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The Acton Free Press

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ACROSS THE SEA

A thousand times a day, my love,
There comes the thought of thee
A thousand times a day, my love,
Wherever I may be;
At morning dawn, at noon, at night
At work, at ease, at play,
Yet still there comes the thought of thee
A thousand times a day.

A thousand times a day, my love,
I sing my song of thee;
A thousand times a day, my love,
My heart is filled with glee;
I listen as the laverrock sings
His love-song sweet and gay,
And unawares I join with him.
A thousand times a day.

A thousand times a day, my love,
A prayer ascends for thee—
The sweet incense of sacrifice
I'm offered lovingly;
The church bell chimes the homage hour
And I must go to pray;
But the I do in church out-doors
A thousand times a day.

A thousand times a day, my love,
I long to see thy face;
A thousand times a day, my love,
My soul doth thine embrace;
And though 'tis weary waiting here,
And sometimes wild the fray,
Consoling is the thought of thee
A thousand times a day.

The Power of Love

By Richard Markley

MOST young men go to college without any fixed life plan before them. What they will do with their education they put off deciding until after they get it. I was one of these. I was a good classical scholar and one of the honor men of my class. The closing days of my college life were very pleasant and very exciting. I delivered the salutatory in Latin, having the satisfaction of being considered a very learned young man.

I went home with the plaudits of my admirers ringing in my ears. But there I found a contrasting quiet. The excitement had all died out, and I found myself face to face with the problem of a career. Many young men who take honors in college become pedagogues. I had no such inclination, nor did I care for a profession of any kind. I preferred a stirring life. I went to the city, hunted for business position and got one with a house doing a commission business whose clientele was in South and Central America.

I stood the humdrum of business life for about a year, when some one was needed to go to Honduras to collect a debt owing the firm. I offered to go. My offer was accepted, and within a few weeks I found myself in the country of the rubber tree.

While collecting the debt I was approached by some men who told me that they were plotting to seize the government. They persuaded me to join them. They were defeated. I, with others, was captured in arms and thrown into prison. The same evening we were told that we would all be garroted the next morning.

When at daylight an officer entered the room where we were confined to take us out to execution he said to me:

"I understand that you are an educated man. Am I correct?"

"I consider myself a good classical scholar," I replied.

"Very well." Then, turning to a subordinate, he said:

"Take him to his excellency."

I was led to the president's house and told to wait till called for. About 9 o'clock I was conducted to the president's private office.

"What do you know about the classical?" he asked.

I told him that I was a college graduate and had at commencement delivered an oration in Latin.

"You're just what I want," he said. "My son wishes to enter an American college next year, and needs a tutor. If you will fit him for the entrance examinations I will pardon you for your stupid complicity with these rascals who have sought to put themselves in my place. But understand, your sentence is only suspended. You will come into my family and be one of us. Any digression from a straight path and you will suffer under your sentence for treason. Say nothing to any one of your connection with traitors."

I did not understand what he meant by "any digression" till I arrived at his house and for the first time saw that he had a daughter at that tender age when girls are liable to fall in love with any presentable man they happen to be thrown in with. Donna Inez was nineteen and of course a Spanish type. It was plain that I had been warned against making love to her.

I was introduced into the family by President Sanchez as a college graduate he had imported from the north to tutor his son Pedro, sixteen years old. Senora Sanchez was probably the only person in the house that knew I was under sentence of death.

I have a theory that we only enjoy by contrast. Another way of putting it is, "Stolen fruit is the sweetest." The president made a great mistake in warning me. For a young man of twenty-three to be forbidden under penalty of death to make love to a young girl is a terrible temptation. Had Senor Sanchez made no such threat I might have lived in the same house with his daughter and not transgressed. As it was, I was tortured with a terrible desire to win her and with a terrible fear of the garrote if I did.

