# The Acton Free Press

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MILL STREET, - ACTON, ONT

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All accounts collected monthly.

M. F. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.


## Business Directory.

*MEDICAL.*

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL.
L.M.C.P. Montreal.
L.M.P.S. & M. Glasgow.
Member Ontario Medical Association Hon.
Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont.

DOUGLAS LAKE, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
Licentiate of College of P. and S., Ontario, Michigan and California.
Post Graduate University of Michigan and of the Chicago and New York Post Graduate Schools and Hospitals; Late Clinical Assistant Royal London Ophthalmic, Golden Square and Brompton Hospitals for diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat and Lungs, London, England.
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HAMILTO[illegible]
cor. Norfolk and [illegible]

**Savage & Co.**
Established 1848
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Guelph - Ont.

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*Guelph*
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Open for the Season
FRESH FRUITS, Strawberries, Pine Apples, Grapefruit, Oranges, Lemons.
Fresh Vegetables every day.
Fresh Groceries.
Best Candies.
[illegible] Cream is made [illegible] from pure

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**J. L. WARREN**
MANAGER

## Poetry.

### THE BROOK

I come, I come, I come!
I melt the sunshine into laughter,
Boys and birds come singing after
In one harmonious hum.
With sweetest spring my source increased,
Fresh hope I bring to the bare gray breast,
I sooner I come I come.

I come I come, I come,
Pure from the pregnant cloud,
Flowing with gladness and joy—
For sorrow is never allowed
To harden the heart of the boy,
As the birds sing best ere they build their nest,
Nor the riddle of love hath yet been guessed.

I bubble o'er pebbles of pearly delight,
I come, I come, I come,
Laden with dewdrops out of the night,
I come, I come, I come,
Trappings of crystal, sparklets of joy,
I sing and I laugh with the heart of a boy.
I glance o'er the meadow,
Where the green glade
Shelters the sunshine;
I gleam in the shadow,
Loving the shade
Of the sweet-scented pine,
As I glide down the glen,
Past the homes of men,
I laugh and I listen and laugh again,
I mirror the roses
Trimming my side,
Perk pretty posies,
So part in their pride.
My lute of laughter
Pipes the last lay
To him that comes after,
For I am always;
Man from the morrow may borrow his sorrow—
I live for to-day.

—By Ewyn Bruce Mackinnon.

*Select Family Reading*

## MADE IN ITALY

ANNA B. RICHARDSON

THEY left the big car to the tender mercies of the chauffeur and walked to the elevated station three blocks away. The girl chatted vivaciously to cover what she thought was the man's embarrassment over the break-down of his new and much vaunted motor car. How was she to know that the disappointment sank deeper than mere real record breakers?

Langley had pictured it all for days in advance, ever since she had promised to try out the car with him — a certain corner on the porch of the quaint old inn, where the harvest moon would furnish the sole illumination for a skillfully ordered supper. Before they rose from the table he would put the question which she had parried so cleverly.

And now the porch corner and golden opportunity alike were receding into the background, while the prosaic city, more deadly and deadening than ever, was looming before them.

The train had made its second stop when he was aroused from his dun-colored view of life by Marjorie's voice, more carefully modulated than usual.

"Look straight out of the window to your left—that's right! I want to tell you something about that couple sitting opposite. No don't stare at them. They are delightfully unconscious of our presence."

Obeying her instructions to the letter, he nevertheless managed to catch a glimpse of the couple from the tail of his eye. They were Italians. The girl had not yet laid aside her native costume. Over her head was draped a many-hued scarf, and big pendant earrings swayed with her every movement. She was a picture of youth and health, and her eyes outshone the gems in the chain twisted round her throat.

But her enthusiasm was not for the marvellous sights which she was viewing for the first time. She had eyes only for the man at her side. Young he was in years, yet burden-wearied and old in experience. His bent shoulders told of the sweat-shop, so did the circles under his eyes, the nervous clasping and unclasping of his thin, white hands, the bright red spots high up on his cheeks, and the cough which punctuated his impassioned sentences. But the light in his eyes had not been kindled by fever, but by love. The years of waiting had suddenly rolled away from him. His heart's desire had come. She was here—at last, at last.

They had squared around on the cross seat, these two lovers, so that they might sit face to face. Their hands almost touched, while gentle caressing words fell in a musical stream from lips that were ever smiling. Barring Marjorie, who had spent two winters in Italy, not a soul in the car could understand what they said.

Suddenly the man's rapturous words of endearment were stemmed by a violent fit of coughing. Marjorie rose abruptly.

"Would you mind moving to the other side?" she said to Langley. "It—it is rather sunny here."

But when they were settled across the way Langley noticed the veil which Marjorie had suddenly dropped a gleaming drop of moisture. He leaned over her anxiously.

"I was afraid these beastly cars would make you ill. It is too close in here."

