

# The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XX.—NO. 20.

ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1894.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press  
IS PUBLISHED  
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.  
—AT THE—  
Free Press Steel Printing Office,  
MILL-STREET, ACTON, ONT.

**TRADE NOTES**  
One dollar per year  
stated in advance for which they have to be paid has expired. The date at which the bill will be paid is to be noted on the address label.

Advertisers—Please Transmit advertising insertion to our Numbered line for first insertion, 5 cents per word for each subsequent insertion.

CONTRACT HATES.—The following table shows our rates for this insertion of contracts for every period.

1 SPARE	15 m. 12 m. 14 m.
10 lines	50c 40c 35c
100 lines	50c 40c 35c
1,000 lines	50c 40c 35c
10,000 lines	50c 40c 35c

Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till filled and charged account, unless otherwise directed, and paid in advance.

Advertisers are to be charged once each month, except for changes other than once a month; the composition must be paid for at the time of insertion.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

H. P. MOORE,  
Editor and Proprietor.

**Money means Life.**  
**Time is Money.**  
Don't waste your life Dipping Ink

**FOUNTAIN PEN**  
The last  
Caw's Dashaway.  
Every Pen Generation!

**DAY'S BOOK STORE.**  
**GUELPH.**  
Day Books Clean.

**The Traders' Bank**  
OF CANADA  
Capital Authorized  
Capital Paid In  
Bank Note  
Branches  
GUELPH BRANCH  
4 year old, no signs of age, no marks  
dated in the banking book deposited and  
or compounded over six months.

Deposits Received  
Farmers notes Discharged

The collection of sales notes & specialties  
A general banking business transacted

A. F. JONES,  
Manager

**Poetry.**  
Davy O'Gill, Day  
Did you ever see a day  
Like yesterday or tomorrow give  
To rhyme and memory their interplay  
How should we treat to her?

Not merely what we are,  
But what we would like what we are not,  
Make the world a better place, make it a  
few days longer.

At least would have longer.

It's a poor, little, simple country girl, so  
sweet and simple as the flower I named  
her after! Why, look at her picture here  
in a variety of ways—she's a wife, innocent  
and virtuous, and a veil of flaxen hair  
fits for a picture or a picture indeed, but not  
for a wife's! Well, shall I tell my husband?  
I have ruined my wife, I have ruined her!  
I have ruined my wife, I have ruined her!

I have ruined my wife, I have ruined her!

"Davy," I cried, "You Daisy! Oh!"

Then my wife embrac'd me.

"The stars don't twinkle near so bright at night,

The clouds bell howl louder, and the crier

cries.

Cyril Hammer died.

The very chickens misses him,

And no sound with a softer leaven can

These are the times of my about the place

Since Cyril Hammer died.

The garden tools hang in the apple trees

The hedges are all off the grass,

There's no shelter to the late frost now,

"Fit from the horse's back,"

A pair of course, I upsets by rested

Her feet go out in the sled and

The snow is clapped the wood with all them

years,

I wait with my toads,

Since Cyril Hammer died.

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