The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1921

I WOULDN'T FRET

Dear little lad, with dashing eyes,
And soft cheeks where the swift red flies,
Some one has grieved you, dear; I know
Just how it hurts; words can hurt so!
But listen, laddie—don't you hear
The old clock ticking loud and clear?
It says, "Dear heart, let us forget—
I wouldn't fret, I wouldn't fret!"

Why, little girlie, what's gone wrong?
My song-bird's dropping, hushed her song.
The world has used you ill, you say?
Ah, sweetheart, that is just the way,
It doesn't mean to be unkind,
No, little lassie, never mind;
The old clock ticks, "Forget, forget,
I wouldn't fret, I wouldn't fret!"

—The Messenger.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, November 21, 1901

There was good skating on the power house pond yesterday.

The farmers are still engaged in plowing, the frost not having penetrated below the surface.

Acton Fire Brigade will hold their first ball and supper in the town hall next Wednesday evening.

Oats are ruling higher in price today than for eight years past. They sold yesterday in Toronto for fifty cents a bushel.

The citizens in the east end declare that if "Light-fingered Jim" does not cease his pilfering of their wood, fence boards, etc., at once they will refer the matter to the authorities and serious results to him may follow.

This is the latest on the young man who hangs around the church door on Sunday night waiting for his "steady": "Mary had a little lamb; it followed her to church, and then it stood around the door like an owl upon its perch. Why don't the little lamb come in?" the watchful people cried; why Mary told the silly thing to watch for her outside. So you, each gentle maiden, may one and all all find, some shepherd waiting near the door, if you admire that kind."

Rev. Father Haley, a former pastor of St. Joseph's Church here, died at Valley City, North Dakota, on Wednesday last, and his remains were brought to his old home, Arthur and interred in the family plot on Tuesday of this week. He came to Acton from Hamilton, and from here was transferred to Manton. He went to North Dakota for his health.

CARRYING ON

"Aren't you coming, Pen Marman?" asked Zelma Freer in astonishment.

Pen's steady smiling eyes seemed to be trying to draw her friend's attention from her wistful lips. "Not I," she replied. "Chemistry. Thank your stars, Zelma, that you aren't such a slow-witted thing as I."

"Slow-witted, indeed! You're very thorough. The rest of us skim. But, Pen, a trip like this is worth a chemistry lesson ten times over."

Pen's eyes lowered to a little tintype on her desk, a cheap photograph of a girl in a poor, ill-fitting dress with the big sleeves of the eighties. Yet, poor though the photograph was, it showed the eagerness in the dark eyes, the firmness in the sweet mouth. "You see," Pen said, "I can't fail Helen."

"Who is Helen?" Zelma inquired. "I've often wondered. Why, she must be old enough to be your grandmother—almost."

"She was my aunt, mother's youngest sister, who died when she was eighteen. She was a pioneer's daughter. If you want to know what that means, you should hear mother tell of her childhood in the Far West—of the blizzards in winter and the droughts in summer; of the bare plains without a tree for shelter; of the failure of crops year after year of the hard—oh, heartbreakingly hard!—lives of the women, who had no pleasures, no conveniences, nothing except endless work. Mother married and escaped, but Helen remained, and all the time she dreamed of college. She did not want an education for itself; she wanted to teach the children of the settlement—children who were starving for an education, as she was.

"She got her chance at last—father helped give it to her—but she never went to college. She died, while she was still in the preparatory school; her hard life had exhausted her vitality. She did not know how to spare herself when her chance arrived, and when pneumonia came she had no strength to resist it.

"I can't quite tell you how I feel. I know she was not the only girl like that. But it's girls like her and women like grandmother that have made life so different for you and me. And somehow—I feel it always—I can't fail Helen. I've got to carry on her life. I've got to make mine worth while to pay for her sacrifice. Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see," Zelma replied gravely.

'TIS A GREAT GAME!

The country newspaper business is a great game. Just in the midst of an obituary of a dear friend, and when hot tears threaten to flow down and blot out the words you write, there breaks through the office door the radiant face of the daddy of a new boy. Tears and joy mingle in the same breath, and the giving and taking of life are recorded on the same page. Before you have finished the obituary the bronzy advance man for a comedy show pops in and asks you to write a scream for the "Forty Fat Frolicsome Fairies" and how joyous they are. Before you have done with kind words about your departed friends, the joy of the new baby and finished the showman's ad., a fellow sneaks in to ask you to suppress the story of the fight that he was mixed up in. Then, after putting all the lace and trimmings on the bride's wedding gown, dressing the groom in the conventional black and starting them off with congratulations and best wishes, you turn again to the tear side of life and write "But the stately ship moves on to the haven under the hill, and oh for the touch of a vanished hand and sound of a voice that is still." Then comes a bill and the big typewriter is content to record that just around the corner and each waiting his turn stand Joy, Grief, Sorrow, Mirth, Sarcasm, Wit and Laughter. Small wonder, then, that the newspaper man brings to his business a devotion that is not found in any other walk of life.—Fergus News-Record.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD

"Ho you've given up drinking, have you, Rastus?" asked the grocer.

