brain of a Philadelphia lawyer to

learn to try bis wings? Attracted by the sound of the mowing machine tires on the gravel drive outside the window, Mrs. ice was driving a eplendidly matched pair of powerful chestnute, and he waved his big straw bat to ber with a account of them. bared, atrung-muscled arm.

"Good-bys mother," he called. The answer to blue came quickly. "I baven't made up my mind to

ret," aba replied. But she was still standing there by he laughed ruefully to himself. ble chestauts' heads out into the turnpike at the end of the drive. She could feel the strong, clean strongth of learning; she knew he felt that he thrown away. was equipped to meet the struggle that that wif-consciousness of his was likely to mitet with more than one shock before be settled calmly late the

fruitage of his adult years. machine and waved his hat. The little sour meel stipking anywhere inside woman by the window spoke under the rim. He was a fourteen-year-old ber breath as she waved her handker boy, bright-eyed and alert, and the

"I believe -- I believe I'm going to prockery on the milk room table.

That night when Maurice came home | dishes?' he demanded. from his work he found the door key | Manrios grinned. There wasn't any-Mrs. Brooks set down her coffee cup blind. It had been a hard day there himself at the explanation he must in the big field, mowing first, and then | make. going to argue all over again the argu- turning and raking the fragrant bay. "I found them in the pentry. been law and unwilling for the task, things there were but plates. You are ing a vacation at Uncle Jed's. The Even the sweetened water from the not to do any talking about my housemilk pails from their books and went | preciate it !" he said. were waiting, just up from the pas- the milk into his bucket. Maurice

up there at the having to think much the stove for, summer's convenience about his mother's trip to her old and a convenience it had proved with bome. But when he came back to the out being more expensive than they house with those brimming pails of had anticipated." There was, the flop forming milk, the stillness of the place of hardened milk into Tum's bucket as struck him instantly, the absence of the lad dumped the dishes, and he finwhile you go on a boliday! Mrs. Simp- ber cheery welcome ringing out to labed the task before he spoke. meet him, no savory small of cooking "I'm much obliged to you for all of to whiff. Instead he must wash up this. Your ma gives me some once i meal. The milk room was in perfect fine. When's she comin' bome !" order, and he tried to take the situation philosophically as he cared for the milk and washed the palls. He

really was glad to have the little mother edjoying herself, but be missed | her folks up country. But-" he sull-"She's having a good time at Uncle | bere." Jed's," he declared, and he forthwith whistled his mother's favorite tune. Two weeks dragged away for Maurlee Brooks in one fashiou or another.

Here, there and eleewhere surprising things had happened in the working. out of the days, things which gave him a sort of pained surprise that was sometimes akin to anger against himself and against the world. The days had gone slowly enough and each one brought some new development for

Of course he had been busy. The window blind and I'll find it," be baying at the other fields was finished, bor place. . I kinder guess they like to and be was working on the last know right now, how 'tie we want years, Mr. Allen's eyestwinkled again meadow of the home place. It had them! been hard work, this baying time, full of long bot days and thunder showers sorry for this lad whose mother wa and the belp of unwilling men. But dead. He could but dimly green the Maurice did not mind the workt he swful blankness of the years stretching could manage men like a Spartan, and out with a mother gone. But he did

fast enough now from the storms. But unknown, he missed something to it with a glad heart. That night from out the days, the mother's care. In his blunt, unaccustomed way Maur- son's supper he sat down and wrote ice Brooks tried to live out the days. his mother, wrote a happy letter fu The first of another month came of the doings on the farm and

cisive move. milk room with two brimming palls of close he wrote a manly paragraph frothy white, he set them down on the It was surely true that even as he table and looked around as a man could hire no substitute to live out the might when he was trying to soberly fullness of the days of his own life, so figure out stock in trade. The room he could find no substitute to live out was clean as ever mother would have made it, the boards of tables and floors scrubbed white, and the new gas stove shiping black. The great tin cans standing overturned on a row of stakes by the door caught the sunlight and there was the fresh sweet smell of the milk Maurice had just

But all this did not seem quite to satisfy the young man although be set to work and strained the new milk into the cane be turned right side up. "I suppose there's some more of it | pected to find silent. sour," he sisculated, wearily and with if she would. He could easily get in an expression of dismay on his face

