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ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1897.

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EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, -AT THE-Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET. TRAMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dellar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address labe. monts, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first in-CONTRACE RATES -The following table shows

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Machine and Repair Shops - HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor,

Wellington Mutual Fire Insurance Company ESTABLISHED 840 TREURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any Box 628, or telephone 58, will be promptly at-

M. HEMSTREET, -LICENSED AUCTIONEER For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Fans Passs office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly at-lended to. Fees reduced to

\$5.00 FOR FARM BALES. Also money to loan on the most favorable ms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in ms of \$500 and pwards.

PAPER MAKERS. GEORGETOWN, ONT MAKE A SPECIALITY OF

Machine Finished Book Papers

HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.

Christmas Cards, Booklets.

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VERY LOW

DAY'S BOOK TORE. Day Sells Cheap.

If you want

MONEY Christmas

Presents

Fancy Goods in China, Glass, Leather or Wood, Picture Frames. etc., go direct to

WATERS BROS. NEAR POST OFFICE, GUELPH

You Want

A large assortment to choose from if you are looking for Sachet Powder. We have never had such an exquisite range of ordors.

SACHET POWDERS

To-be satisfactory must have a lasting and at the same time a delicate odor. This is the kind we sell. Here is a partial list of odors from which to make your selection.

> VIOLET, (a really true Violet,)
> PHUL, NA NA, HAS-U-NO-HA-NA, HELIOTROPE, OEILLET (New.) PEAU D'ESPAGNE, CAPRICE, WHITE ROSE CASHMERE BOUQUET, WILD PLUM BLOSSOM.

ALEX. STEWART Dispensing and Family Chemist

... 1 Guelph.

Have You?

Got an Organ or Piano? If not, call a

**Dominion Instruments** They are nice toned, well and carefully made of good material, and will be sold a T-have also a select stock of

Small Instruments quality-for-all-stringed-instruments. Musical Sundries of all kinds. Visitors are always welcome and will be urged if not prepared to invest.

N. B. Orders taken for Piano Tuning. Moffatt's Music Store Next Door to Symon Bros. - ACTON

# Coal & Wood Merchant Tailor

John McQueen Having purchased the Coal business hereto-fore carried on by James Brown, I am prepared to supply all orders for

Furnace Coal Stove Coal Chestnut Coal

P BEST QUALITY.

Orders given to me personally or left at KAN NAWIN'S DRUG STORE willbe promptly filled. JOHN McQUEEN

Fall Campaign

... Prepare for Winds. We would oall your attention to the fact that we are prepared to supply you with-

Doors, viz: 10, 12, 18 or 14 feet also DOORS ..... FRAMES ..... ..... MOULDINGS. etc. for building. Storm Doors put up at as low a rate as possible.

PUMPS. Repair your pumps or put in new ones before it is too cold. Wm can no IT. Shop at foot of River Street, ACTON THOS. EBBACE \_\_\_, Manager

QUELPH Business College

Shorthand Institute, GUELPH, ONT. AUPERIOR PACIFICATION for thorough and

THE-TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Authorized Capital..... \$1,000,000 Paid up Capital and \$6,300,000

**Cuelph Branch** 

3 2 Same of \$1 and upwards received on deposit and 37 per cent. interest paid ar compounded half-yearly. Deposit Receipts issued for large sums

No charge made for collecting Sales Notes if payable in Guelph.

A Goneral Banking Business transacted. A. F. H. JONES. Manager

> That -1897

-happiest year. We have -- ever known

wish J. M. BOND & Co.

is the

GUELPH.

## Boots & Shoes For XMAS PRESENTS.

There's nothing more serviceable than a pair of Shoes, Slippers; Rubbers or Over-

W. McLAREN & CO.

Your...

traffic is !" There are times when the fact of your hav

ing a good black coat is a very great satis-faction. The occasion demanding the wearing of it often arises suddenly. Be prepared for such an emergency by ordering at once. We make really good clothes - none better. Try us and prove us.

SHAW & TURNER, Merchant Tailors, -Guelph.