"Yes, suh," said the old fellow. "I ain't touched a drap in fo' weeks."

"Well, you deserve credit for that."

"Yes, suh; dat's jes' what I thinks, Mistah Brown. I was jes' gwine to axe yo' if yo' ond trus' me fo' some groceries."—Boston Transcript.

There is nothing repulsive in Miller's Worm Powders, and they are so pleasant to take as sugar, so that few children will refuse them. In some cases they cause vomiting through their action in an unsound stomach, but this is only a manifestation of their cleansing power, no indication that they are hurtful. They can be thoroughly depended upon to clear worms from the system.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20

PAUL BEFORE THE KING—Acts 25: 1-26: 32.

Golden Text.—"Now hath Christ been raised from the dead, the first fruits of them that are asleep."—1 Cor. 15: 20.

Lesson Comments

Verse 19.—Festus was Roman governor, or procurator, that succeeded Felix in the province of Judea. The Jews besought Festus to bring Paul to Jerusalem, expecting to kill him on the way. Festus went to Caesarea to examine Paul himself. Paul appealed to Cesar. We here have his pleading before the king. The "vision" referred to his conversion.

Verse 20—This is a clear declaration that shows the apostle to have been enthusiastically busy preaching the gospel wherever he was. He regarded it as his life mission by divine appointment.

Verse 21—Religious fanaticism focuses in the bitterest type of enmity.

Verse 22—Paul had been attacked and rescued time and time again, and always attributed his rescue to Providence. He preached the Christ of prophecy.

Verse 23—The fundamental doctrines of the gospel are Jesus Christ and their foundations in the prophecies of the Old Testament. Paul was faithful both to Moses and to Jesus, and, over all, faithful to his God.

Verse 24—To Festus' Gentile mind Paul's clear presentation was the raving of a lunatic.

Verse 25—Minds so diverse in point of view can not easily get together.

Verse 26—King Agrippa's Jewish education enabled him to understand what was an enigma to Festus.

Verse 27—Agrippa also knew of Christ, the apostles and the apostolic doctrine, in addition to his knowledge of the Mosaic Scriptures.

Verse 28.—Paul was an orator, and knew his theme. Agrippa saw his aim. He did not take offense, but was embarrassed into evasion.

Verse 29—"Paul's reply was never excelled for propriety of diction and magnanimity of sentiment."

Verse 30—The high authorities arose and withdrew to consult one another over what they had heard.

Verse 31—Persons of rank and power are seldom willing to become such loyal Christians as was the apostle Paul. Festus and Agrippa were not fools—they saw Paul's honor and worthiness, but were not willing to go with him.

Verse 32—Festus was still in an embarrassing situation. He felt that he should have released Paul before he appealed to Cesar. He now had to send his prisoner to the emperor without charges that justified his being sent at all.

Illustrated Truth

Nothing is so likely to unlock the lips as the consciousness that one is in possession of that which ought to be told to others (Acts 26: 22).

Illustration.—It is a strange thing when Christians refuse to give the gospel message, save under strong pressure. At one of the Student Volunteer conventions a delegate, unable to find a seat elsewhere, was given a place at the press table. A reporter, seeing that the young man was taking notes, thought he saw an opportunity for getting his grist without having to stay through. "Are they going to make you report this thing?" he asked, with a bored expression. "Make me?" exclaimed the other, with a shining face. "I guess they would have a good time keeping me from it."

Topics for Research and Discussion

I. The Heavenly Vision (vs. 19-21.)—1. Who was Festus? 2. Review the recent experiences of Paul. 3. What was the "vision" to which Paul refers? II. The World Gospel (vs. 22, 23).—4. To what did Paul attribute his repeated rescues from death? 5. Why is there not greater belief in God's providence to-day? 6. How was Paul faithful to both Moses and Jesus Christ? III. The Royal Rejection (vs. 24-32).—7. How did Paul's clear presentation strike Festus? 8. Why was Agrippa better able to understand? 9. Why could not Paul convince and convert these two?

