# The Acton Free Press.

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All accounts collected monthly.

H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.


## Business Directory.

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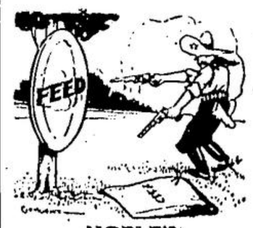



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## Poetry.

### MOTHER AND THE FLAG

Do you hear the bugles calling over the singing street?
Do you see the soldiers swinging to the drum's insisting beat?
And over it all, triumphant, the ensign floating high—
There are the colors—salute them! The flag is passing by!

It speaks above the music to the inmost heart of me,
Blue as the topmost heaven, blue as th' invading sea,
That vast highway of Britain front East to Western sky—
Blue are the colors—salute them! The flag is passing by!

Scarlet, too, are the colors, for the nameless radiant dead,
Drenching the alien grasses with the dauntless blood they shed,
Of those in the ocean sinking, where lonely seabirds fly,
Red are the colors—salute them! The flag is passing by!

White is the honor of Britain, the glory of her sons;
Have they not died to save it 'midst the thunder of her guns?
Dare she relinquish honor though a million men should die?
White are the colors—salute them! The flag is passing by!

Red and white and azure—and in the midst a cross!
The music has throbbed away and I bow beneath my loss;
Pass to glory, my son, it is not so hard to die,
But for thy mother—the cross—when the flag is passing by.

Elspeth Moray.

### BUSINESS MAN'S CREED

That man is idle who does less than he can.

## Select Family Reading

### MRS. GORG ENTERTAINS

LUTHE DE LA BARRE

"SEEMS as how 'tain't Monday at all without a washing!" Mrs. Gorg called out complacently, as she leaned over the board fence that divided her back yard from her neighbor's. "May be a sin to wash on Sunday, but I did just as little as I possibly could."

The low gate swung uncertainly under the weight of the frail little figure as she shook itself slightly and folded out the imaginary wrinkles in her second-best dress.

"I ain't in any special hurry. I might just as well talk to you a while as you're hanging out your clothes. The train don't come in until nine-fifteen. Mother's never been to the city before, and I wan't her to see how swell we're livin' here. 'Tain't everybody at home's got a front parlor and a dining-room. We don't have to eat in the kitchen, although we mostly do, for the children scratch the good table so. Maybe I better be starting now. I want to put up the curtains in the parlor a little bit, to make it more homelike, and I want to be sure and be on time."

Over her basket of clothes Mrs. Clay's eyes were very kind as she watched the important, bustling little figure carefully lock the back door preparatory to starting.

Two years before, Mrs. Gorg and her silent little automaton of a husband had come to this pretty little suburban town of the capital city to make their home. They lived in a double house, one of those relics that mark the low ebb-tide so often apparent in every prosperous village street.

But having a home in the city on a street that for no apparent reason had called itself Summit Avenue, had speedily seemed to Mrs. Gorg like living in earthly paradise. She had lived with a New Mennonite colony in some hidden nook of the Alleghenies, and even a gas range had seemed worldly to her at first, and such things as automobiles were like the very essence of the "powers of darkness."

But one has to live up to the character of one's surroundings, and gradually Mrs. Gorg and her family and house began to assume that smug propriety that means individuality gone to seed. "If my neighbor has vivid wall paper, I must have some too."

After nine months of coaxing, Mrs. Gorg had finally overcome her mother's aversion to trains and succeeded in inducing her to pay her a visit. And Mrs. Gorg had broken the Sabbath to spend her first day with her mother. By half past twelve o'clock, if the signs of the drawn blinds in the spare room were to be trusted, "ma" was taking her afternoon nap. Mrs. Clay's expectancy was soon rewarded, for as she was cleaning up the remains of dinner in the big, cool summer kitchen Mrs. Gorg hurried in.