There certainly was a strange varinosed pitchers, and the gravy boat ding dish, and the brothren of porce on his face. "The gas bill for last "I want you to go and have a good lain and decrept china and glass, all month was twice as big as you ever time, Good-by, mother I" he said, and held one thing, namely, milk. There had it. You want to stay with me without more words be turned and left | were all sorts of quantities and stages | don't you, mother?" of sourness, but it had all accumulated

Blowly Maurice went to work put- being a little child again, when his empty coffee cup. Why not go this ting those dishes on the table. They day of trying to be good was done. time? She wanted to see the dear old bade a long line, like a would-be pro- and at evening time he came to ble home up there on the Vermont hill- cossion of undesirable recruits. He mother's arms, repeatant of the misside. The brothers and sletters and tipped each one slightly so be lifted it takes be had made and sure that she aunts and cousins and great handfuls from the ice box, and if it was ourded, | always wanted him. of children; the friends of her girl- that settled the question without ... It was to Maurice like the infinitehand; the brick schoolhouse at the further investigation. Otherwise his ness of the live of God, the love which constructs where she had taught; the | series of small pronounced it soor. 'M' streams running down the gulleys to remembered well enough where they join the river at the bottom of the bad all come from ; this in the gray great valley; the quiet church yard pitcher he had expected Mrs. Jenkins which held her precious dead; and to take, that drop in the oup was left

among the bills of her native county. | out all the customers' quarts. What The longing for it all swelled up in her mother had managed to do with all heart with the strength of something the stray bits and plate and quarts delayed, over which one often thinks. Maurice was sure would have puzzled

> fathous. Maurice was sure Yankee thrift would allow no waste. The young man stood off and looked to give k. at the procession he had set up agrees the table-pitchers and bowls and cane, at ceters. A vague smile flickered over his bronzed face so he took

"I guess mother knows a thing or two more about the unlik business than I do. There sure never was any sour milk left on ber hands, Don't they cook stuff with sour milk and sods " the open window when he turned the prokon it would take all the sods in Denoga Hawkine' store to make this

mass sweet!" Through the open window Maurice his youth with the gladoes of a caught sight of the next door neighmother's pride which gluries in the bor's buy scraping his shoes clean on stepping over the threshold into man- the stone step. And in an instant the bood of a square-living, bonest-think- young man had decided what to do ing buy. It is of her prayer and with his accumulation of sour milk. watching and teaching that a lad Surely it was better to wipe out a longing to group the fuller meaning of quest for right; surely this must do life which must come from his own what good it would and not be utterly

> "Tom, I my ! Dome over here a few . Tom arrived promptly on the scene of action with his feed pall. It was a wooden bucket devoted to ble poultry's

Just then be turned on the mowing feeding, but there wasn't a scrap of first thing be spied was that outset of

tucked behind the pentry window thing else to do but see the joke on

The men he had at work to help had guess I rounded up about the last helping his mother, he had not heard Neb., on Tuesday, August lith. arguments were that she filled a good cold spring had become warm and taste- keeping, but just take, that bunch of second murning, a rainy one, brought deal bigger place in his practical life less in a minute. Now he took the sour milk for your heas. They'll ap few customers, and there was less

lighted the gas stove to heat the water The young man had been too busy for washing the palls. They had got lie, lie was still working away.

and go to the Simpson's for his avening a while and it keeps my hens laying all that long takey afternoon be work-Maurice was piling the dishes into a lit was shoot dark and his hours for great pan to wash them.

> "Now I don't know that, I guess down into the store. she's having a pretty good time with ruefully- "I seem to need her around

Tom found a towel and commenced dollar gold piece to his employer. to wipe the dishes Maurice was wash-"I'll be glad enough too when she twinkle in his even as he took the gets home," be said convincingly. "I thought some of writing to-night

voice broke wistfully. "Tain't none of my business, Maurice-but I'd write if I was you! I'd

Maurice bowed his head. He was the bountiful hay harvest was secured I know that the chance to make good was still with him and he reached up when he came home from the Bimp around before he made any very de- neighborhood news she would like know. He would not cut short ber The night when he came into the holiday by any plaints, but at the the beautiful mother days which touched him with so great a wealth of

love. And that was what he wrote Two days after that was botter tha any that had gone before. Maurice Brooks was pitching buy for the last load when the summer world ure black to him and drifted off into nothingness, the hay fork allphed from his nerveless fingers in spite of all and the men carried him tenderly up the lane to the farmbouse, which they ex-

When the world came back to Maurice an hour later there was a gentle hand on his and he looked wonderingly into his mother's face. "I got your letter this morning, lad

"The last forkful wouldn't life The dear mother bent over him ber answer. To Maurice it was like

always yearning, always watching. Political activity sometimes consists of an ability to dodge an issue. Time is ours to make what use we will-but it bows not to our will.