A New

H. W. Strasser has opened out a general merchant tailoring business in Mrs Secord's Block, next Mrs. Adams' and me." is prepared to meet the public

High class English Irish and Canadian Suitings. Beaver, Milton, Freize Overcoatings in Latest Styles.

The public are cordially invited to call and inspect our Fall stock which we are sure will please the most fastidious taste. We have secured the services of Wn Lee who formerly conducted a business

Prices to suit the times. H. W. Strasser Mrs. Secord's Block, Acton

here. Perfect fit guarantend.

Acton Flour Mill CHEYNE & CHEYNE,

Proprietors. We have our roller mill now in complete, and satisfactory running order, and are in a posi-to supply the wants of the public with

FLOUR, BRAN, SHORTS and all kinds of Foed, AT RIGHT PRICES.

Every order will receive prompt attention and ill be delivered by any part of the town. Our terms are cash and one price for all. Don't forget to patronice home industry for you to decide as to the quality of the good we manufacture. Orders faken at the Mill or at J. V. Kannawin's CHEYNE & CHEYNE

WANTED-BRYERAL PARTIEUL MEN OR

### Poetry.

THE OLD KITCHEN CLOCK. It used to tick away the years upon the parlor Whon first we went a keepin' house-Belind an' mo'solf-An' thar for more'n twenty year, it seemed

To serve the hours in proper time, and ornamont. An' you'd or thought 'twas made to regoriate the Bo stiddy, 'round an' 'round each day, · wheels an' p'inters run. But when the girle glowed up to see, they had

- somo strango idoes, They didn't consult us much 'bout things drop an 'if you please," -But went a hustlin' things round, an of An' nothin' had the same old place, 'less the kitchen broom. I didn't much mind the goin's on, but shan'

forgit the shock It gin me, which they ousted out that An' then a little bronze concern was got its place, With dragons crawling up his sides, and just

above the face gal they call Teresichere is sittle' in a chal An' playin' on a harp-although I ndvor hear tho airn' when it strikes the half bours out, think a fairy sighed, Or that a little mouse had gin a faint squea just 'fore he died.

hou it sorter atirs my conscience, when the old clock strikes the time, With a kind of ringing music, in its dear old For its seems to be a sayin' in a selemn sort o 'It's just the way of all the world; we flourish

An' onet I went right out thar an' says 1. "Old clock, see here, on're with a dozon fancy clocks with compl cated goar Chough taken as

nowadays).

febbe that tother of praise. ut when it gets a balky turn-determ think it's bout like Tolks I've soon-a sort holler show: in' strikes me when a clock or friend, is faithfu Taint best to change for suthin' that you don't

Select Family Reading.

Marion's Brother

Evon as I said this a man appeared.

"I all'us s'lute-ledish-when I see 'em,

he said, with a thick utterance .- "The

Sun's having a -ball-to-day, Jadish.

am to take the Moon out to supper-hio.

when I see 'em. Very sorry, 'm sure-

Neither of us spoke for several minutes

We stitched in silence, until, glancing at

Marion, I saw that she was deadly pale.

"Are you ill, my dear?" I asked.

"No, Marion, I did not. Is

"Only man is vile" added Marion.

then fell against a tree box.

hio." -- And he stuggered on .-

"Morning, ladish."

We do not speak.

What a happy thing life is on such a

Never were they cheaper than at present. We will not quote prices but only say that we can give you better value Good-bye, ladish-bio. All'us s'lute ladish. than anyone else in the trade.

The Leading Shoe Store; GUELPH

# Black Coat

"He has not been for several years," she answered, "Papa turned him away. That How is it? is the cause of mamma's heart trouble. Oh. Mrs. Wiseagre, what a curse the liquor

"Corcol" I exclaimed ; "that is too mild "Yet," Marion said, "it has always been so. Men have always made it and rejoiced "They will continue to do so, my dear.