"Ma got here all right," she answered hurriedly to Mrs. Clay's interested question. "But she's most awful tired from holding on to the back of the seat so tight whenever the train went round a curve. She never was so scared at anything in her life as she was at that there train. Say, do you know," her tone lowered confidentially as she crossed over and began to help her friend wipe the steaming dishes piled in the sink, "ma thinks my house is grand. I told her it was all my doings, and that I even picked out the wall paper for the front room. I told her how we got the family album and the pink lamp with stamps and she's going to try to get Simmons down home to get 'em too. She thinks it's lots better than saving tobacco tags or soap wrappers and o' course its much genteeler."

"What are you going to do, you and your mother, while she is here?" Mrs. Clay asked when her little visitor paused for breath. "Are you going to show her the parks and the new Capitol buildings?" Mrs. Gorg paused with a soup tureen poised in one hand and a towel in the other.

"Don't that beat all," she exclaimed, "I came over to tell you my plan, and here you asked about it right off. 'No I ain't goin' to do anything like that.'" She turned thoughtfully as she set the tureen on the table. "I think I'll give ma a handkerchief shower."

"A handkerchief shower?" In spite of herself Mrs. Clay gasped audibly. It was pretty sudden.

Mrs. Gorg looked up quickly. "Why not?" she asked with a slightly aggrieved air. "I seen in the Sentinel lately notices of handkerchief showers given for folks and I want ma to see how we do things in the city. I'm going to have one for her. Don't you think it would be fine?"

The wistful look in the brown eyes sobered Mrs. Clay instantly. "Why, of course, my dear, it's a splendid idea. Won't you tell me all about it? Maybe I can help you."

"No, I'm going to do it alone but it's nice of you to offer. It's going to be tomorrow afternoon and I'm going to invite everybody in the block. Some I know, some I don't. But when I tell them it's for ma, I guess they'll be willing to come and bring a handkerchief."

After a little more discussion Mrs. Gorg left, fairly bubbling over with excitement at her venture. As she started out to ask folks of the immediate vicinity to come at four the next day, Mrs. Clay flew to the telephone. Whatever happened this wild little plan must go through. To-morrow must prove a day to be treasured long in the memory of those two people.

It was not until the next morning that she saw Mrs. Gorg again. She came over to borrow some glasses.

"Sorry to trouble you," she explained a trifle embarrassed over her unusual errand "but baby broke a glass yesterday and I'm using one for flowers. I'm setting it behind the Bible so only the flowers'll show." As she reached the gate with her borrowed glasses she turned suddenly to Mrs. Clay, who had walked a little way out with her.

"How much does it cost to put your parties in the Sentinel?" she demanded anxiously. Mrs. Clay smiled gently, and made a sudden resolution.

"One dosen't pay for those notices in the society column," she explained carefully. "The society editor puts them in. She knows all about the parties that are to be given."

Mrs. Gorg's face brightened and she nodded gaily to her friend as she entered the kitchen door.

About half past four in the afternoon Mrs. Clay decided she would go over. Arrayed in her best clothes she had watched her friends also carefully attired, mount the steps of the little house next door, and she knew one little woman who was absolutely happy. As she came on the porch she saw three of her neighbors at one end of the little enclosure, round a table on which was a pitcher of lemonade, glasses and a bunch of spring flowers. As soon as Mrs. Clay appeared Mrs. Gorg hurried over to her.

"Ma's in the parlor," she whispered. "Just put your handkerchief on the centre-table and come out as soon as you can cause ma's shy about talking to strangers."

Mrs. Clay caught Mrs. Jack Clemen's eye as she entered the house, and for one dreadful minute she thought she was lost. But with a quick turn of her head she tried to miss Mrs. Jack's teasing eyes and entered the stuffy little parlor. At first everything seemed black, but as her eyes became accustomed to the darkness she saw by the light of the two little candles burning on the table the guest of honor. She was seated stiffly on a hard, uncomfortable chair, staring with frightened eyes at the newcomer. She was all in black with a white tie and a little white cap, which softly framed her fluffy grey hair and tired wrinkled face beneath it. Mrs. Clay smiled reassuringly at the frightened, childish eyes that sought hers so timidly.