"No, it is not that. I am quite comfortable. But oh, Ned, she loves him—she loves him so, and she can only watch him die."

"Eh—what?" exclaimed Ned.

"The man has saved and starved himself to death's very door to bring her here from Naples. She has been telling him of the contents of her little trunk—the wonderful lace bed-cover made by her old grandmother; the wedding dress, every stitch set by her own hands, and with every stitch there was interwoven a thought of him her beloved. And she does not know he is dying. He has sold his very heart's blood to look once more in her face. Can't you understand?"

Langley could not trust himself to look in Marjorie's face, into her pitying eyes. He had often pictured that crucial moment in the lamplight on the fair-linen. It had always been a graceful well-ordered vision of conventional wooing and winning. He had not dreamed, no he had never even suspected that Marjorie—

The Italian girl bent forward and looked into her lover's eyes.

"Mio tesoro!" Langley could only watch her mobile face. Marjorie understood every word of the impassioned Italian phrase. "Light of my life," she was saying, "what do I care for your big streets and your big houses? Is it for these I came to America? No, let me look only at you. See, your face is tired and thin. Ah, you also have hungered—and for me? Is it not so? And now you will be well again, my Guiseppe!"

"Poor girl. Love is strong, but not strong enough to fight that disease."

Marjorie spoke more to herself than Langley, but he turned suddenly.

"Would you mind taking a cab from Fifty-ninth street station, Marjorie? I have a mind to follow that poor beggar, and can manage it better alone, don't you know?"

Marjorie flung back her veil and gazed at him in amazement. He spoke almost roughly avoiding her gaze.

"It's all nonsence. A man needn't die of consumption in this enlightened day."

The train was slowing up and Marjorie arose.

"You will come to the house and tell me all about it."

They were walking down the aisle.

"It may be late—and there's Mrs. Pembroke-Sloane's musical."

"I will wait for you."

The guard slammed the gate. Langley leaned over it watching her until she disappeared at the head of the stairs

II

It was the old Marjorie who met him that night in the tapestried library. She had herself well in hand once more as she came forward in her trailing gown of white lace, with here and there a touch of mauve velvet.

"I owe you an apology," she said as she let her hand rest in his for an instant. "You must have thought me hysterical to start you on that quixotic errand; but the girl's eyes quite hypnotized me. They were wonderful, didn't you think so?"

"Yes, wonderful," echoed Langley, mechanically as he dropped into a chair by the fire. He still wore his motoring clothes and suddenly e felt very tired.

"I presume you found them hopelessly commonplace, too," continued Marjorie, adjusting the pillow behind her head at a more comfortable angle.

"Yes, quite commonplace. Still, I think he is the man my superintendent needs on the San Mateo ranch. He knows something about olive trees."

"Oh."

Marjorie's pillow had slipped unnoticed to the floor.

"They will start on Thursday for the west. The doctor at Bellevue says there's no time to waste."

"But he will pt well?"

"In California yes—probably. May I smoke? Thank." As he struck the match Marjorie noticed that his hand trembled. "Sorry I was so late, but it took quite a time to make his people see the situation. Those Italians have no end of relatives and friends, you know, and each one had to be convinced separately. Don't know what should have done if we hadn't fallen in with a priest."

"Does she know?"

"The girl? Oh, yes. The priest thought it was but that she should. If she's the sort of girl we set her down for, she will help him to put up a mighty good fight."

"What did she say?"

Marjorie was sliding her eyes from the dancing flame with a semi-circle of spangled gauze.

"Well, not being versed in Italian I missed the major portion of her remarks, but as near as I could make out she's firmly convinced that in good God will not take her beloved Giseppe from her, after they've waited and crept and worked and hungered, for a sight of each other for so many long black moths. She will nurse him and wait on him even as a mother guards the little child who takes his first step."

Quite unconsciously Langley had softened his voice. To passionate hopeful words of the Italian girl were ringing in his ears. He bent forward, his elbows on his knees, his hans clasped lightly in front of him, his cigar dead.

"They are to be married to-morrow morning at nine. They wanted us—that is you and me—to come to the church. Of course I told them what you and your kind interest in them. But I suppose nine is a bit early for you."

"No. I should very like to see them married."

Her tone was level Langley continued to look straight into the fire.

"It won't be a half-and honeymoon if I remember rightly, the are roses climbing all over the little cottage I've hired Harris to set in readiness for them. It ought to be love among the ros for those two, sure enough—not the thin we call love here among our apartment-hotels and sky-scrapers, but the genuine old-in-the-wool, yard wide article, made in Italy, Germany, or any old place—except new York."

His tones were cynical. They were bitter. He was not sorry for the poor foreigner, but the eager ride up town behind of a commission will exercise to lash him now. How that she would change, would die, even as the died in her eyes—the light the first and perhaps the elevated train late that after

"Fred."

