

The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XIII—NO. 28.

ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1888.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press
PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
AT THE
FREE PRESS PRINTING HOUSE,
ACTON, ONTARIO.

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ONE YEAR IN ADVANCE \$10.00
SIX MONTHS IN ADVANCE \$6.00
THREE MONTHS IN ADVANCE \$3.50
TWO MONTHS IN ADVANCE \$2.50
ONE MONTH IN ADVANCE \$1.50
TAVENAR'S ADVANCE
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Acton Banking Company,
STORRY, CHRISTIE & CO.,
BANKERS,
Acton, Ontario.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
TRANSACTION.

MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED
NOTES.

Notes Discounted and Interest
Allowed on Deposits.

Find the Puzzle.

Lumber, Lath, Staves, Head-
ing, Shingles, Wash Tubs,
Churns, Butter Tubs,
Pork Barrels, Wood,
Flour and Feed,

THOMAS C. MOORE'S
to buy anything in the above lines, also to find out if you are indebted to him for anything purchased from him. His books say so and he would like to know.

W. H. RUTLEDGE,
THE BUTCHER,
Deals in everything in the Meat line. See his establishment can be found better equipped at all seasons.

No Questionable Goods Offered
to Customers
at any Price.

W. H. RUTLEDGE,
CASH PAID FOR HIDE AND SHEEPskins.
The highest price paid for hides and sheepskins.

Wellington Marble Works,
QUEBEC ST., QUELPEL.

Hamilton & Clark,
PROPRIETORS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Marble, Granite and everything pertaining to Cemetery work. Direct importers of all kinds of Granite and Marble.

LIVERY.

J. & H. WORDEN

Well Equipped and Stylish Riggs
Can Always be Secured.

First Class Outfit for Commercial Travelers
at Special Rates.

HELLO!

Pause and Consider

SALESMEN WANTED.

Guelpi Business College,
QUELPEL, ONTARIO.

PUMPS

THE FALL

Kenney Bros.

Goal & Wood.

Domion Boot & Shoe Store,
MAIN STREET, ACTON.

Boots & Shoes

Our reputation for good goods
and superior value is well established.

Our Custom Department is
turning out first-class work as usual with good stock, and "top" work is always promptly and neatly done.

Kenney Bros.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE.

XMAS CARDS.

NOVELTIES:
Fancy Lamps, Fancy Glass Pieces,
Fancy Books.

TOYS.

BEST ASSORTMENT OF NEWEST
GOODS.

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

J. N. STINSON

Tailor and Draper,
Is now showing a magnificent range of new and choice lines in

Fall Suitings,
Trouserings
and Overcoatings.

Extraordinary value in
Underwear, Ties, Collars,
Cuffs, Gloves, &c.

J. N. STINSON,
Rockwood.
Next door to Post Office.

SANTA CLAUS

TEN CENT STORE
QUELPEL.

JAS. F. KIDNER,
TEN CENT STORE.

W. BARBER & BROS.

GEORGETOWN, ONT.

Machine Finished Book Papers

NEW STOCK,
NEW GOODS,
Best Prices, Best Work.

O. H. RYDER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Mill Street, Acton.

TO THE FRONT

Elegant and Substantial Goods.

Men's, Women's and Children's
Boots and Shoes

RUBBERS, OVERSHOES, &c.

LOWEST PRICES

GOOD QUALITY.

Custom Work and Repairing
promptly attended to.

W. WILLIAMS,
Mill Street, Acton.

Poetry.

FATHER TIME.

What are you doing, Father Time
that are you doing, my boy?
"Oh, I am building, don't you see—
building every day."

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On the arm of William Linton was placed the mark so particularly described, by which the lost one should be known. At length the bowed head was raised, the trembling hand passed across his brow, and then the tempter whispered:

"You alone possess this knowledge. Keep it. The allotted time has passed. The search is over."

"Yes, I will keep it. I alone possess the secret. Why should I resign what I have so lately gained? I will share with him. But I cannot—no, no, I cannot—reign all, and remove the only obstacle which stands between my rival and Claire, perhaps."

He moved unceasingly in his chair, shook his head, and raised his hand, as if waving some unwelcome intruder. A voice said: "Go forth, proclaim to William Linton the truth, and stand before the world an honorable man."

He raised his eyes. Over the mantel hung the picture of his mother. The soft, blue eyes were looking into his with an eager, pleading gaze. The lips were parted, as if to speak. Again a voice was whispering low, but from his mother's lips the words seemed to come:

"My noble boy! she was wont to call him; and now she was pleading with him to be noble still—pledging from the spirit world, perchance."