"We are glad to see you," she said gently. "Your daughter has been telling us so much about you."

The quaint little figure nodded slightly, and cast her eyes shyly down on her lap. She did not venture to even so much as raise her handkerchief with the others on the table, gave one fast look at the prim, stiff, little figure in its embarrassed silence, and with a murmured word of good-by, slipped through the door. Even the chairs seemed panic-stricken. Out on the porch she found that all the women had left. Mrs. Gorg was standing by the table. She handed Mrs. Clay a glass of lemonade as she came up.

"Ain't everything just lovely? Ma's got twelve handkerchiefs now, counting yours, and three more's to come yet. My takes but I'm so excited I can't think. You can sit down a minute till somebody else comes. You see, I didn't have chairs enough to go around after the parlor was made to look decent, so I asked the ladies if they would go, for here come three more. Thanks for coming over." She paused a minute, as if undecided as to what to say; then she drew Mrs. Clay's head down a little and whispered:

"Ma's so happy but she don't talk before strangers. You know how it is. Don't you think it's a big success?" Again the big brown eyes sought hers and again Mrs. Clay told her things as she wanted to hear them.

Late that evening when ma, tired out with the day's unusual excitement, had gone to bed happy with the first big joy that she had ever known because of other people's thoughtfulness, little Mrs. Gorg sat down by the pink lamp reading and re-reading with a wonderful happy mist before her eyes a certain few lines in the evening Sentinel:

Mrs. Henry Gorg entertained this afternoon for her mother, Mrs. James White. Spring flowers were used in the decorations and about fifteen guests were present.

### SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT

A prosperous looking drummer entered the office of a merchant to whom he had sold his new "Filing System" a short while before.

"Good morning, Mr. Hobbs," said he, in his genial way. "And how is the 'Filing System' working?"

"Great!" said the merchant.

"Good!" said the agent, rubbing his hands. "And how is business?"

"Business?" echoed the merchant. "Oh, we have stopped business to attend to the filing system."

### MIDWINTER ENTERTAINING

A few friends have arrived for the evening. The whitey winds sweep through the highways and byways, the trees and the woods with the sound of a siren's rage. Twigs and crumpled leaves swish and whirl about the eaves of your house. Little puddles and patches of water unevaporated by the sham-hanging, whistling wind become now crisped sheets of scratched glass. As the front door opens and closes to admit the arriving acquaintances and friends, everything in the front of the house shivers like a shuttle at the invading roar of the wintry foul.

Comes then amid the heartening warmth of your cosy home, the task of coddling the souls of your guests. How shall you entertain them with pleasant originality? Then occurs to you the universally-accepted fact that mystery, money, and mating play the greatest part in this world of worry, so you devise these little pleasantries.

One of the merry party leaves the room and the others are permitted to unite upon some particular object, no matter what, and the candidate is expected to return and by a series of deductions and cross-questions, to pounce upon it in some such fashion as this. Recently I happened to be the honored goat who was dispatched into a chilly hallway while the assembled hilarious ones hit upon a flea in the yellow coat of Wu Ting Fang, of Pekin, China. It was, thus, "up to" the candidate for the prize of "mind-reading" to return to the assembly and tell them that they were thinking of a "flea in the yellow jacket of Wu Ting Fang." So be it.

"Are you thinking of a substance that is vegetable, mineral, or animal?" he asks.

"Animal," they giggle out after disputatious consideration.

"Is it in Europe, Europe, Grope, Europe, Jail, Wales, Yokohama, Penitentiary, Nakasaki, China, Asia, Liverpool, Singapoor, Peking," you rattle off mixing truthful inquiry with homely humor.

"Peking," they reluctantly acknowledge.

"Is it indoors or outdoors?" you quiz.

"Indoors," they admit, after half had shouted one way, and half the other. Thus they must think of an exact spot where the unknown object is kept in mind.