It was the same note he the afternoon. He swung chair, flinging his head fire.

"Marjorie." Her hand suddenly he dropped the

"No, it's not fair. I ground. I meant it about ent. He stood very straight determined. "There is I didn't do it just to play beastly selfish in the matter but now I can't—"

She too was standing white fingers deep-sunken chair.

"It is not what you did

ly, "but the fact that He looked up at him w seemed to illumine the w most beautiful quality of lo er it is made in Italy or in N understand and he understo

Jenkins swept aside the in the doorway.

"Your mother has sent back from Mrs. Pembroke-Sloane's m you be needing it?"

"No, Jenkins, I am not [illegible] home to-night."

And the curtains fell back into shutting out the world from those

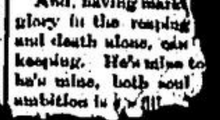
## THE SCHOOLS' ROLL OF

Standing of the Pupils
Monthly Examinations

DEPARTMENTAL
IN VIC

[illegible] examinations for May
[illegible]
HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT
—MIDDLE SCHOOL—
[illegible]—E. White, K. Gibbons
[illegible]son, J. O'Brien, N. Kearney.
CLASS II—I. McPherson, I. And[illegible]
Highest in British and Canadian [illegible]
—E. White; in Geometry—K. [illegible]
N. Kearney; I. Macpherson, and E. [illegible]
in Phy[illegible]. White; in Ancient [illegible]
—J. O[illegible]. White.
SENIOR—
CLASS I—[illegible]y, L. Scott,
CLASS II—[illegible] H. Rath[illegible]
Lood, W. Joh[illegible]e, C. Brown, V. [illegible]
CLASS III—A. Anderson.
Highest in Spelling—L. R[illegible]
Elementary Science—A. O[illegible]
tory—H. Smith.
JUNIOR CLASS
CLASS I—J. Wilson, V. Harv[illegible]
CLASS II—H. Mowat, L. C[illegible]
Wilson, P. Ault, B. Mowat, B. [illegible]
Britton.
CLASS III—C. McLeod, [illegible]
Kennedy.
Highest in History—J. [illegible]
Spelling—B. Plank; in Algeb[illegible]
son and V. Harvey.
W. H. STEWART, P[illegible]
MARIE Y. HOWIE, A[illegible]

Sr. IV.—Harold Reed 642, [illegible]
Claridge 578, Olive Mowat 576, [illegible]
Brown 556, Phyllis Clark 506, Margu[illegible]
Stewart 500. Total 600.
Jr. IV.—Harold Kennedy 572, St[illegible]
McLate 560, Lloyd Manley 532, Mel[illegible]
Williams 550, Sandy McLean 542, [illegible]
Hunter 521. Total 600.
No. on roll 33. M, 22; Ba[illegible]
Sr. III.—Rosie Woodhal[illegible]
Agnew 4[illegible], Kenneth H[illegible]
Wilson[illegible]
Brew[illegible]
Jr. [illegible]
292, [illegible]
223, [illegible]
308.
No. [illegible]
Sr. II[illegible]
Stewart 4[illegible]
ence Cook [illegible]
Davis 378.
Jr. II—Jo[illegible]
Measles 383, J[illegible]
Anderson and W[illegible]
Bishop, 234. Laura Scott
No. on roll 48.
V. Mac[illegible]
Sr. I—[illegible] Hurst [illegible]
338, J[illegible] 322, Will[illegible]
James [illegible] 12, H[illegible]
Total 3[illegible]
Jr. I—[illegible]
Martin 24[illegible] Holden
Murphy and Marie Mowat [illegible]
238, Hilda Ba[illegible] Ont. [illegible]
No. on roll [illegible]
—SENIOR
FIRST BOOK
Robert Stewart [illegible]
Barsky 291; Ne[illegible]
274. Total 3[illegible]
SENIOR PA[illegible]
210, Gladys [illegible]
180, Ernest C[illegible]
Marguerite C[illegible]
Merrick [illegible]
and Mina Ge[illegible]
Richard Gre[illegible]
Alfred Hall[illegible]
No. on roll [illegible]
—JU[illegible]
FOURTH CLASS—[illegible]
Sara III, Hazlit[illegible]
Rothwell, 98, Emily C[illegible]
Gregory 82.
THIRD CLASS—Doris Cu[illegible]
Henderson 91, Katie A[illegible]
Easby 82, Harvey Ra[illegible]
Watts 73.



of brains and virtue, [illegible]
care: "In truth, one [illegible]
you. He who eschews [illegible]
is nothing but a fool[illegible]
liquid death—just jo[illegible]
At first my words ma[illegible]
offend and fret him, [illegible]
his trail until at last [illegible]
And, having mark[illegible]
glory in the reaping [illegible]
and death alone, can [illegible]
keeping. He's mine to [illegible]
he's mine, both soul [illegible]
ambition is [illegible]