This evil began in the Garden of Eden. It s closely related to the juice of the forbid den fruit."--"You are not joking?" asked Marion. "No, my dear," I answered. "Even as Satan planted the craving for forbidden things in human nature-things which are

pleasant to the taste, and which make men and women wise concerning evil-even so shall not this taste be cradicated unless He who is to bruise the serpent's head come in | come." ".osr and set man free." "Many christians believe it to be a good

thing. I should not have thought it wrong to drink moderately if Tom had not come such a slave to it. Now I see the "I should like to know more about - your

brother," I said, "that is, if you care to tell "There is not much to tell," she answer "Father will not allow him to come homo. We date not mention his name' to

him and mother is worrying her life away. Once in a while we hear of him, but he always drinking and sinking lower and She threw away her work and began to

walk up and down the verandah. "Can nothing be done for him, Mrs I shook my head. "Why did you no tell me of him before?" I asked. ."I was ashamed," drooping her head

eadly, "We never talk of him to anyone. "Where is be now, Marion ?" "He is in Albion, in a lawyer's office He is clever if he would not drink: but he is going to destruction and I am powerless to save him !"

We sat in silence. The sun still shope but there was a lurking shadow in the sun whine. The birds still sang but there was a minor note in the music. The children still shouted and played, but I shuddered whon I thought that some of those little boys were beginning their race to destruc-

Tom Fuller going to rule, and we powerless to save him ! Father, mother, sister, friends, looking helplossly on as he drifts away-away, into the darkness of eternal

"If I had the power," said Marion, would pour out on the ground every drop of the horrible stuff. When I wee Mrs Masbeth, the distiller's wife driving past with her white horser, I feel like telling her what a fearful prior line been paid for

learned to judge righteous judgment. I know there are many good women whose busbands and fathers do not think of the effects of the traffic. They look upon the business as lawful, and therefore right." "But can nothing be done, Mrs. Wisc-

are all asleep, or that they do not care." share of the world's scorn. There is a time he drank no more. glimmer of hope for the world; young be rescued from the power of evil. Yes, through Christ. my dear, it will take all God's children;

not escape, Marion. You have something to do; you must save your brother." "How? Tell me how the work is to be done," she said, clasping her hands. "I do not know," I answered her. "You of one thing-He has not decreed that your

-when in the history of this world men were going to rise and put this evil from the earth.

One afternoon I put on my bonnet and went to Mr. Fuller's office. He had a lumber yard in the suburbs of the town .- His office was in one corner of the yard. "Are you alone?" I asked, as be opened

he office door. for me near the little window. I was trembling and my heart was beating fast. I had never gone on such s rrand before.

"Mr. Fuller, I have come to talk with David Fraser on a Tour-on-Foot from "Who has told you anything about him?" he a-ked quickly. "I think everyone knows that he is away from home-and-the cause."

"Well," lm said, crossly, "let overyou midd their own business, and I will mind "Do not be angry with me. Mr. Fuller. she feels intensely about her brother.

Your wife, also is slowly dying. Will you call the prodigal home?" Up the street came that strangest of all "No," he answered. "It's all very we maniacs-a drunkard! When he drew to talk sentiment-that's woman's way. near he took off his hat, made a low bow. Tom is a disgrace to me. 'I'm not going to see his madness before my oyes every day.

> "Mr. Foller," Lasked, "who taught your son to drink?" "Ho taught himself. I have never been drunk in my life-never !" "Have you not always kept wines your house?" I asked. "Yee, and I intend to. I have drank

moderately all my life. I am not going turn fanatic because Tom is a fool." "I have heard, Mr. Fuller, that he wa clever boy, and a good boy, until he b came a slave to his habit," "I admit that," he said. "He was as "Did you not know, Mrs. Wiseacre, that

fine a boy as any father would wish my brother Tom is no better than that "Mr. Fuller, we who are strong ought t halp the weak. When your son has learn ed to drick at your table-when he has fallen by a blow from his father's hand-it is your duty to help him rise again. God will hold you responsible for your son's downfall. "How dare you come here and talk so to

me," he said angrily. "I would not take it from a mau. "You do not know how hard it is for me," I answered, "but I am thinking of your son's peril.'

"He has made his bed, let him lie on it." "Won't you think of your wife and Marion?" I asked. "Yes, it cuts me to see my wife fretting her life away; but I believe it would

worse for her to see Tom every day." "Will you not call him home?" I asked "If he were to reform, would you allow him to come?" "Yes; if he gives up drinking he may miles between hore and Boston.