This happened a good many years ago, and I'm not going to tell you the real names of these two persons, because I have not their parmission, though they probably would be willing

Mr. Allen was a well-to-do but quite needed a boy one time, he found very original way of trying him. The boys of the town who wanted a place in the store came at once when they naw the sign, "Boy Wanted," in Mr Allen's window. There were six boys who applied, but none of them stayed more than a few days; for Mr. Allen test found them all more or less lack

Buch a queer test as it was ! Up in the attleuver the store was a bim long box, full of nalls and screws and resty iron, good for almost nothing-unless to try the patience of a boy very severely. Each boy in turn had trial over that box - not the first day or hour perhaps, but some time when there seemed nothing else to do. For was a last, of course they would have persevered. But to each boy Mr. Allen had given the task of putting to rights that box of iron "trush." as they and win out. And she understood minutes with your feed bucket !" he called it. Some of them had worked very well for a while, but sooner of later had given up in disgust, telling their suployer that there was nothing Street.

worth saving there. And soon after that they were sent away. had not applied before because he was working for Jackson, the grocer. But Jimmy Jackson, the grocer's son, was to help his father as soon as his school "Where did you get hold of all them | term closed, and the grocer would not need Charlier who must find another place, who helped to support his widowed mother. As Charlie did not know the other boys, baving been too busy to play, and not being able to I attend school because of the need of of that box. He did the errands the first day like any errand boy. But the work to be done. So in leisure time Mr. Allen told him to go up into the attle and put in order the long box of iron. Dinner time came, but no Char-

> "Have you got through I" Mr. Allen called up the stairs. "No sir." came down the answer

> "not balf. I think." "Well, It's dinner time now. Go to your dinner, and then you can go back to the box." Mr. Allen told him. After Obarley had eaten bla dinner he went back again to the task. And ed away at the "treah." At last, when work were really up. Charlie came

> "I've done the best I could. Me Allen," he said, "I've got it in order now. And I found this at the bottom of the box." And he handed a five-

"Queer place for gold," mused the merchant, and the darkness bld the money Charlie beld out to bim. "Glad you found it. Well, good-night. You'll and saying the house was pretty lone | be on hand in the morning, of course?"

"You sir," nodded Charlie, glad that The younger boy looked up and his the merchant seemed planning to keep | ness," said the agent, "there see no After Charile had goos home Mr. to, children. We simply cannot admit give a good deal if I could tell my the attle. There was the big box, in mother there sin't no one could take perfect order, in spite of being the gathered rubblab of a good many as he looked at it. Charlie had been most thorough. He had made little little compartments with some shingles and each till was labelled carefully, a shingle with the words marked plainly being laid on top of each. " "Fairly Good Nalls." "Poor Nalls."

"Picture Hooks," "Keys," "Bent Keys," "Iron Heraps," and so on. How Mr. Allen laughed to bimself over ble rubbleb box ! "I bave found a boy and I rether think he has found

a fortune," he chuckled to bimself alone in the attic. Next morning the sign was gone from the wladow. Mr. Allen had found his boy. One day the old merchant brought a motto to Charlie and told him to hang it at the foot of his

"It talk your fortune for you." be Charlie unwrapped it and read : "He that is faithful in that which is least is falthful also in much." Charley had told his own fortune in that rainy day's work on the old box. But it was not until a long time afterwards that he learned the secret of that old box of iron trash. Charlie owns the store now. Mr. Allen made blom's partner years later, and, when he died, left it

mal instructor and Teacher's World.

all to ble one-time errand boy .- Nor

MOST WONDERFUL OF ALL The broomstick train, as Doctor lolms called it the electric car, operated by the overhead trolley system had just been introduced to Aberdeon, when two farm servants came to the Scottish city to spend a