Whatever were my feelings, I dared not show them even to the young lady herself. And here I made the same mistake with her that her father had made with me. Observing that I had unintentionally inspired her with a sentiment that might lead to love, I confided to her the secret that love with us meant death to me.

From that moment a passion that might otherwise have either never been born or at least soon have died out flamed up in Donna Inez and absorbed her whole being. Could this passion be scientifically analyzed I think it would appear that the predominant element in it would turn out to be a desire that I should accept death in preference to giving her up. There is something paradoxical about this, but nature is full of paradoxes.

There would surely come a time when we would put not our necks in a halter, but my neck in the garrote. We were one day in the room where I taught Donna Inez's brother, he having just gone out. She gave me a reproachful look.

"For heaven's sake, senorita, what is it? I beg of you be careful. You understand the position in which I stand."

"I do. But I love you. Why should we be parted? Fate is very cruel."

"If we yield to this passion I must pay the penalty, and if I pay the penalty you will lose me. There is but one course for us. We must part."

"Are you not willing to take any risk at all for my sake?"

"Do you wish me to suffer the garrote for your sake?"

She was silent for a moment, with downcast eyes.

"I do not wish you to suffer, but I wish you to be willing to suffer on account of your love for me."

There was something irresistable in her face as she turned her eyes up to meet mine. I clasped a hand that hung loosely by her side and felt a current running from her arm into mine. Then it was all over with me. I drew her toward me and kissed her.

The next few weeks were the most delightful to me of any period of my life. I was constantly stealing interviews with Donna Inez, knowing all the while that if caught in one of them I would pay for the pleasure with my life. True, there were moments when the abyss on whose brink I stood would appear beneath me in all its terrible reality. But had it not been for these moments would my enjoyment with the girl I loved have been so keen? I think not. It was the one that brought out the other.

The bliss of one of our meetings was interrupted by a terrible scare. We heard a step in the adjoining room. Inez clung to me, clutching me like one drowning. We heard the same step retreating.

"It's father!" she gasped.

Some moments passed. There was no recovery for us, for we did not know but that we had been discovered. Finally she said:

"If there has been a false alarm and you will not be torn away from me to die I vow that I will never again expose you to such a danger. I forbid you to speak to me of love again."

She persisted till I had promised to obey; then after a long parting kiss she left me.

When I saw the president again he showed no trace whatever of having discovered the situation. Inez and I had received a terrible warning; we had both been brought to a realization of our danger and had determined never to expose ourselves to it again. Our resolution lasted forty-eight hours. Then we found ourselves again clasped in an embrace. For two days my desire to caress my love once more had been increasing until the last moment, when not a thousand garrotes could have deterred me.

"Heaven," gasped Inez, "we are again in the maelstrom! The pitcher that goes often to the well is soon broken."

"There is but one course for us to pursue," I replied. "If you love me living you must love me dead. I will leave you and at last your love will die."

"No," she exclaimed; "it will live forever."

Then suddenly the blood left the cheeks of both of us. Again we heard the step in the adjoining room, the same step we had heard before.

"We are lost!" we both cried in a hoarse whisper.

"Your father has been watching us," I said. "The last time he caught us he was not sure. He has waited for more conclusive evidence. He has caught us a second time. I do not expect ever to see you again after this one last parting."

She swooned in my arms. I carried her to a lounge and laid her on it. I dared not call any one; indeed I feared that some one would come in and find us there together. She soon opened her eyes, but the moment she remembered what had taken place was about to swoon again, when I spoke reassuring words I did not feel, and she regained control of herself.

I had now not the slightest doubt that Senor Sanchez knew of what was going on between me and his daughter and would choose his own time as to fulfilling the conditions he had imposed when I had come into his family.

I was kneeling by Donna Inez striving to convince her to the contrary of what I felt when again the step was heard. This time it was coming directly toward us. Abandoning all hope of keeping our secret longer, we clung to each other and awaited the blow. In another moment Senor Sanchez stood in the doorway. He saw his daughter's arms fall from about my neck, limp. She had again passed into unconsciousness.