"I forget," I said : "how can he reform at home?' He will be tempted every day. It would be folly for him to come here. Home would be no better than a bar-room

in which to reform. Mr. Fuller pulled his whiskers, scratched his head and looked angry.

"What would you have me do ?," "If I had a son," I answered, "who stood in such peril as yours, I would not send him wounded out in the world to I would take him to my heart; I would shield him as far as I could. Above all, I would put far away the accursed attiff that has wrought so much evil. I know your pride is wounded, Mr. Fuller, and I am sorry for you, but your con's soul is wounded, and I am more sorry for him. Perhaps now, when his father has forgaken him,

the Lord will take him up." Thursday was the day of my weekly baking. I was taking some pies out oven, when Marion Fuller entered.

"I came right to the kitchen, Mrs. Wise acre : I could not wait." "Well," I oried, "you must wait. My fingers are getting beautifully burnt. She helped me, then I wiped the flour from my hands and took her to the

"Now," I said, "I shall rost, and you ene of the venomous reptiles. "I could scarcely wait to get my break fast, I was so eager to let you know."

"What is your good nows 2" I asked. "I have a letter from Tom. May I read it to you?" "Yes, my dear, if you will." She took it from her bag and read

"I want to tell you Marion that I am changed. A good old man used to come

neer. It is because you suffer that you feel do not envy them their luxusies, for I also | what help I got. know the price paid for them; but I have "Have you ever tried Christ?" he asked

me. I said I nover had. acro. Why does not every christian, see- pledge. He kept it for a week then fell. ing the ovil, not? I sometimes think they | One day, an old minister took him to his study, and told him if he gave his heart to "A great many christians, Marion, are God it would be an easy matter to give up as you were. They do not think it any, drinking. He knelt with the minister and harm to drink moderately, while we, who they both prayed, until strength came to eachow it utterly, receive more than our bim that he never had before. From that

"I told him if there was any such power people are putting on the armour. They I should be glad of it, for I was a disgrace have heard the call of Christ and have to you all. Then and there the old man, risen to answer it. Even women are wak- God bless him, prayed. We did not rise ing from their eleep of centuries to see that from our knees till I felt the same power there is much to be done if this world is to come to me-felt that. I could conquer

"This is all I have to write, Marion. men and women to do the work. You canshould like to see you and mother, if father could bear me around. Tell him I don't blame him for turning me away. I hope to be a better son in the future."

Mation folded her letter, --- I have something else to tell you, Mrs. Wiscacre. Of and I must ask God about it, I am certain | course I gave father the letter. He saidknew he would not like me to see him. This morning he had all the bottles and ing hymns on an old melodeon. kegs carted away, and our house is free . During his thousands of miles over the other woman. What are you crying for,

> Mrs. Wiseacre ?" cause Tom is coming home, and your father has put the evil thing from his house.

WALKING 5,200 MILES.

Reference was made in last issue to the call of Mr. David Frager, the "Trans-continental Trotter" upon the Fazz Pages while en route on his 5,200 mile walk across been manifested in the young athelete and his wonderful feat, which is nearing successful consummatio that we give the following interesting particulars respecting

his great walk :-Mr. Fraser is a Scotchman, was born in Strathpeffer, Aberdeenshire, and was educated in McGill University, Montreal. After graduating he went west and served as a cowboy for four years herding cattle all the way from Montana to Mexico. He then entered the journalistic ranks and was given a commission as war correspon dent for a leading San Francisco paper during the Japan-China quarrel, Returning to the Pacific Coast he continued the newspaper profession and took a situation as special correspondent for the Aberdeen

Washington, Recorder This transcontinental walk had its origin in a \$3,000 wager. Fraser's paper and the local athletic club are backing him to accomplish this great pedestrian feat of walking 5,200 miles between July 14th '96, and 31st January, 1897. If Fraser loses the Recorder and the club give the above sum-to the charities of the town; if he wine be receives \$3,000 from the corporation, which he has so well earned, having already many times carried, as it were his life in his hands and advertised this

far western town at overy station across the continent. The agreement is that he is to receive no money or help of any kind on the road and that he is to walk the whole distance When he reached Acton he was 12 days ahead of time. On entering Canada hewas 16 days to the good, but the Canadians | wharf, apparently unconscious of his pres-

