ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 19, 1915.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 Per Aunum.

hald to rest there.

the painter.

Leaf Inculator and Brooder.

commonced the manufacture of the Mughe

The town hall painting has been con-

on Wednesday, taking a number

arrested and brought back to Acton. The

About forty members of the Epworth

MARKERD

ALDRIBIR-McClouvan - At Clapbolm.

Pixmen - In Acton, on August 17th, Elizabeth Best, wife of John Pletsch,

DESITERY -In Acton, on August 21st, Eleanor Swackhamer, widow of the late

Home is the social unit. A nation,

writer Laurence Alma-Tadema, le built up

according to the strength or weakness of

the home force, home being to the individ-

home center; all experiences and educe

Home is the woman's kingdom.

power radiates from the heart, which

the natural focus of her highest streamth

gifts and ambition. The farther from the

beart she goes, the weaker is her greep o

happiness, whether as giver or receiver.

home, whether the man be in it or our

it, is his remady against the roughnesses

The backbone of a people is made of

CHEERFUL CONTENTMENT

A woman who was a naighbor to

next call on the Bradys so as to arrive

"Ne, thank you," the younger child an

The fully knocked sharply and entered

without giving the small Bredye a chance

to ries. The two girls sat at a table on

which appeared several slices of dry bread,

two cold potatoss, a pitcher of water and

not a thing beside. The visitor looked

about searchingly for the cold chicken.

Then she asked. "What are you doing?"

child. Then she added, "When pe comes

home from work he's going to bring us a

Loup bone."

"Just eating our dinner," said the older

"As I stood at the door just now," said

the lady, "I thought I beard you talking

The two sisters exchanged shy glances.

Then timidly the first speaker explained !

When we haven't got much for dinner.

shortcake and los cream. You don't

know," she added, a reflective light coming

into her eyes, "how good broad tastes

"But it tastes a little better," said the

younger, speaking for the first time.

when you call it strawberry shortcake."

we pretend it's all sorts of good things-

swered plpingly. "I want cold chicken."

you want some roast beaf this moon?"

Francia Dempacy, in her Hoth year.

Crawsons Cornars.

aged Mi years.

social virtues.

tools were returned and the case settled,

SINGLE COPIES---THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press Is PULLISHED.D THURSDAY MORNING



. ACTON ONT

TRIME OF HUBICALPTION—One dellar per year strictly in advance. #1.40 to authoribers in the United firstee. All subscriptions disconlinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

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H. P. MOORE. Editor and Proprietor

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Doetry.

THERE'S AN AWPUL LOT O' HAPPI **NESS AROUND** 

than the line of your horizon has a gloomy wort o' look. When the sky you thought was blue Has a blackish, anary hus, Find a quiet, peaceful wordhad—hear laughter of the brook : Thoro's an awful lot o' happiness around

When your licart is mighty heavy with a sorrow you must bear.
When the sunboams damping light Fulls to pieros your dreary night. Try to listen in the darkness for the sor

that's in the air ; '. There's an awful lot o' lappiness arous You will find it in the morning, at thevery break of day, In the aun-lit afternoon.

In the myst'ry of the moon : ou our hear it in the treetopy bidding a There's an awful lot o' happiness aroun Everyone has had a heartache, everyof has known grief,
But I'm sure that after pain

Joy has always come again, Just as sunshine follows rain : is as our Lord Intended, loustways thatis my ballof : There's an awful lot o' happiness arous ound the depths of simple pleasure lear the worth of being kind Let your watchword be a smile, no the things that seem worth while,

Then your life will be a symphony, will surely find There's an awful lot o' happinessaround

Belect Family Reading

次的法的法的法的法 "UNTIL DEATH US PART" How a Promise Was By REINLYTE LOVEWELL

RS. Feirlanks pushed saids screen und revealed a small safe. The light from the shaded library fall upon her bare shoulders us also bent toward it, rosting her hand on the black metal.

"In there," she said to "Crawford, \$30,000." She paused. "In a shape I can convert into money, she sided after a moment. The man stood a few feet away, leaning

against the mantel, and not by the alightest movement did he betray that he heard her. "Ob Bob, what is the use ?" she pleaded. "This house is just a prison call for ma." The last words were almost a solu making good overywhere. All get posi-"That money is as much mine as his, the went on defiantly. "He got it away

from other people, and why shouldn't I the side. take it from him?" "He is your husband," Crawford said

"My husband " the woman returned, so bittarly that an ugly shadow seemed to mar her face. Bhe made a groping gesture with her outstretched hands. "Yes, he is She paused, and her lips moved soom-

"He gives me all the things I want," she went on. "I'm the envy of the neighbors. I've everything money can

"Hob," she whispered "the only real feeling I've ever had from anybody iswhat you've given me since that time you picked me up in the park and brought me a white tie. home for dead."

