

Acton Free Press.

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Acton Free Press.

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ACTON BANKING COY., STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO., BANKERS, Acton, Ontario.

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Crowded! Crowded!! COME AND SEE THE GREAT EXHIBITION

Fancy Goods of All Kinds, Toys, China Dolls, Express Waggon.

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—AND— Railway Men! Patent Dust-Proof Case, With Waltham Movement.

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HIGINBOTHAM'S Cholera Preventative, Never known to fail.

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All kinds of Machine Oil always on hand. W. G. SMITH & CO., Dispensing Chemists.

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Acton Free Press. THURSDAY MORNING OCT. 26, 1888.

POETRY. PERSEVERE IN WELL DOING.

Come well, come well, let come or go This world as our it will. Though oft distressed, yet do your best Life's functions to fulfil.

OUR STORY. A TELEGRAM. A STARTLING INCIDENT.

"I didn't say a great many words," said John Macklefresh, in a slow, grinding sort of way, "but I guess it'll cut."

"What did he mean, then?" snapped her husband, fiercely, his square, dogged chin in the air as he combed his whiskers upward, a favorite action of his when he felt particularly pugnacious.

"Don't, John, dear, interpose his meek little wife. 'Well, bein' a deacon and a—' 'Christian,' suggested his wife, seeing he skipped that hard word.

"If I pose I can't say I won't forgive him. But they ain't no commands between the lines of that air Book about—' 'Twenty-five cents to pay,' said a small, business-like voice at the door.

"If you please." When the Duke of Wellington was sick the last thing he took was a little tea.

brother's family that would read the brief, harsh words? He turned to his wife, who sat holding the dreadful envelope, and, but doubting if she would be wise to speak yet to him.

"Get your things on, will you," he said, in a voice that sounded dry and harsh even to himself. "I'll be round with old Billy to the front door. Wrap up warm and take a soapstone. I'll have the buffaloes. It's mortal cold."

She was ready and waiting when he brought Billy around. The house could take care of itself. She locked it. They had some sixty miles to ride. In the course of it his tongue became somewhat loosed, and he told in broken and jerky sentences into her sympathetic ear what little of the chaotic grief and remorse he was able to put into words.

"My brother, after all. Used to play together when he was little. Hum, hum." A man grows very tender when he goes back to the days when he was "little."

"Bought me a pair of skates once, when I wanted some. Older than me—Samuel was always a making me jokes and whistles and all such rattle-traps. Never could seem to get along. Big family? Yes. I oughter to be helped him. Ain't a man livin' could scratch anything but moss off their rocks he calls a farm. I'll help the boys—see if I don't."

"Come in! come!" he cried, cordially. "You must be half frozen, both of you." "How do you come here?" said John Macklefresh, fearfully, not stirring a step in answer to this invitation.

"How do you come, I should say," returned brother Samuel, for it was he, he, blue coat, brass buttons and all. "Come, are you dead? You act so."

A Forgetful Chief Justice.

Chief Justice James of New York was so fond of society that he never declined an invitation to a dinner or to an evening party. But "His Honor" was a forgetful and over-worked man, and his desk at home, where he studied his cases, was loaded with papers of the most miscellaneous character.

One day the Chief Justice, needing a certain paper, rummaged through the well-filled basket and found an invitation to a party. That evening he dressed himself, and, about 9 o'clock, walked into the house of his friend arrayed in white, kids, white cravat, swallow-tailed coat, and in the other essentials of a party suit.

On being ushered into the parlor he found to his surprise, the host sitting there alone reading his paper, but no signs of a party.

"I'm afraid I have made a mistake, sir," said the Chief Justice, after the cordial greeting of his friend. "If you have," was the courteous reply. "I am obliged to the mistake, for it has given me the honor of your company."

"But haven't you a party to-night?" "No, sir." "Is not that from you, sir?" asked the Judge as he drew forth a small note from his pocket.

"Certainly, Judge," replied the host, "but that was for this day of the month last year, when I recollect that we had not the pleasure of your company."

A SCHOLAR. Yes, I am five years old to-day, Last week I put my dolls away; For it was time, I'm sure you'll say, For me to start to go to school; To school, and learn to read and spell, And I am doing year well; Perhaps you'd like to hear me tell How many things I know.

A Detective's Experience. His Successful Undertaking and Escape from an Impending Fate. (Buffalo, N. Y., News.) One morning several years ago, just as the dull gray light was beginning to show itself in the east...

The man who accomplished this task was Mr. Thomas Curtin, the present superintendent of city police of Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. Curtin is a man who is known by every prominent detective and policeman in America, and he stands pre-eminently in the front rank of his profession.

Words of Wisdom. Emulation is lively and generous, envy base and malicious. He hath good judgment that relieth not wholly on his own.

Humor of the Day. If you want to experiment on the adhesiveness of affection, endeavor to divorce a lady boy from a warm bed on a cold winter morning.

Conundrum. "Arrah, me darlint," cried Jamie O'Flannigan to his loquacious sweetheart, who had not given him the opportunity to get a word in edgewise during a two hours' ride behind the little bay nag in his oyster wagon, "are you after knowin' why your cheeks are like my ponies'?"

Sine Physiciana's Evidence. Mrs. Helen Pharrise, No. 331 Dayton St., Chicago, Ill., is now in her sixty-eighth year, and states that she has suffered with Consumption for about ten years, was treated by nine physicians, all of them pronouncing her case hopeless. She had given up all hopes of ever recovering.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Myther Graves' Worm Expurgator gives relief by removing the cause.