He rushed toward her and, replacing me, took her in his own arms. When she came to herself he began to reassure her:

"Pardon, little one, pardon! I did not intend to put this strain upon you. I was led into it by a desire to test the strength of love." He took her wrists in his hands and folded her arms about his neck. "When the tutor was about to come to us I saw that he was just such a person as would capture a young girl's fancy, and I endeavored to ward off such a result, having other plans for you. Then when I saw that love was proving itself stronger than the fear of death I kept my eyes upon you both, not from a desire to spy on you, but to observe the power of the bond that united you. Kiss me, my darling. I promise you I shall not oppose that which even the fear of the garrote cannot subdue."

My neck was encircled, but not by the garrote. A wedding garland was thrown about me and Donna Inez's arms as well. I became a staunch supporter of my father-in-law and fought for him when he was again attacked by revolutionists. He swears by me, telling every one that he does not know how he could get on without me.

PLANT DEFENSE

The keen competition in commercial circles, even in these strenuous days, is as nothing beside that of many plants and trees for bare existence. Their entire lives, from the time they form in the parent seedpod, are beset with peril, for nature is as much mistress of destruction as of creation.

Every plant growing in a wild state has something to combat against. It may be the war waged against it by plants of other species, or it may be the likelihood of being devoured by animal or insect.

This is particularly evident in the case of the garden plant, which, in its natural state, carries long, sharp thorns, as a protection against the browsing animals.

Thorns, spikes, spines and stiff bristly growths are the most common forms of plant defence. There are many plants that have spines only when young, shedding these weapons of defence when old enough and sufficiently strong to exist without them. Other plants, again, carry their spikes, or spines on the under part of the leaves, to ward off creeping foes, such as slugs.

The most terrible plant defence of all is that of the wreath of thorns, a creeper that flourishes in the dense jungles of South America. A horse or man struggling through such a jungle, if so unfortunate as to come in contact with this creeper, will rapidly be enfolded with the sinuous lengths, from the clutches of which it is impossible to get free without assistance. The more the victim struggles, the tighter he is held; and this plant can be best described as a series of springs the tightening of one will affecting all the others.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LEARNING A TRADE

"To make a good living; to have a happy family; to make preparation for hard times, to wear overalls in the shop with the same dignity as good clothes are worn on Sunday; to be confident you are laying a sure foundation for any future success; to feel that you are master of your work, and that you share the creative spirit; This is the wholesome philosophy of learning a trade."—Milton P. Higgins.

SHOOTING TO HIT

A well trained infantryman is an expert on rapid fire. He can fire his rifle the maximum number of times a minute and most of his shots will be "inners", or he can group his shots on specified points of the target with the same all-but-unerring skill. When he faces an advancing enemy he wastes but few cartridges. Coolly, rapidly and with precision he sends each bullet into its living, moving "billet." He has confidence and self-assurance, because he knows what to do and how to do it. If the line he is in is but thinly held, he does not get an attack of "nerves," but applies himself with even greater intensity to his task of shooting to hit. If his rifle "jams" he takes up another, but he does not think of quitting, or of engaging his neighbor in pessimistic talk.

We, at home, must follow his example. We cannot stand on the "firing step" to check the Huns' advance. The enemies we fight are less tangible and perhaps more insidious. Hunger is one of them: idle, depressing conversation is another. Second only in importance to keeping the army at full strength is that of producing and conserving food. Men are being called from farms as well as from every other producing industry. Our reserves are being moved into the front line. But, even if the line is getting thinner, do not get an attack of "nerves" and think of throwing up your hands or of running away. Try some rapid fire in the producing line. Show your skill in grouping your shots on the most dangerous targets. If your implements are "jammed" from want of help, join up with your neighbor who may be in a similar plight. Such team-work may keep two farms from being useless in the fight for freedom. Or if male labor is out of the question, enlist the women. Thousands of British women have been on farms during the past two years and if the need arises Canadian women will be no less dauntless. Shoot quickly, shoot to hit and keep on shooting.—A. D.