She paused and drew in her breath a quick sob. "I want another chance to live a-ob, a real life-to get away from all this. Somehow I can't help feeling that we just had them.

to meet as we did." Her head, with its weight of shining hale, dropped down upon the table, her cheet reating against the leather cover

spread over it. "I've falt like a show window dummy, she ended brokenly. "I need comething to make me over into a new woman." Mrs. Fairbanks took from a drawer map and spread out before him the outline

of the north coast of Massachusetts. "I know every luch of the way from Boston," she satd, with an alert decision that surprised the man she tempted, "and up there"-she put her finger on an irreguler projection-"la where Captain Zab has his old whalebout. He's the biggest old miser ever you saw, and I know for a hundred dollars he'll take us out and keep us out weeks if we want. We'll take the car part way and bribe a man to bring back and leave it. Oh, it is easy enough !" Orawford tipped his head back upon the teather cushions of the chair in which he

scross them wearlly. "Yes, ic's sany enough," he repeated He was thinking of the last ten years of his life, the years between fifteen and twenty-five. Hard years they had been, spent is struggle and poverty, with always the torturing-desire-to-break away into

strange new lands of promise. He remembered the October day that he had dropped on a bench in the park, determissi to get into something, anything which would rid him of the plodding pace he had trod so long. The bool beats of a borse striking the road with terrific speed had startled him, and a moment later Mrs. Vairbanks had been pitched into a pile of red, rustling leaves at his very feet.

From that hour to the present moment her fuscination had seemed to be beyond his power of resistance, and in her presence Crawford felt himself becoming the man he had long wanted to be. 'The whole change In his life in both business and social connections he owed to the circumstance which had thrown their lives together. Lying there in the great chair, with his eyes closed, he recalled his first meeting

home about the great house. "I'm almost never there," the older man Vairbanks." This Crawford had done. He had learn-

with John Vairbanks. There came to hi

mind his invitation to make himself at

every hour that he was free he apent in her

The silent man at the head of the house hold, with his strange indifference, had remained a mystery to Crawford. Belfish and sould be might be, but some way-Mrs. Vairbanks reached over and touchod his sleeve.

"Wake up, Hob," she said with a little shake. "Lat's plan some more"-Twenty-four hours later Crawford guided the Fairbanks our out from the city, far

slows the sound. The woman at his side laughed joyfully as he increased his speed at times, and the car shot noiselessly for ward down the olled roadways. The contagion of her happiness infected him. A childlike abandon seemed to possessible companion, and she caught at

the leaves of close growing bushes and tossoil them in his face. The summer dusk furned into darkness, and Crawford lighted his great headlights, and their glow fell upon the heavy foliage by the roadside and faded it almost white in the vivid glare.

Huddenly there was a sound within the car which Crawford did not like. peculiar vibration followed, and hestopped and mule a careful examination, with Birs. Fuirbanks standing baside him, analously watching.

"I think I know what the trouble is," told her. "I don't quite know what to do. We can't get to town this way."

He struck the mud guard with his sleeve impatiently.

A man leading a cow came up behind "Any garage around here?" Crawford

asked him. quarter of a mile," the man replied. "They turned the old church over into one," he went on, with a laugh. "Tain't my life's work now is to live so that I can done yet, but they are doing business." gladly answer the summons to join him "A church ?" Crawford questioned.

"You can't miss it, ' the man assured Carefully Crawford sent his car foward, climbing the long hill with difficulty. At

church stood. Young men came out. They looked at the oar oritically. "Hetter drive her in under cover," one patient suffering be endured, to want bim

of them advised when Crawford explained. | back. "We've got everything ber to work with, even if the pulpit lea't down yet. Seems funny, don't it, doing business in a "He souds his storms to every heart ! church ?'

"Great blee !" Crawford commented, "It ought to be a guarantee of your honesty," he added, smilingly. The man laughed heartily. right," he said. "Well, we also to be church or no church. Will the lady got

Crawford gaves hand to bis company as she stepped from the car and walked with her to one of the old news piled away at In a little time he returned to the pew-"It lan't much," he told her. "They

say they'll have it done in an hour or so.