"Is it ever on a child?"

"No."

"On a woman?"

"NO."

"On a man?"

"Somebody's been telling him." Someone blurts out unjustly.

"Yes."

"On a man's limb?"

"No."

"On his body?"

"Yes."

"Is it any part of his clothing?"

There is a hurried consultation and argument, all of which informs the cross questioner that is it something connecting with his query, but not precisely it. They now agree that the insect is not a part of a man's clothing, so they chorus:

"No."

"Is it ever in his clothing?"

"Yes."

"In the pockets?"

"Yes."

"It's in Peking, China, sometimes in the clothing of a man and it's an animal?" he muses aloud interrogatively.

"Yes," they all laugh.

"Is it in any particular man's clothing?"

"Yes."

"Is he living at the present day?"

"Yes."

"Is it a coat?"

"Yes, what color?" they ask.

"A Chinaman's coat?"

"Yes."

"Yellow?"

"Yes."

"Li Hung Chang's?"

"No. He's dead."

"Wu Ting Fang's?"

"Yes. How'd you guess it?"

"Those are the only two Chinamen I ever remember. Is it a mouse in his coat?"

"O, no!"

"A bug?"

"A certain kind."

"Louse?"

"No."

"Flea?"

"Hurrah, he's got it. It only took you ten minutes," they announce.

This interesting little game has kept many an assembly mystified, even when the same individual continually does the solving of the company's united thoughts. It is, however, so simple that commonly each person takes a turn in unravelling one of the mysteries. As the questionnaire shows, the keynotes of the whole, as well as the cue to the final unravelling, are the answers to "vegetable, animal, and mineral" query and the geographical location. Recently a dozen grammar school boys and girls within one and a half hours had thrown the calcium lights of their minds upon these articles:

The signet ring of Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

The flag that Amundsen left on the South Pole.

The button that was shot from Roosevelt's coat.

The nose of Cicero.

The tape around the hat of Ty Cobb.

The lace on the bridal veil of King Manuel's bride.

The word "valley" in the twenty-third Psalm.

### HE GOT THE JOB

Once upon a time there was a boy, and he applied for a job.

"We don't want a lazy boy here. Are you fond of work?" asked the boss.

"No, sir," answered the boy—looking the boss straight in the face.

"Oh, you're not, aren't you? Well, we want a boy that is."

"There ain't any," insisted the boy doggedly.

"Oh, yes, there are. We have had a dozen of that kind right here this morning looking for a situation with us."

"How do you know they are not lazy?" persisted the boy.

"Why, they told me so."

"So I could have told you so; but I'm not a liar."

He got the job.

### TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, January 31st, 1895

Reeve Pearson is Chairman of Committee on Education in the County Council.

Mr. John Gibbons, one of the oldest residents of this part of Esquesing, died yesterday morning. He had resided on lot 31, con. 4, nearly sixty years.

The Epworth League has about completed a neat and cheerful looking renovation of the School Room of the Methodist Church.

The Acton Tanning Co's improvements carried on for about six weeks past, are nearing completion and employees are again being taken on as fast as the stock is being worked through to the different departments. A new set of leaches made from Southern red cedar are the finest that can be put in.

Owing to the storm Rev. W. E. Norton, who was to preach in the Baptist Church on Sunday, was unable to be present, and Rev. Mr. Jackson, of Toronto, who was to preach at "the Hill," could not get out, although arriving in Acton.

The Baptist Churches of Acton and Georgetown have extended a call to Rev. Mr. Langford, of Grimsby.

Reports from all over Ontario indicate that the storm from Friday until Monday was the worst we have experienced in years. At Linshouse on Saturday about 6 p. m. an engine, van and snow plow got wedged in the drifts in "the cut." An engine was sent for and it soon was also fast and two more were sent for arriving about 9.30 and with the combined strength of the four engines the cut was cleared about 11.30. The worst blockade there in 22 years.