The fight was over; the victory won, and chastened with the contending emotions, Allan Vernon sat in a quiet, refreshing sleep.

The next morning he went forth, and proved himself worthy to be called a "noble man."

The proofs were clear enough, and when he was called to the bar, he was acquitted. Only a few necessary forms had to be gone through to place in his possession the immense wealth of his father.

"I don't care for the gold so much," said William Reburn, "but oh! my friend, you who have known a mother's and father's love, can hardly imagine my joy to know there was a time when I was claimed by some who loved me. My earliest remembrance is an orphan asylum in a distant State, and I was not even possessed of a name. Afterwards I was claimed by a woman who bore the name of Linton, and gave to me, telling me I was her brother's child. I never believed it. When I was fourteen I ran away, worked my way here, and hired for my board to a sign-painter. After a while I pleased my employer, and he gave me some pay, and increased my time to time. So I managed to go to night-school, and there obtained instruction in drawing and painting. (Some other time I will tell you how I became known to Mr. Ainslie and his family. We have friends coming now."

The young man opened his heart to Allan Vernon, and increased his time to time. So I managed to go to night-school, and there obtained instruction in drawing and painting. (Some other time I will tell you how I became known to Mr. Ainslie and his family. We have friends coming now."

With a heart full of doubt, Allan Vernon entered Mr. Ainslie's mansion. With Claire he believed his reversed fortune would make no difference. But her father—the one who had never willingly given his child to any one but with an equal amount of this world's goods. But Claire would be true; she would never be worthy of her acceptance, and make for her a home of comfort and beauty.

Again his heart grew stronger and hopeful. He stood in the hall, about to enter the drawing-room; his hand was on the door-knob. An instant more and his grasp was loosened. He staggered back, leant against the wall a moment, then, with a heavy, sorrowful sigh, went forth.

What had the future for him? Nothing—nothing. What cared he now for fame or life? Through the glass door he had seen Mr. Ainslie grasp William Reburn's hand and approach with him to Claire, who was just entering from an inner room, and his lips pressed to his. What need he more to prove her love was not for him?

"Father, have you seen Doctor Vernon lately?" Claire asked, three or four days after the one he had promised to come to her. In vain she had waited and watched for his coming.

"Yes, I met him the day after William Reburn was found," Mr. Ainslie answered, not raising his eyes from the paper. "And you spoke to him, father?"

"No, I did not care to. Of course he understands the past best for your present. His position as tutor for her hand must never be resumed," Mr. Ainslie said, still with his eyes bent on the paper. He cared not to meet the reproachful look he knew was in Claire's eyes.

"Then you passed him coldly by. Oh, father, how could you? There is not a nobler heart beating than his. And I love him. You gave him permission to win me, and he has done it. I will be true to him. I will never give my hand to any other father. I will live and die an old maid, and then all I've got shall go to endow a home for forlorn women."

She spoke the last sentence in a light tone; but Mr. Ainslie knew well the strength of his child's character, and he knew too, that she would continue firm to her resolve.

"Why could you not have loved William? Gladly would I have given you to him," Mr. Ainslie asked.

"Would you have received his proposals a month or a week ago as you did Dr. Vernon's father?"

"The speaking of the present, not the past, Claire."

"Yes, father. But in the present both men stand the same to me. Nothing has been added to the true worth of the one or taken from the other. I will not believe my father would barter his child's affections for gold."

Again the father turned from his daughter's eyes, and he was heard.

"Think you, father, will the world approve your action?"

"She was touching the right cord. Mr. Ainslie had a due regard for public opinion. His own conscience was not approving. How could he expect it to be so?"

"Yes, I get up too readily. I shall be better soon," Doctor Vernon answered, his pale face verifying his words.

Fifteen minutes afterwards he was alone. Scarce had the door closed on William Linton, when it was locked, and Allan Vernon dropped like one stricken by a death-blow. The son of Mark Reburn was found.

He seems to avoid me. I met him yesterday, and was about to stop, but he pushed by, simply bowing. I do not know what to make of him. He must know my heart is full of gratitude to him, and how truly I honor—yes, and love him. I will prove it to him yet. A friend of his told me he was making preparations to leave W.