4 days His average gait f8 51 miles an hour, the highest days work he has made so far is 86 miles. His usual day's journey is 38 miles. 'His costume consists of knickers and canvas coat and sombero with twelve pockets, all well filled. He has worn out 8 pair of heavy boats, but expects the fourth pair to last the seven hundred

Mr. Fraser is a brilliant conversational ist. In his talk with the Fazz Pares he said that during his trip he had met kinds of people from the highest to the low. He is healthy and cheerful and evidently enjoying his extended walk. He enjoys the distinction of being the first man ever granted passes to walk over al railways. He has been grauted tio-passes on the various systems of railroads-the Union Pacific, Wabash to Toledo, Michigan Central to Detriot, Grand Trunk to Montreal. He reports himself to atation masters as he proceeds on his way and he produced the official way bills. they may be termed, with the day and hour of arrival and departure at each station. The railway dispatchers keep

track of him in the same manner as if it wore a railway train. He left Aberdeou on July 14th last His starting point was on the Pacific coast. He travelled the entire breadth of the state of Idaho. In this state he had several parrow escapes, and nearly lost his life more than once. He came across extinct volcance that was literally alive with rattle snakes. There were so many of them that the sound of their rattles was; heard over the prairie for fully two miles. For two days he had to dodge and kill anakes expecting every minute to be bit by

He had to cross the Shoshone Desert 270 miles in breadth as well, and he under took the task knowing that no man had over crossed it alive. He know that the greatest danger lay in the fact that there was not water to be found during the entire trip, so he armed himself with where her tears of joy had dropped and 24 the of water, 8 lbs. of bacon for fat. revolvers, 46 calibre, and amminition and "My Doar Sister : I lave been very sick an aluminum frying pau sent him by Dr. with fever. The people here have been Cyrus Edson, of New York, and a little salt. One night he had lit his fire for the night and just as he was about to roll him self up in his blanket, he looked up and and sit with me when I was down. He haw a short distance off what appeared to -Youd to me from the Bib'e, and sang the be an animal, drawing his revolver he "Ah, my child," I replied, "she would hymns that I have often ridiculed. He went up and to his horror found it to be answer, 'If your brother drank to excess, it was like a father to mo. When I got the skeleton of a man in an upright posiwas not my fault.' She would tell you better, he came to me ine day and said, tion. The cost and part of the pants were that her lumband's business was lawful, "See here, my boy, I e n't let you go out 'on the blesched bones that told the terrible The paper used in this journal is from thornal is from the above dills.

The paper used in this journal is from the profit of the short and th

"Little him I was too weak where drink remains and slept beside the new-made so bitterly against these people. I like you | was concerned to ever be strong, no matter | grave. Nor was this all, twice he lost his

way and after being out ten days and subsisting wholly on Jack rabbits, he was attacked by a pack of weives. This night's "Then he told me his story-how he experience he will never forget. The ferused to lie in the gutter all night; how his | oxious beasts were all around Erazer wife went in rage and his children were snapping and howling and gradually getalways hungry. At lust he was taken by a | ting closer to him. He stood as near his woman to a meeting, where he sighed the fire as possible, and discharged his revolvers as rapidly as he could. At every disabarge a wolf fell. Once he reloaded his revolvers while kicking at the wolves; and after the second shot a big fellow sprang in and knocked him over into the fire. . He was badly burned; and lost one of his revolverd, but with the other one he kept. them-at bay till daybreak when the of course, left. After the fight he secured the

28 dead wolves receiving for them \$128 in bounty from the governor of Idabo. Mr. Fraser has on his hands the scars of his encounter with the wolves and is tak ing Pasteur's treatment, which is sent to him along the line.