Daily Readings for Next Week

Monday, November 21.—Paul's warning Unheeded (Acts 27: 1-13).

Tuesday, November 22.—Assurance in Danger (Acts 27: 14-20).

Wednesday, November 23.—Paul's Message to the Seamen (Acts 27: 20-38).

Thursday, November 24.—The Shipwreck (Acts 27: 39-44).

Friday, November 25.—Moses Encouraged (Ex. 33: 12-23).

Saturday, November 26.—Joshua Encouraged (Josh. 1: 1-9).

Sunday, November 27.—The Goodness of Jehovah (Ps. 107: 23-37).

GIVE ROYALLY

Though the day of the kings is passing, kinglihess is coming within reach of us all. The age asks of us that we should live royally instead of meanly. When a friend asked Carlyle for his last message to the world he said, "Give yourself royally." A monarch disdains a poor gift. He does not proportion his giving according to what he expects to get. His gift to a beggar must be worthy of his high estate.

Give yourself royally. Give richly, whole-heartedly, without thought of return. If the day of kings is passing, it is past because every man is expected to play the kingly role.

Worms sap the strength and undermine the vitality of children. Strengthen them by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to drive out the parasites.

ELECTRIC POPCORN

The popper that pops popcorn by electricity is a brand-new invention; much more convenient than the old style of popper, and less danger of scorching the corn.

It is a small pan of aluminum with a rectangular wire cage on top and a wooden handle. Through the handle passes an electric cord, which has simply to be plugged into the house circuit. Then you are ready to pop.

Hard and soft corns both yield to Holloway's Corn Remover, which is entirely safe to use, and certain and satisfactory in its action.

SAVING MORE NOW

A Scotsman in Toronto is jubilant over the advance of street car rates from five to seven cents; for he says he now has to walk only four times to his work in order to save a quarter, whereas under the old rates which gave six tickets for twenty-five cents he had to walk six times to save a quarter.

To Asthma Sufferers. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy comes like a helping hand to a sinking swimmer. It gives new life and hope by relieving his trouble—something he has come to believe impossible. Its benefit is too evident to be questioned. It is its own best argument—its own best advertisement. If you suffer from asthma get this time-tried remedy and find help like thousands of others.

HEAD HUNTING IN THE GATINEAU

(1) Blue Sea Lake.
(2) Below the Paugan at Low.

to a great number of people, "the Gatineau" is a term quite as vague as was "somewhere in France" during the war. Even Canadians with confirmed explorative tendencies are phenomenally ignorant concerning that section of Quebec that stretches from the Ottawa River north to Maniwaki and then on to a cluster of unnamed lakes in which the Gatineau River takes its rise.

There are, it is true, many Ottawans who claim to know the district, for they variously contend that Chelsea, Kingsmere, Meach Lake, Blue Sea, Farm Point or Kirk's Ferry is the real Paradise. But of the vast unsettled unsurveyed country rolling away from the main road and the railway, they know very little.

The Gatineau has "got me" at last. For years I have fought against it, listening with ill-concealed scepticism to those who years ago succumbed to its magic thrall. It have been driven into corners and forced to hear poems on the Gatineau; I have been trapped into attending exhibitions flaunting pictures of the Gatineau; I have narrowly escaped picnics up the Gatineau, and skiing parties and camping trips. And speaking of skiing . . . oh, you Canadianavians, what a country for winter sport!

Yet, places like people, have greatness thrust upon them! Circumstances took me to Low; circumstances over whom I had no control. They were two stern, uncompromising nurses.

Driving from the station (which we reached by climbing a stiff grade of two feet to the hundred) to the house that was to receive my battered mortal envelope, I decided that Low was an eminently fitting place in which to be buried. Verily, the mournful task seemed half accomplished by merely stopping there! And within a week it "got me"; got me to the extent that I feel no poet and no artist, however inspired, ever did it justice.

Low nestles in the embrace of close encircling hills. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that Low is a collection of hills, clothed at this season in bronze at early morning, in flame and orange at noon, and in gently fading purple at sunset. Now and again they will be mist wrapped, and their outline will push slowly from the rising vapor, as the hulk of a great ship creeps out of a fog at sea.

Upon these hills adventures lurk—adventures expressed sometimes in the sudden whirr of partridge wings, sometimes in the discovery of a liquid jewel set amid scarlet trees; or again in the finding of a native where prehistoric man surely must have made his home. You may even find a skeleton.