"I'M HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME"

Wounded Canadian in No Hurry to Leave Hospital

"For goodness sake keep the Y. M. C. A. going," and, "I believe the peace bell will be ringing before this year is out," are the messages sent to his home, Valleyfield, Que., in a letter by Lance Corp. Thomas Moir, of the 24th Victorian Rifles. The letter is written from the First General Hospital, at Stourbridge, near Birmingham, and the writer gives the highest possible praise to the hospital staff.

"Fancy a bunch of nice nurses and sisters to wait on you, lying in bed and having your meals brought to you. Why, it's worth while getting wounded for this to the best part of the war—hospital!"

"For goodness sake keep the Y. M. C. A. going," implores Lance Corp. Moir, who in his comfortable quarters in hospital does not forget the discomforts of the boys still in the trenches.

"Just think of coming out of the front line after a hard trip, wet, tired and hungry; never having a hot drink for days, to say nothing of a hot meal, and right up near the line you find the 'Y' with steaming hot tea and a smoke waiting. I don't know what we would do without them. I think if people really knew what the 'Y's' are doing they would give more."

The writer concludes with the prophecy that the war will end this year. Austria's back is broken, he declares, and Germany cannot spare troops from the western front to help her ally.

"Dinner time" is the excuse for an abrupt ending to an interesting letter, and the last sentence is the cheerful prediction that "the peace bell will be ringing before the year is out."

HOW PROHIBITION MEANS MORE DRUNKENNESS

The New York Evening Journal says that "prohibition means more drunkenness and those that are really and sincerely opposed to drunkenness and to excessive whisky drinking should be the honest and open opponents of mistaken prohibition and its mistaken friends."

The statement belongs to that class of literature labeled "interesting if true."

"Prohibition means more drunkenness." That explains the desire of every distiller and every brewer to break down the prohibition defences of Maine and Kansas and the other prohibition territory of the country.

"Prohibition means more drunkenness." That explains why some of the major league baseball parks have abolished the saloons under the grandstands. Everybody understands what a fine advertisement a drunken enthusiast is at a ball game, and the sure way to get him, in large numbers, is to prohibit ball park saloons.

"Prohibition means more drunkenness." Yes it does, just as doctors mean more disease, and schools mean more ignorance, and food-inspection means more bad meat, and life-saving stations mean more wrecks, and sane Fourths mean more lockjaw, and antitoxin means more diphtheria, and the Ten Commandments mean more wickedness.

All these restraining things mean more of the evil they are meant to restrain or cure; but they mean it in just one situation only—when they don't work.—Epworth Herald.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 18, 1898

A good harvest has been housed, and the farmers are thankful.

The country schools reopened on Monday.

St. Alban's Sunday School picnic was held in McPherson's grove on Tuesday afternoon.

Tuesday, 23rd, inst., is to be Civic Holiday. The day will be celebrated with a big demonstration. Calithumpian procession at 9.30 a. m. followed by a baseball match at 10 o'clock between the Victorias, of Guelph, and the Beavers, of Acton. A decorated bicycle parade will follow. At 1.30 there will be a lacrosse match between the Tuscarora Indians and the Crescents of Acton. Bicycle races, foot races, a tug of war between teams from the tanneries and a five-mile bicycle race between Ballantine, of Georgetown, and Barry, of Acton, will complete the afternoon's programme. In the evening there will be a concert with an array of talent.

Contractor Dynes has removed another landmark from its original foundations on the corner of Mill and Willow Streets to the rear of the lot. The Steel cottage was erected forty-eight years ago.