After travelling for days in the desert with temperature averaging 129 degrees, he was the viotim of mirages Luchanting pools and shaded nooks aprang up before him. Towns, too, seemed to rest peacefully in the distance. One day, as he was nearing the end of the barren lands, he heard the sound of music. He stopped. nothing when he had finished reading it. It could not be possible, he thought, that brother shall be lest and lost he must not but last night I was wakened by atrange any person could be living in such a muffled noises in the collar. M slipped on a country! But the sounds continued, and the racre strain on the nerves would kill a ing, as I laid the plates on the table, when the matter. Father was emptying his ale taining a swede and his wife, who had your hand all the time, always conscious and wine into a bucket. I ran away, for I just taken up land. It was Sunday he learned, and they were keeping it by play-

> from the horrible stuff. I have written to ties in has seen legious of tramps. His Tom to come home. Mother is like an- | walking costume, however, did not excite their cupidity, and he was not molested. Mr. Fraser carries an extensive mail bag "I am so glad," I said-'tylad for you and columns of newspaper clippings also

> > Press Clubs making engagements for letters respecting his trip. He also carries letters of commendation from Governors of States and Sheriffs of counties through which he has passed. Upon arrival in Acton he presented etters of introduction to the FREE PRESS and accepted our hospitality while in town.

> > He paid a compliment to the alacrity of the Grand Trunk constables upon arriving in Toronto. They arrested him three times on arrival near the yards for walking. on the track ... His papers were sofficient guarantee of his bons fides and thereafter o was regarded-with-much curiosit On the completion of his long journey Mr. Fraser will return in a Pullman to

Aberdeen. He will visit the principal towns on his way back and complete arrangements for the sale of his book which will then be published and will contain full account of his adventures.

A JONAH.

FRANK IL. SWEET: Swinging his legs from the end of one the dilapidated wharves of a Cape Cod fishing town was a tall, somewhat lanky individual, whose general appearance betokened practical neglect. It was the busy season and fishing smacks could be see anchored at favorable points along the coast, or dragging their nets slowly before the wind. Inshere were a few yawls and smaller boats, and on the beech some old men were digging assiduously for clams. Even the children seemed to be more or less affected by the spirit of thrift, and searching after orabs and mussels, or were picking up bits of an edible seaweed occasionally found among the coarser

Only the lanky individual on the wharl was idle, and he was without even the one tomary fishing pole of the wharf lounger. His logs dangled, and the oyen stared interestedly at nothing. Now and then a fisherman or sailor or clam-digger crossed the are using him so royally that he has lost ence. A visitor from the little hotel on the ill looked at him curiously, and then turned to an old man-who was swinging

along with a basket of clams suspended from his shoulders by a hos handle. "That big fellow seems to take life easier than the rest of you," the visitor 'said FI've noticed him there for three days i succession now. Isn't he a little-lazy?" "Wall, I dunno." The clam-digger lowered his basket and industriously wiped the trickling rivulets of sweat from his leathery visage. "On fust sight it might seem se but someway I never set Lem'l' down as

"A-what ?"

"Jouah," in mild surprise. "Aint ye nover run across none? Bring misfortin' to whatever they tech. Now that Lem' was what ye might call a bright boy. wa'n't afeared o' work nor nothin', but he never seemed to git on. When he was old enough for v'yagin', Cap'n Knowles took im out with the fleet -on his own boat mind ye! But fish stopped a-bitin', and when they found he was a Jonah they put him on the Saucy Ann-Cap'n Barker. Then the Saucy Ann broke luck an' they transferred him to the Crane-Cap'n Bill Potter. But 'twa'n't no sort o' us Wharever Lem'l was thar wa'n't no fish No matter if they'd been bitin' like al p'esest when he' teched the deck, arter that thar wan't so much as a starfish brung on board. The end on't was, a boat came back specially to bring him. Since then Lem'l's been sort o' dwindlin'. Folks'd hiro him now and ag'in for a spell, but soon's their luck turned poor Lam'l had to-go. Now, he can't git a job nowhar

"Why, it is sheer superstition !" orie the visitor, indignantly. The old clam-digger raised his basket t

its position on the hoe handle. "Mebbo, mobbe," he said, laconically but tha's Lem'l on the wharf an' thar' the boate tossin' out yander, on' thar's the fish in the sea. S'pose ye hire one o' the boats an Lem'l an' try "your" luck." "But why doesn't he go away no persist ed the visitor, as he followed the old -man who began to swing laboriously up the

brung up bere, an' folks that's borned and brung up here never go away. They The visitor allowed the old man to swing Lom'l was sitting in exactly the same position, his legs dangling above the water

and his byes still staring interestedly into

The clam-digger sniffed contemptuously.