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, arrived with a staff of officers at Guelph on Thursday evening last. The General made his home with Mr. Chas. Raymond but the Ministerial Association tendered him a reception and tea in Chalmers' Church at 6.30. A public meeting at eight was held in Norfolk St. Methodist Church with about 1200 present when the General gave a vivid and interesting account of the growth and work of the Army.

At the County Council Dr. Robertson, of Milton, moved, seconded by Mr. Pearson, of Acton, that a special committee be appointed to report at next meeting on the question of "county houses of industry."

The Acton Directors of Acton Fall Fair are Dr. McKeague, Geo. Havill, J. H. Matthews, John Williams, T. H. Harding, Wm. Hanstreet, H. Grindall, G. C. Clark, Adam Cook, Robert Agnew, W. A. Storey, W. R. Kenney, Arch. McTavish, Henry Bell, Robert Brown, Jr. The President and Secretary of the Society are John Duff and George Hynds.

BIRTH

GIBBONS—In Esquesing, on January 30th, John Gibbons, aged 82 years.

ALTON—In Nassagaweya, on January 24th, Lottie, daughter of Mr. Robert Alton, aged 16 years.

### THINGS I WISH I HAD KNOWN BEFORE I WAS TWENTY-ONE

Recently three leading men spoke at the man's meeting in Cleveland on the subject, "Things I Wish I Had Known Before I Was Twenty-one." G. Leonard Fels, the first speaker, gave answers sent in by twenty-two men. Here they are. Every word is worth reading:

1. What I was going to do for a living, what my life work would be.

2. That my health after thirty depended in a large degree on what I put into my stomach before I was twenty-one.

3. How to take care of money.

4. The commercial asset of being neatly and sensibly dressed.

5. That a man's habits are mighty hard to change after he is twenty-one.

6. That a harvest depends upon the seeds sown; wheat produces wheat, thistles bring forth thistles, ragweeds spoil good pasture, and wild oats sown will surely produce all kinds of misery and unhappiness.

7. That things worth while require time, patience, and work.

8. That you can't get something for nothing.

9. That the world would give me just about what I deserved.

10. That by the sweat of my brow would I earn my bread.

11. That a thorough education not only pays better wages than hard labor, but it brings the best of everything else—namely, more enjoyable work, better food, more of the wholesome luxuries and pleasures of life, better folks to live and deal with, and, last of all, the genuine satisfaction that you are somebody worthy of respect, confidence, and the priceless gift of friendship.

12. That honesty is the best policy, not only in dealing with my neighbors, but also in dealing with myself and God.

13. The value of absolute truthfulness in everything.

14. The folly of not taking older people's advice.

15. That everything my mother wanted me to do was right.

16. That "Dad" wasn't an old fogy after all. If I had done as he wished me to do, I would be much better off physically, mentally, and morally.

17. What it really meant to father and mother to raise their son.

18. What hardships and disappointments would be entailed by my leaving home against my parents' wishes.

19. More of the helpful and inspiring parts of the Bible, particularly the four books dealing with the life of Christ.

20. The greatness of the opportunity and joy of serving a fellow man.

21. That Jesus Christ was with me as an Elder Brother and Friend in every activity and relationship of life.

22. That God's relationship to me was just as helpful and delightful as that of a good shepherd toward his sheep or a father toward his son.

23. A faithful friend is a strong defense. He that hath found a friend hath found a treasure. A poor man may be said to be rich in the midst of his poverty so long as he enjoys the interior sunshine of a devoted friend.

24. Friendship cheers like a sunbeam, charms like a good story, inspires like a brave leader, binds like a golden chain, guides like a heavenly star.—The Industrial Enterprise.

### GOING TO SLEEP

Tender and low the song that is heard,
The song of a sweetly singing bird,
Hung at the close of the summer's day
When the world into shadow slips away,
For the mother bird now has come home to her nest
With a heart full of happiness, singing to rest
The dear little ones that she loves the best,
Ending her labors but never her care
For the helpless fledglings brooded there.