"William, we must not let him go. Come, take me to him," Claire said, a beautiful blush spreading over her fair face. With bowed head, and so deeply absorbed in his sorrowful reverie was Allan Vernon that he heaved not the door open nor the light step approaching. Quietly a hand rested on his shoulder. He turned quickly, and Claire Ainslie, smiling and blushing, stood beside him.

"Claire! Miss Ainslie!"

"Claire, please, Allan," the gentle girl said in a low, low-toned voice. "With a look of mingled reproach and inquiry Allan Vernon's eyes were fixed upon the beautiful girl."

"I came," she began; then deeper grew the crimson, fair cheeks, she hesitated. "But you are not here to see me."

"Miss Ainslie—Claire—I feel deeply honored by this call; but please do not be so."

There was such a wall of sorrow in the last few words that Claire's little hand was again on his in his hand, and with tears and smiles both in her eyes, she said:

"How could you think of me thus? You thought to have known I would love you more. Oh, dear, how unreasonably I think I hear Mrs. Grandy saying, 'How womanly and true!' I know all good need and noble was the heart he had won?"

And Allan Vernon, scarce believing his own ears, cried:

"For I! Claire! I thought your love was for Mark Reburn's heir, his son."

"Oh! how could you, Allan? William brought me here. He is waiting outside. He told me you were going away, and I came with such a beautiful, loving smile as said—'to ask you, if you must go, to take me with you.'"

"What more needed to be known how true and noble was the heart he had won?"

"Heaven bless you, my own Claire! My whole life shall prove how truly I appreciate the prize I have won. My noble, true love, how could I have doubted you? But I thought you loved William. I saw your hand in his. Your lips—"

"Yes, you came that night. You saw me his hand in mine. Oh, do you not know how dear he is to all of us? I do love him, but not as—"

Her eyes glistened the sentence.

"Yes, Claire, dear, I was about to enter, when I saw that, and fled away, crushed."

"Father had just told us the news. I was so happy, Allan. William saved my only brother's life. Six years ago our house was burned. Harry was in the third story. It was not discovered that he was still in the house, until it seemed too late to attempt his rescue. William and Harry had only a slight acquaintance in his Sabbath school. The noble youth, when he heard the cry, 'Harry Ainslie is in the house, trapped forward, caught the rope that was offered him, and entered the flame-trapped building. He saved our boy—God bless his efforts! and ever since, we have all loved him scarcely less than Harry."

Allan seated Claire, and opening the door, stepped out and drew William into the office. After returning Allan's warm grasp, William asked, smiling:

"Am I to act as second best on an occasion so very distant, Doctor?"

"Indeed, yes; if you will help me win Claire's consent that shall not be distant."

Allan answered, with happy smiles playing over his handsome face.

William Reburn delayed his proposed departure for Europe a few weeks; and then Doctor and Mrs. Vernon accompanied him on his bridal tour.

Allan Vernon told his wife of his great temptation. She also, with herself and God, knows of the great struggle. And in his hot lips pressed to his. What need he more to prove her love was not for him?

"The printer is the most curious being living. He may have a bank and gold, and not be worth a penny; have small eyes, and neither wife nor children. Others may run fast, but he gets along as well as any man. He may be making a fortune, and yet be telling the truth; while others cannot stand when that place, he can stand standing, and even do both at the same time; use furniture, and yet have no dwelling; may make and put away pi and never see a pi, much less eat it, during his life; he has a human being and a dog, and same time; may press a good deal, and not ask a favor; may handle a shooting iron, and know nothing about a cannon, gun, or pistol. He may move the lever that moves the world, and yet be far from moving the globe as a whole with his nose under a mole hill; spread his hands without being a housewife; he may lay his form on a bed, and yet be obliged to sleep on the floor; he may use the t without shedding blood, and from the earth may handle the 't'; he may be of a rolling disposition, and yet never desire to travel; he may never be without a case, and know nothing of law or physics; he always corrects his errors, and grows wiser every day; have an eye, and without ever having the arms of a gun, and around him; have his horse locked up, and at the same time be free from goat, watch-house, or any other confinement."

THE POWER OF THE CAMERA.

The photographer's lens is more discerning than the naked eye. A recent photograph of a figure pointing by an American artist shows that a woman's gown was fast painted a blue and texture very different from that of the same color, the underlying brush-work appearing plainly in the photograph, though not seen by the most attentive observer of the original picture. In like manner photography reveals stars that to the human eye are not distinguishable from nebulous matter.

The chronic fault-finder may be a good sort of