

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1920

MY HUSBAND

"Who in my youth said, 'Dearest, come, Purse your precious childhood's And with me o'er the wide world roam?'"

My husband.

Who gently led me in the way, And caused my heart to rejoice the day That took me from my home, my husband.

My husband.

Who at first sounding of alarm, Would fold round me his loving arm, To shield me from impending harm? — My husband,

Who at first token of distress, Exhibited by ruthlessness, Did nothing but my fond earnest— My husband,

Who, if long, watchful nights there be, When sleep—sweet sleep—won't come Will keep awake for company? — My husband,

Who, when I with each nerve unstrong, Next born move found my care If I should fail, would "hush" his tongue? — My husband,

Who, through all changing scenes of life, Was always there, the peace, the strife, — Would call me caught but "treacherous wife?" — My husband,

When on the couch of suffering laid, With throbbed pulse and aching brain, Who anxious watches round my bed? — My husband,

Who, when I've done with all below, And death's dark waters round me, Would fain with me Jordan wade? — My husband,

Twenty Years Ago

From the issue of the Free Press of Thursday, December 20, 1900.

The Public School here is closed for the year. The last lessons of the century have been recited.

An increased demand for winter goods has been met by merchants generally, owing to the cold weather of the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Mackay entered the members of Knox Christian Endeavor Society last Thursday evening.

Wish you a merry, merry Christmas.

The business of Santa Claus is now in full swing.

The Methodist Sunday School orchestra supplied a splendid programme of instrumental and vocal music at the annual meeting at Congregation Tuesday night, and delighted the audience.

The annual meeting of the Methodist Sunday School was held on Monday evening, December 10, at the church.

Superintendent—H. F. Moore.

Associate Superintendent—J. S. Coleman and A. E. Nicklin.

Music—Miss E. L. Loring.

Secretary—C. Williams.

Asst. Sec.—Kerry Brown.

Treasurer—R. J. Gurney.

Librarian—A. E. Gurney.

Urganist—Miss M. G. Spill.

Chorister—Miss Little E. Spill.

Upholsterer—Misses A. Glover and C. R. Bowker.

Teachers—Mrs. T. Moore, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. H. F. Moore, Mrs. Jessie Orain, J. W. Humphries, Mrs. J. M. Hagan, Mrs. James McLellan, Mrs. John Hagan, Mrs. Mrs. G. O. Spill, Mrs. Eva Williams, Miss Clara Moore, Miss Linda McLellan, Miss Annie Stephens, Mrs. John Vincent, Jas. Cheyne, Mrs. John Stewart, Mrs. N. F. Moore, and Mrs. John Stewart.

On Friday afternoon, 18th inst., if there is good sleighing, the school's annual meeting will be held.

Mr. and Mrs. Newsgrove has been awarded diploma for the neatest and best Kent school, in the county.

GETTING ON

We say that one is "getting on" who is putting money by, who is being advanced, who is in a comfortable position, or another.

But some who are growing wealthy are not getting on at all. Their brains are gradually losing in keenness and their hearts in tenderness. They are becoming more and more formal. It takes more of an effort than it did for them to do another a service.

When your friends say to you, "How are you getting on?" you think, "Is it for your material advancement? If so, you have been promoted with an increase of salary you answer, "Oh, I'm getting along fine, thanks to you." But you know that question truly must look into our heart. Are our ideals lost, our lives more noble, our helpfulness more spontaneous, our kindness a second nature? If not, you have not answered these questions can we tell, whether or not we are getting on."

DWARF CATTLE

Strangled with asthma is the only expression that seems to convey what is endured from an attack of this trouble. The belief from Dr. J. D. Kennedy and Kennedy is that when there comes comfort and rest, breathing becomes normal and the bronchial tubes completely cleared. This is the only remedy, we are told, many times its price to him who uses it.