Are you cold " The woman had pulled her greatsout more closely about her and was shivering. "No," she answered slowly. "Don't leave me," she begreed. Crawford dropped down beside her, and

his eyes, curiously examining the interior of the building, were attracted to the door-A little group of three persons stood there heiltatingly peering in. A boy of be among his very best friends. He shook and power. Health we grow twenty and a girl young and flushed were hands cordially with the man, acknowledg- up, beside the hearth we must die.

just across the threshold, and behind them was a tall old man in a long black coat and pressive gallantry, and that inquired homes, and the nation that would be a The mechanic at work on the car looked It was a most unusual exhibition of solici- instinct within itself. up and went inquiringly to them. The tude. old man pointed to the front of the church, and they talked in tones so low that Craw-

ford and Mrs. Fairbanks could not hear men came to Crawford. "Funny thing, ' he said, "but there's a young couple want to get married here. day that you were a brother of E. N. Ray. It seems the first time they ever saw each of the Merchant's Supply Company.

walting." Mrs. Vairbanks made a greature of con- amusement.

the ceremony " "Oh, yes, indeed," the man replied. | winter. I was going in-" "Just move up a little, so you can hear." Blowly the little wedding party passed across the barren floor space blocked by he said gruffly, and walked away withou

leading the way. laid his soft black hat on a kear near by. In the dim light his white hair fell in long est and closed his eyes, drawing his hand looks about his lined old face and upon the black bound book be bald.

In the painted new, battered and searred by its ruthless removal, Mrs. Fairbanks watching, whispered to Crawford BOMS WAY T

The man astallant, his eyes on the floor. In the solemnstillness the words of the white haired minister came distinctly out he legan being so dreadfully polite and into the old church. "I, Allos, take thee Harry"nice that he's got an ax to grind. I'm ready as the next man to help folks ou The girl's voice could not be board those who listened, but the boy's deep tones Mary, but I'm no prindstone, and any

were audible. "For better, for worse"-Mrs. Wairbanks began to tremble. "Vor richer, for poorer"-The face of the woman in the paw grow white, and her eves never left the minister's face.

"Until death us do part."

"Come," abe said to Crawford hoarsely. 'Outside-anywhere " They sat down on a big gray rock in the dark grass near the rear of the church. After a time she spoke. "It was that old man's face," she said, "I can't got over it, nor bis voice.

"It wasn't much like the cathedral

where-where-I was," Mrs. Valrhauka

went on. "I oun see it now-the celling, had said cerelessly. "You'll amuse Mrs. the flowers, the organ, the bishop and all place." the people crowding in,"

She stood up, resting her hand on his

"Bob," also faltered, "I had forgotten that lover said-promised-that I" Crawford atood allent with bowed head "Mr. Crawford," also said at last, "you must take me back home the instant the

A MOTHER'S SORROW AND HER CONSOLATION

We send on its way this message of mother who sorrows, believing it may con fort others who must bear allke burden of grief. It is from a mother who has given back to the Father her baby boy, her onl child, and is in reply to a message of aympathy from a friend:

car is fixed."

"My Dear Friend : "Your sweet letter of loving sympathy was among 'the first ! reach me in the maddest hours of my life and I will try to express in my insufficien way my great appreciation of the message it contained.

League went on a visit to the Brick "Our home is so desolate and lonely and Church League last Wednesday evening. The President, Miss Maggie Matthews, was it seems that I miss my baby more every in charge. In addition to apirited praise, day. I don't believe that I can ever quit prayer and testimony, the scriptures were listening for his footsteps and his precious haby volce. I know that he is in heaven read by Miss Lottle F. Speight; a recitaand that God and my angel mother are tion, "Mother's Hong," by Miss Clara E. proud to have him, but it seems hard that Moore; a reading, "An Endeavorer," by he had to go and leave me so lonely. I Miss Hella Stephenson, and a historical feel that it must have been lest for him to sketch of the life and labors of Hev. Dr. go now, and I have infinite trust in the Corman, General Superintendent of the love and wisdom of my Heavenly Father. Methodist Church, by Mr. H. P. Moore. That trust and the sweet expressions of At the conclusion, Miss Amy Lealis, President of the Brick Church Lague, invited loving sympathy from our dear friends make the heavy burden bearable; still the the visitors to tarry, and coffee, sandwiches loneliness and longing to have him again and cake were served. are ever present. I thank God for landing Mesers. Frank Clamble and Richard him to me for the few short years that Johnson left for Manitolia on the expursion had him. He taught me many things, and on Tuesday. I often wondered why I was so blessed as It has been decided to open a Fifth to be given a child like him. He is welt-Class in the Public School ing up beyond the stars for mother, and

Life at its longest is but a few short years and it will not be long until I can be with him. "They ain't got the steeple off'n it my darling again, nevermore to be part-"We loved our baby and, I think, did the test we could for him while he stayed one and of the slm shaded atrest a white with us. His little body was ever frail, and he suffered far more than his share in Crawford blaw the horn, and two alert bis short little life. He is happy now and free from every pain or sorrow. I couldn't THE BACKBONE OF . THE NATION be selfish enough, when I think of the

"May God blom you and yours and spare of its bosses, and will be strong or weak you the sorrow that came as my share!