Among those successful in passing the High School examinations were the following: Form I.—I. Barry, J. H. Bingham, Edwin Francis, A. McLeod, P. B. Reed, Arthur Smyth, Ina Clark, Maggie Fyfe and Daisy Nicklin. Form II.—M. Bennett, W. R. Somerville, H. G. Mitchell, Howard F. Oram, E. E. Shortill, Ada Fyfe. Form III.—J. Cole, Minnie Holmes, P. B. Harrison, L. M. McMurphy, William Stewart. Form IV.—Maud Norton, M. E. Norton, F. Steele.

UNDISCOVERED GENIUS

"If I were only a genius now! But I haven't a single talent that I have been able to discover." The young man shook his head soberly. "It would be such a comfort to know that I was on the right track—doing the work for which I was best fitted—but this doubt is so harassing."

"And yet you say that you like your work?" The shrewd business man eyed his nephew keenly. "There is a saying that 'Genuine love for one's work is the best form of genius.' So long as your present position is the greatest opportunity that has come to you, be sure it is the work intended for you just now. Don't dissipate your energies by foolish doubts, but concentrate them upon your duties as though your whole future was at stake. Work for your employer's success as though it were your own, and the results will take care of themselves.

"A young man," continued the old gentleman, "should use his opportunities as Peter uses a ladder when he picks my fruit. He gathers all that he can reach from the lower rounds before he is ready to go up the next step. Grasp everything that your can rightfully secure—new ideas, fresher and better methods of doing things—every possibility that will add to the success of the business with which you are connected. Then, higher up, you will see the laden branches beckoning you, and the next step will be a matter of course."

COCKNEY TENACITY

Montagu Love, Emperor of raconteurs, tells this one:

An English soldier was captured by the Germans, and kept annoying his guards by shouting at them, "Any 'ow, we give you 'ell at the Marne." The guards ordered him to shut up, and threatened all manner of punishment, but he stubbornly kept up his chant, "You know we give you 'ell at the Marne." So they took him before the commanding officer, who was greeted with the same reminder of the great German disaster. In a rage he told the Englishman he could have five minutes to swear allegiance to the Kaiser or be shot. After four minutes had passed, the Englishman decided to take the oath. As soon as it was administered and he was put into a German uniform he was taken to the canteen, and the squad, with filled steins, with ironical cheers, drank the health of their new "kamerad." Then they demanded a speech. The little Cockney promptly mounted a chair, and remarked:

"Well, lads, now that we're all comrades 'ere together, we've got to admit that them Hallies did give us 'ell at the Marne."

BEGIN EARLY

Walking in a friend's garden one day I was struck with the regular growth of some pear trees, which had their branches running at regular spaces, and all fastened to a wooden frame. When I inquired how he succeeded in getting them to grow so orderly, he replied:

"Well, I trained them when quite young and pliant; I cut away all the shoots that went in the wrong direction, and so, when they grew hard and firm, they were exactly as I wished them to be. The secret of it all is just this: begin early enough, and the tree will then be trained aright."

Now, is not that a parable for every one of us? The secret of all good, fruitful, blessed growth in character and usefulness is in beginning early to cultivate the true and pure and good. Let us never forget that when we are young everything is as in a setting to be molded, and, if not fashioned rightly, we shall bear the marks of the mistake all through our lives.—Selected.

DISTANT HILLS ALWAYS STEEP

The task that seems so very great,
From which you daily shrink in dread,
Will never dwindle while you wait
And wish the way was clear ahead.
The traveler whose feet have burned
On dusty slopes, in valleys deep,
And on the rocky heights, has learned
That distant hills are always steep.

The duty that, day after day,
You sadly turn from, waiting still
And wishing it could fade away,
Perhaps is like the distant hill.
The tasks we try so hard to shun
Are often found, when forth we leap,
At last, to end them, quickly done—
The distant hills are always steep.

Why wait when there is work for you?
Why scan it from afar and sigh?
It may not be so hard to do
If you but press ahead and try.
We marvel when upon the height,
We let our glances backward sweep
At all the gentle slopes in sight—
The distant hills are always steep.