With a song so tender a little child
Is into the garden of sleep beguiled;
There the poppy hangs down its head and seems
To nod and beckon the way to dreams;
There the butterflies' wings are painted so gay
They lead the steps of a child at play
Till the mother's voice seems a mile away,
And those little feet, tired, will rest them there,
And the little hands fold themselves in prayer.

—Isaac Bassett Choate.

### WASHINGTON.

First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate and sincere, uniform, dignified and commanding, his example was as edifying to all around him as were the effects of that example lasting. To his equals he was condescending, to his inferiors kind and to the objects of his affections exemplarily tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt the fostering hand. The purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues. His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life. Although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan, escaped him, and, with undisturbed serenity, he closed his well spent life. Such was the man America has lost. Such was the man for whom our nation mourns.—Henry Lee's Funeral Oration on Washington.

### AN UNEVENTFUL THREE WEEKS

As soon as her husband, who met her at the station, had helped her into the carriage, Mrs. Everett told him happily that her three weeks' visit at her mother's had made her feel perfectly well and strong again. Then she added that her husband's letters spoke so cheerfully of the ease with which they had got along without her that she was tempted to stay another week.

"Oh, we managed all right," said Everett, "nothing much happened."

"How are the children?" asked Mrs. Everett, noticing for the first time that her husband looked a little careworn.

"Corrine and Frederick have gone to your sister Lulu's for a few days."

"To Lulu's? Why?"

"Well, James had the measles so I sent them over there."

"My poor Jimsey!" wailed his mother. "Who took care of him? Is he very ill?"

"He's going out to-morrow. We had a trained nurse."

"Such expense just for the measles. Was the nurse young and pretty?"

"Not exactly," answered Everett, guardedly, "but very capable."

"I don't suppose Corrine has practised her music while at Lulu's, as Lulu has no piano."

"She couldn't practise anyway. She cut her finger."

"How? Is there any danger of blood-poisoning?"

"None whatever. The children wanted to earn some money, so they had a lemonade stand in front of the house. Your swing-table wasn't quite steady and when it came down all the glass was broken. Corrine, in attempting to save it, cut her finger on the pitcher."

"Not the cut-glass pitcher Aunt Mary gave us for a wedding present?"

"Exactly so."

Mrs. Everett gasped. "How were the meals while I was away?" she asked feeling that she must change the subject.

"They were all right as long as the cook cooked them. But one day she had to leave to take care of a sick relative, and since then I can't find my gold cuff buttons, and I think that some of the silver is missing."

"My poor starved family! Did you get another cook?"

"No, Julia cooks eggs and potatoes well, and they have been our chief sustenance."

"Julia is a good, faithful girl. I'm glad I brought her a nice present."

"You'll have to give it to her in a hurry. She answered a matrimonial advertisement and is going to be married next week."

"I am glad, dear, that everything went so smoothly while I was gone," said Mrs. Everett ironically. "We are nearly home. Have you told me all?"

"Let me think. Julia let the water run and it leaked through the ceiling on the parlor furniture. And she feels awfully, but she forgot to pack away your fur coat as you told her and there are some moth holes in it."

"My fur coat! For goodness' sake don't tell me any more. The only thing that I can think of that I don't have to worry about is our dog, Toby."

"Edith," faltered Everett, "how can I tell you about Toby. You'll be shocked."

"Tell me the worst immediately. Did he bite anyone?"

"No, he was run over by an automobile yesterday. We buried him behind the piano bed."

"Toby killed? How horrible," cried Mrs. Everett wringing her hands in despair. "Kind, gentle Toby that looked after the children and was the best watch-dog we ever had. What shall we do without Toby?"

"We shall miss Toby, yet we can do without him," said her husband. "But you see, sweetheart, we can't do without you."

### VERY CLEVER

Old lady (meeting two little boys)—Why, Johnnie, how very dirty you are! How is it that your little brother is so much cleaner than you are?

Johnnie—Well, you see, he's three years younger.