No perfect peace but comes through We must with patience bear our part,

And wait the sunshine after rain.' "The Lord Jesus Christ loved Church. He organized the Church. He is tion should there begin, that centre meanthe Head of the Church. The Church is ing love, protection, trust, bosor, discihis agency to carry his gospel into all the pline. world. The attitude of rational souls toward its Founder and Head, the rises and living Christ, should regulate the attitude of their souls toward his Church, which be loved and for which he gave himself."(Eph.

"I'M NO GRINDSTONE" Cordiality which is a mask for salf-inter set generally betrays its mercenary character, no matter how excellent the incertitude of life; it shields him, repair counterfelt. A plain-looking, middle-aged him, softens him, steadies him, holds him man and his plump, comfortable little wife to his best. were accounted on the street care one day Home, in its highest aspects, is all this by a youth whose air of gratification on and even when it falls short of the highest meeting them suggested that they might it retains a portion of its inevitable virtue ed the introduction to the wife with imanxiously after the besith of the family. strong nation is bound to foster the bons

The wife beamed benevolently on this pleasant young man who seemed so interested in them all. The husband regarded him shrewdly out of the corner of his eyes,

After a little the elder of the two garage and presently the thing he looked for hap-"Mr. Ray, I didn't know till the other other was in this church, and they had a I am looking for a position in that line notion they'd like to get married in it be. and if you would give me a letter of introfore it was all tors up. I told them you duction to Mr. Ray with a good send-off was in a hurry, but I'd ask if you'd mind I should appreciate it very much indeed." The man laughed with an air of more

"Queer how many folks get the idea that "We'll walt, certainly," she said. I'm related to Eben Ray. The name sin't "Will they be willing for us to stay during such a common one, I guess that's why Kind of a funny thing happened las

But the young man was not anxious hear the amusing story. "My mistake," the huge antomobile, the old clargyman a word of farewall. The little woman war divided between astonishment at He took his stand before the pulpit and strange behavior, and was surprised at her bushaud.

"Why, (leorge," she graped. "Whatever has come over you, to dany being related to your own brother?" The husband chuckled. "Well, I didn' exactly deny it. I only said that a good many folks got the idea that we were relat-"Isn't it-oh, I don't know-strange, ed, and so they do. It's this way, Mary, The last time I ran across this young fellow, he was with a crowd of atylish young folks, and he never saw me, not even when he looked right at me. I knew the minute

> body who thinks I am is going to find out his mistake in short order."

JUST A JOKELET During the lessons one afternoon in public school a thunderstorm arces, and the teacher began an entertaining discourse of obserful contentment. on the wonder of the elements. "Uimmy," said she, finally turning to s bright little youngeter, "oan you tell me

what lightning is Y'. "Yes, ma'am," was the ready rejoinder of little Jimmy, "lightning is streeks of "That's right," smiled the teacher, on- jutiouca.

In the darkness she heard Crawford's sasily, "after it bits once the same place. strong teeth to together in a sharp click. ain't there any more."

TWENTY YEARS AGO Prom Our Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 22th, 1895

The first interment was made in the new survey of the censetery on Monday. at break of day, The remains of Mrs. John Pletach were Mr. John Muckenzie, of Esquesing, har in droams away.

before he west to school.

At school he meant to lead his class before the term was done. But lossons are such stupid things, and boys must have some fun.

pleted and looks well. W. H. Walker was earn some laurels, too; A Toronto barlier who came here a couple lut fame la auch a fickle dame, and nick her favorite few. weeks ago, and was bired to rue

He meant to reach a wise old age, esteem-Morton's shop while the proprietor was lut wisdom's path was hard and steep and pleasure lured below. away on a whort vacation, left for (lucial barbers' tools of various kinds. He' was

But alnos he never really tried the things he meant to do. That nothing ever came of them, I'm no

GOLDEN WEATHER. Of the whole year, I think, I love

The little unmmer of all saints. About the middle of the full,

When first I had you at heart's

It is the being's afternoon. The second summer of the

When spirits find a way to reach Beyond the sense and its con-

content. Takes time to whisper in our Bweetheart, once more by every

When God blussif, being well

The little summer of all saints In the red autumn by the sea - Rliga Curmun

ual the rallying point of nearly all the LEGEND OF THE LILY OF THE VAL-Once upon a time, a long while ago, with a dewdrop abining on the ton. One