As health and strength returned to me (the Gatineau can work a miracle of healing) I wandered ever farther into the unblazed bush, and one morning thus adventuring, I stumbled over a large bone bleached white and almost perfect in point of preservation. It showed a sharp ridged paw, a long frontal bone and horns. Considering the antiquity of the hills which geologists compute at fifty million years, it seemed reasonable to suppose that dinosaurs, pterosaurs and ichthyosaurs must have left occasional remains in remote sections. The skeleton proved it. But to which class did the bone belong?

Thrills alternately heated and chilled me. I shouldered my treasure that weighed probably six pounds and set out for home. As the miles diminished the weight of the thing increased, until I fairly staggered up to the verandah, convinced that Atlas had a feather-weight burden compared with mine. Exhausted but triumphant, I lowered it and myself upon the floor and cried:

"See the gorgeous specimen I have found!"

"What 'yer goin' to do with it?" asked my host, lukewarmly.

"Present it to the Geological Museum at Ottawa," said I. "They are crazy to have things like that."

The man irrigated a small section of the soil with tabac Canadien before remarking.

"Beats me what them fellas down there want with that ole truck! If I'd knowed what you was goin' after, I could have saved you carryin' it all them miles. I got two of them heads in my barn."

I gasped my disbelief. Two? Why, the district must be a regular dinosaur repository, equal to the Red River country.

"Sure's I'm tellin' you," protested my host. "Keep jus' for fun, as you might say; horns and teeth perfect, too. Better'n yourn, there!"

"Why—why—what are they?" I faltered.

"Sittin' heads," he returned, shifting his quid. "I kill a couple every fall. You can have your pick of 'em for that there Zoo-menagerie at Ottawa, and welcome!"—Madge Macbeth.

THE EASIER JOB

"Mayn't I be a preacher when I grow up?" asked the small boy.

"Of course you may, my pet, if you want to," his mother replied.

"Yes, I do. I s'pose I've got to go to church all my life, anyway, an' it's a good deal harder to sit still than to stand up an' holler."

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THE MOST EXTRAVAGANT AMERICAN

A royal visitor who made a somewhat extensive tour of America, was asked what he saw in that country that impressed him most. The answer was not very gratifying to the national pride, for he replied, "Your extravagance."

The average girl who hears this statement nods approvingly, as her mind turns to what she has read of the enormous expenditures of the enormously wealthy. It is true that some of the very rich people of our country set a bad example of reckless wasting of money, though others who are as rich and richer, live without any ostentation or display of wealth. The most extravagant person in American life to-day is the girl wage earner.

Now it is true of course, that the girl who earns twenty dollars a week as a stenographer, or as a dry-goods clerk, cannot spend nearly as much as another girl whose father bought all stock on a rising market. But extravagance is a relative term. When one sees working girls buying silk stockings at three dollars a pair, and hunting for bargains in silk underwear, no further argument is necessary. The luxuries which twenty years ago were looked on as synonymous with great wealth are now demanded by the girl who earns for herself.

The seriousness of the situation is increased by the fact that many girls who are working, live at home, and their parents mistakenly allow them to spend all they make on themselves, and even supplement their earnings by gifts of money. And so the girl has no idea of living on what she can earn, but takes as her standard of dressing, the daughters of millionaires. Of course she cannot quite live up to that standard but she comes as near it as possible. If her personal expenditures in proportion to her income were compared with those of the girl with a rich father, there could be no possible question as to which was the more extravagant.

As has already been said, some of our millionaires set a bad example in their reckless expenditure of money. But the most extravagant of them are not to be named in the same class with the girl who without a dollar in the savings bank and with nothing to fall back on if she were taken sick, mortgages her earnings for several months ahead, in order to purchase a silk kimono. The American working girl leads the world in extravagances.—Young People's Weekly.

PREHISTORIC SPLINTS

That the savages of prehistoric America knew the use of splints in the treatment of fractures is revealed by examination of the skeleton of a young woman recently found in the pueblo ruins of New Mexico. An arm, badly broken in two places, was enclosed by six carefully made splints of wood.

KEEP WATCH ON YOUR AMBITION

Keep watch on your ambition. The minute you find yourself satisfied with doing a thing well enough to pass, instead of as well as it can be done, then it is time to administer a tonic. An enfeebled ambition means making a failure of life.

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SLEEP

Oh! what a wonderful word that is! Can you do it? That is, drop off into a good sound refreshing sleep? If you are unable to, there is something wrong with your nervous system. It is a danger signal. Nervous prostration, melancholia, nervous dyspepsia are only a few of the serious maladies that are liable to develop.

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