"Go 'way! Huh! He was borned and

-A WOMAN'S WEAPON. "What is a woman's weapon?"

... I asked a charming girt : She dropped her lashes shyly Aud stroked a vagrant curl Then consciously she murmured-This rospond newly out: "I bave a strong supplcion Her weapon is a pout." "What Is a woman's weepon?

I asked a lover true; He turned him to a maiden With eyes of heavenly blue, Her velvet line wore parted. All innoconco-of guile, And eagerly be answered : "Her weapon is a smile." "What is a woman's weapon?" I asked a poot then. -With sudden inspiration "He soized upon his pop. "Oh, I could write a thousand." He cried in acconts clear:

I grant you is a toar." WORSE THAN INDIANS.

"But woman's surest weapon,

"So you were a pioneer in the early days "I was," answered the gray beard.

"You lived among the hostile Indians?" "Lived with a ritle in your hands and in hourly expectation of being the mark

for a hidden enemy's bullet?" "It was something like that." "Do you know, I often think that a life like that must be terrible. I should think man in a short time-holding your life in

that a moment's relaxation of vigilance may-moan-death." -"Oh, I. don't know," replied the gray beard. "When I came back from the we hair. I got off the railroad train and started to walk across the street. Half way over I heard the dingedest clanging and yelling right at my hoels I ever heard and somebody gave me a push that sent me clear to the curb. Then, when I look ed around, I saw I'd come within au aco of being run over by a trolley. Never had

so narrow an escape from Indians. "I went into a saloon close by to get a drink and spttle my nerves. While I. was atanding at the bar a couple of fellows got into a scrap and one of them threw a heavy beer mug. Didn't hit the other fellow, but

me by the sholder and jerked me across so quick it made my head swim, I looked t see what was the matter, for there were no car tracks on the street, and I saw I had just escaped being run down by a hackman hurrying to catch the train. "Up street a little furthur, somebody

first crossing I came to a policoman grabbed

yelled; "Look out !" at me, and when jumped a big icidle fell and struck where had been standing. "I got to my hotel and was heading for the 'door when somebody grabbed me and asked me if I wanted to be killed. They were hoisting a safe into a second story window over where I had been trying to go and I hadn't more than got out of the way before the rope broke and it dropped "I went to bed and about midnight I was called up by a bell ringing over my head and found the place was on fire, and I had

to slide down a rope to escape. Being a sound sleeper they had hard work to wake me, and I had barely touched the ground when the roof fell in. "When I looked in the glass-I caw the first streaks of gray that had ever showed themselves in my hair. Oh, there's dan-

gers in civilized life as well as out on the plains !" ASHAMED OF HIS COMPANY. The Lewiston Journal, a Maine paper, ells an instuctive story of the times of the great temperance agitation in 1841. In hose days practically every retail merchant in the country kept liquor for sale, or to give away, In a Kennebec village an old grocer, otherwise a reputable man, de-

rived a considerable part of his income -from-the sale of rum The temperance revival had come to this village, and a question of action, friendly or unfriendly, to the liquor traffic, had arisen in the town meeting. A division was demanded, and those in favor of the traffic, went to one side of the town hall and those opposed to it to the other. The respectable grocer referred to watched this process, and saw, evidently to

his surprise, that the people to whom he

had been dealing out liquor for years were

not as good looking as the people on the

what ye might call lazy. He's a Jouah." other side of the hall. Finally he arose and joined the opponents of the traffic. "What are you over here for?" some one asked him. "Are you opposed to the sale of intoxicating liquors?"

> "Then that's your side over there." The old grocer looked around angrily at he men on the other side and replied ; "You don't suppose I'm going over there with that crowd of red noses, do you?" His view of his own customers, all in nunch, had made a temperance man of

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