> but be sure to some home before the sum Of they started, running and swinging the buckets in their hands; but when they reschool the parden, instead of working, they began to tester on the grass blades and play bide and seek among the flowers. And, do you know, they played and playad all that night and forgot all about the dew and the fvory buckets till the great red sun could be seen. It was past time for going home and too late to gather dow. What would the fairy mother say "We'll hang our ivory buckets on these

they sald. Then they went home, and they felt very mother looked. As soon as the sun was one little fairy, then another and another. Bredys are pulling the wool over your They have been fastened that way ever eyes," she said. "They pretend they have sluce, and perhaps if you look in your

by saving to the cook : "If you put the lid on that camp kettle you would not get so much of the dust in The irate cook glared at the intruder and

After a time he broke an awkwardsilence

The man looked at her with a glimmer chicken, and roast beaf and strawberry of amusement in his eye. "It may seem a small place to you, mum," he said. "but It's beaps for the lion." Help for Asthma.-Neglect gives Asthma a prest advantage. The trouble, once it has secured a footbold, fastens its grip on the bronchial passages tensciously.

The lady went her way thoughtfully Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is saying to berealf that the humblest fare | daily curing cases of Asthma of long standseeking to lessen the fright of the children, might seem a feast if served with the sauce lug. Years of aufforing, however, might have been prevented had the remedy been used when the trouble was in its first stages. He not neglect asthma, but use this preparation at once.

> young man waxed aloquent she lost her the stomach and intestines Miller's Worm l'owders will be found an effective remedy.

THE BOY. WHO MEANT TO He mount to get up early when the air was orisp and onel. And mow the lawn and olip the hodge

But he was tired and sleepy when he woke Ho said another time would do, and alipped

In manhood feath he likewise

surprised, are you?

The best that time we went to

Nacausa there fell the golden Of that gold year bookle the

And you had your whole will

Man., on June 26th, Rev. A. R. Aldridge, H. A., to Mikired, youngest daughter of Mr. Bamuel McClorman, formerly of Then come the firmamental days. The underseason of the year,

Of blade and shadow it must

Home is the child's birthright. The world should unfold to a child from the have lived in a tiny house near a large randon a fairy mother with ever so many fairy children. All the children were dressed alike, in green slippers and stocklage, white suits, and white pointed cape evening the fairy mother said : "You may take your small ivory buckets and fill them with dew from the flowers in the garden.

Home is the man's anchorage, his point of security, the harbor to which he return after toll and wearinges, after wandering stems and to-night come and fill them."

sorry when they saw how sad their fairy down they hurried to the garden. First tried to nick his bucket from the stem poverty-stricken family came to see a where he had left it, but it was of no use. wealthy lady who had interested herealf in All the buckets were tightly featened to their case. "I want to tall you that those the stems and turned upside down.

nothing, but I often hear the children garden you will find some of the fairy's talking over their meals and I'd think I Ivory buckets.-Kindergarten Review.

was lucky to have on a holiday, what they SUPERPLUOUS CRIY have every day." The lady resolved to look into the matter and she timed her During a particularly nasty dust storm at one of the camera a recruit ventured to seek about meal time. She heard the sound of shalter in the sacred precipcts of the cook's children's volces. "Lizzie," one said, "do domain.

> then broke out : "See here, me lad. Your business is to

> serve your country.' "Yes," interrupted the recruit, "but not

AT THE ZOO A very stout old lady at the roological gardens was seeing the lions fed for the first time, and was rather surprised by the about beef and chicken. What was that limited amount of meat that was given

"That seems to me to be a very small

place of ment for the lion," she said to the

In all infantile complaints that are the the result of the depredations of worms in

couragingly. "Now tell me why it is that "Bon't I know every one of the tricks of They attack the cause of these troubles. your trade?" said Johnson, with consider- and by expelling the worms from the able heat. "He you think I have lived in organs insure an orderly working of the "Because," answered Jimmy, quite boarding houses fifteen years for nothing?" system, without which the child cannot "Well," replied Mrs. Finnegen, folly, maintain its strength or thrive. These

PRICIO REPARTEE Mrs. Vinnegen kept a boarding house

"when you call it los cream."

with several complaints. She listened in silence for a few moments, but as the

and one day young Johnson come to her

"I shouldn't be at all surprised."

powders man health and improvement.

attendant.