S. E. KISER, in Chicago Record-Herald

GOOD CITIZENSHIP

Has it ever occurred to the majority that those priceless things—ideals of liberty and justice and right living—can be neither bought nor sold? They are not heirlooms and no parent can hand them down ticketed and tied like government bonds or enclosed, like jewels, in a strong box. They may be "recommended" and even insisted upon but are adopted voluntarily or not at all.

These facts offer food for serious thought on the part of those who are responsible for Canada's future. Whatever ideals is is desirable for the citizens of to-morrow to possess must be instilled into the consciousness of the children of to-day. The process is the tedious one of "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, there a little"—a process at times inspiring but more often than not discouraging. It is a process little realized in the main because its workings are unseen. Not until the generation stands ready for citizenship can it be seen that damage has been done. Only then is one aware of the existence of the harmful influence. Human careers are too precious to be submitted to this exploitation and the most serious duty confronting patriots to-day is the provision of influences that will produce high standards of living for generations to come.

Had this truth been recognized from any other than a largely theoretical standpoint by the men and women of the proceeding and the present generation it would have been impossible for the vicious theories promulgated by Frederick the Great (wrongly so called) to be working themselves out today in Prussian atrocities. There can not be too vigorous pushing of baby welfare movements or the establishment and maintenance of supervised playgrounds. Boy Scout movements, national health boards, carefully considered housing schemes, city planning and every movement that centres in the cleanest, finest living. An examination into the things in which all were most keenly concerned a decade ago will not result in a list of these things as national interests if Prussianism is to be stamped out forever.—From the Women's Section, Office of Director of Public Information.

NEWEST NOTES OF SCIENCE

A United States navy collier has succeeded in pumping fuel oil through a hose to a battleship while both vessels were running at a speed of sixteen miles an hour.

Steamboats built in England for use on a tropical river have been provided with means for spraying their cabin roofs with water to cool them by evaporation.

The great radio station erected near Stavanger for the Norwegian government has been completed and messages have been exchanged with an American station near New York.

To enable a man to smooth new concrete sidewalks while standing a long handled trowel has been invented, the handle being so mounted that the face of the trowel will not cut the concrete.

MAY SAVE SEED WHEAT

Messrs. Quance Bros. of Dehli wrote the Food Board of Ottawa to get a ruling upon the yarn in circulation to the effect that it was illegal to save wheat for seed. The answer they received was as follows:

"Replying to your letter of June 15th, there is no regulation either on the part of the Canada Food Board or the Board of Grain Supervisors to prevent or discourage anyone from retaining necessary adequate supplies of seed wheat. Special regulations of the Board of Grain Supervisors issued from their office, Grain Exchange, Winnipeg, Man., stipulates that anyone may sell wheat for any price which the purchaser is willing to pay for it for use for seed purposes."—Simcoe Reformer.

NOBLE SAYINGS

The mind grows by what it feeds on.—Timothy Titcomb.

There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother.—George Borrow.

The fulfilment of duty is the true end of life and the true welfare.—Jouffroy.

May Heaven send me not what I wish, but what will be for my good.—Monander.

The happy age
When truth and love shall dwell below
Among the works and ways of men.
—Shelley.

STRINGS FOR VIOLINS AND TENNIS RACKETS

The question may arise to some as to where the supply of catgut used in the making of strings for violins and tennis rackets comes from. It does not come from cats, as the name would imply, but from sheep. The intestines of sheep are used, as well as every other part of the animal, for a purpose. After grading the intestines they are divided into narrows about eight yards in length, and sent to a string factory where they undergo thorough cleansing and chemical treatment. The time required to produce strings is from twelve to sixteen days, and it takes from twenty to twenty-four sheep to supply strings for one tennis racket, and the entrails of one whole sheep to make a single violin string. The intestines differ in color slightly, some being lighter than others, but it does not have any effect on the tone, quality or durability of the strings. From four to fifteen strands are used for one music string, being spun into strings, twisted, and polished off with emery paper.