"Wull," he said, "this is a graun' nvention. In Edinburgh I saw then lrive the care with an iron rape anoth street; in Dundee they pull them wi'

Better a man who falls than who never trice. It. Success comes from good work of-

مولاً ــ بــ

but other lands between the thill

Sent out her troops and spanker

On every one her flag unferied. And I'm for Julies Ocean now, Although that gentleman is dead. Because of such a life he led. That copped the prize in every ro He advertised it near and far ; He mixed in every kind of scrap-At boosting Julius was a star. He talked about it when at home. He bragged about it when away, Until from Britain to Cathay

Who'd hoop it up through all the And leave the other towns behind. wish we had some Cassars, too, This good old town to advertise Until it grew to twice the sine

They beard about the town of lioms

With brotherhood as thick as glue. Let's get together, you and I : We've got a town that's worth

Until it gets so big a thing They'll run excursion trains to bring TWENTY YEARS AGO

day, August 14th, 1906 Councillor Havill has removed his stovebusiness into his new store on Mill

Mr. N. F. Moore has leased the farm

Rev. J. H. Hector, the colored lec-

Devil Dressed in White." There was The Republican, of Weeping Water,

During a recent visit to St. Louis, Mo., the editor had the pleasure of being the guest of Mr. Andrew Warren, brother of Deputy Reave John Warren. Another Canadian of the city, Mr. John Milne, brother of Mrs.

The primary department of the Public School received another large contingent of five-year-olds with the re-opening after vacation. Righty-four children were present on Monday. The other departments are also full. STILL MORE SERIOUS

any children ?" If one is forced to own to that blessing, he is too of an coldly informed that the house is not One prospective tenant, when the question was put to him, looked at his

to seent a joke in the situation. "Yes," sald the man, "we have three children." "Thin I can't let you have the flat,"

announced the agent. "But there are extenualing circum-"In the real setate and renting bush-"But our children don't live with

"But they come to me you?" "Ob, yes, frequently." "Worse and worse" asserted the agent. "When children merely come to visit, they are permitted to tear things loose. We have discovered by experience that when parents see their children only occasionally, they are ten times as indulrent. . The

Again the prospective tenants look-

"Children are all slike" returned "But our children are married !" "Obo, married! That alters' it.

The agent dropped his pen. "Grandparents!" he cried. most indulgent creatures on warth. Your children bring their children with them, and you have family gathorings, and all that. What an escape In another minute you'd have had the

There werer was and perer will be -result, improved appetite. Northto the public their superior Quinine. By the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any on the market. All druggists sell it.

I wish we had some Romans here, The regular stem-winder kind

Let's open up, emit a cry
That other folks can hear a mile. Let's talk about this burg so dear

Notes from the Free Press of Thurs

of Mr. Samuel Johnstone, in Erin By and by Charlie Dixon came. He township, and will shortly remove turer, lectured in the Methodist Church on Thursday evening on 'The

> a large audience. Neb., this week refers to the marriage of Miss Minnie Armstrong, daughter of P. S. Armstrong, Esq., formerly of Aston, to Mr. Orvil Conunt, of Arnold,

> A Stephenson and Mrs. James McLam. also did all in his power to give the vieltors from his old bome town a good time.

Everyone who has ever tried to hire an apartment in the city has encountered the stern question, "Have)

wife who looked at him. They serwed

extenuating circumstances in '11 gard

"Don't live with you ?"

romping they'd do in a three days' visit would rule the reputation of the ed at each other and langued. "Our children won't romp," said the

And the agent prepared to go to work on the lease. "Yes, married," and have children of their own.

universal panaces in one remedy for all lile to which flesh is bein. What would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the others. We have bow ever, in Quintoe Wine, when obtained in a sound, unadulterated state a remedy for many and grievous ille By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convaler cepoe and strengt 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 aloop imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through the veius strongthoning the Blithy, animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result strongthening the frame and giving naturally demand increased substance rop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given

They made their way at once to the terminus of the street rallway, and looked with much wonder at the new creation. Pinally they resolved to have a ride. At the end of the ride one of them expressed their united

wad a' thocht they could on' them wi' life to the digestive organs which an engine; but, michty man, wha

tener than it don't from good luck.