

The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXII.—NO. 32.

ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1897.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.
—AT THE—
Free Press Steam Printing Office,
MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year in advance. All subscriptions should be paid for in advance. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

CONTRACT RATES—The following table shows the rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods:

SPACE.	1 Wk.	1 Mo.	3 Mo.	6 Mo.	1 Yr.
10 lines	\$5.00	\$15.00	\$35.00	\$65.00	\$115.00
5 lines	2.50	7.50	17.50	32.50	57.50
1 line	.50	1.50	3.50	6.50	11.50

Advertisements without specific allocations will be inserted till filled and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each week if desired. For changes after that time a month's notice must be given.

Changes for contract advertisements must be made on or before Tuesdays.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.
J. F. URIN, M.D., D.C.M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick Streets, Acton.

A. S. ELLIOTT, M.B.
GRADUATE TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
OFFICE—Main Street, third door south of Frederick Street, Acton.

J. F. HALSTED, M.D., F.L.C.U.C.
OFFICE—Medical Hall, Main Street, Acton.
Maternity Hospital.
Residence—Main Street, Acton.

VETERINARY SURGEON.
ALFRED E. HUSBAND, V.S.
Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College.
Honorary member of the Veterinary Medical Society.
OFFICE—Wm. Husbands' lot, on a 4th Newmarket road.
Call day or night promptly attended to.

DENTAL.
L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST.
GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO.

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S., DENTIST.
DUNDASVILLE.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
Work made satisfactory. Prices Moderate.
Working Days—Tuesday and Friday of each week.

DR. F. S. MERCEIN, DENTIST.
Graduate of Toronto University and L.D.S. Ontario.
Office over Drug Store, Acton.
SPECIAL DAYS—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday.

LEGAL.
MCLEAN & MCLEAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private Residences to Loan.
Office—Town Hall, Acton.

DOUGLAS & MURRAY.
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
OFFICE—208 Queen St. East, Victoria Chambers, 51 Victoria St.
Telephone No. 100.
JOHN DOUGLAS. A. G. MURRAY.

A. J. MACKINNON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—COURT HOUSE—111 MILL STREET—above Logans' store, Acton.

T. G. MATHESON & J. B. MCLEOD,
BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.
Money to loan at lowest rates.
GEORGETOWN AND ACTON.

R. J. MCNABE,
Fourth Division Constable of Halton County.
Residence—Main Street, Acton.
OFFICE—Matthews' Block, ACTON.

MISCELLANEOUS.
HENRY GRIST,
Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc.
Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American and Foreign Patents. Also for the registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience.

FRANCIS NUNAN,
BOOKBINDER.
Windsor St., Geor. Ont.
Assortment of all kinds made to order. Estimates of every description carefully bound. Full repair and prompt delivery.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. P. MOORE,
Sole Agent of Marriage Licenses.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening. Free Press Office, ACTON.

ACTON Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRIST, Proprietor.
All work repaired with all the machinery necessary to enable all repairs to be made. Also agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of repair work. Bicycles and general householding. Woodwork repaired in a satisfactory manner. Free estimates. All machines or implements of any make. Saw grinding and glass done.

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1810
RELIABLE ON Cash and Mutual plan. Any amount of insurance. Terms to my address. Box 60, or telephone 50, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN SAYLOR, Agent, Geor. Ont.

W. M. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Resident at the Free Press Office, Acton, or at my residence, 111 Mill Street, will be promptly attended to. Fees reduced to \$5.00 FOR FARM SALES.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms. All kinds of real estate. Free estimates.

W. BARBER & BROS.,
FARM MACHINERY,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
Sole agents of
MACHINE FINISHED BOOK PAPERS
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS
The paper used in this journal is from the above mill. W. M. BARBER & BROS.

OUR EXERCISE BOOKS

AND
SCRIBBLERS

are made of better paper than any others in town.
Full supply of all.

School Books

AT
DAY'S BOOKSTORE,
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap.

Don't

Get an idea that this is a high-priced store because of its all round first-classness.

Put Your Hat on

And take the next train or drive up and come in and see. Then you'll go away

With a

Definite idea of what it is that gives cautious and careful people confidence in the store. It's all as simple as a

Shoehorn.

We are particular in everything. We buy the best drugs we can find and dispense them properly.

Alex. Stewart

Family and Dispensing Chemist.
130 South Front Office, Guelph.

Wedding Presents.

UP
TO
DATE

Frames, Pictures, Artists' Supplies, Fancy Goods.

GOOD VALUE.

WATERS BROS.
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, GUELPH.

Boots & Shoes

Here's a Fact—
Williams has the largest and most varied stock of Shoes in town.

Here's an Opinion.
Williams doesn't believe he can be undersold.

Here's a Promise.
Williams will meet any honorable competition.

Here's an Admission.
Williams wants you to trade very much.

Here's a Statement.
Williams will prove it pays to deal with him.

Here's an Explanation.
Williams gives you in price and gains in quality.

Here's a Grand Idea.
Try Williams just once when you need Shoes.

Here's a Memorandum.
Williams Boots and Shoes are found in his store on Mill Street, Acton.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS
Mill Street - ACTON.

J. H. Hamilton,
DEALER IN
Marble and Granite,
Hamilton's Block
GUELPH.

Having on hand a large quantity of
Scotch, Norway, Swedish and Russian
GRANITE
And in order to dispose of it to make room for spring stock now purchased I will sell at a reduction of
20 PER CENT.
And will allow all expenses to customers to and from our works.
JOHN H. HAMILTON

ACTON STEAM LAUNDRY.
A. COOK, Proprietor.
First-class work guaranteed in Family Laundry Work
Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Etc.
Work called for every Monday and Thursday and delivered every Thursday and Saturday.

THE TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Authorized Capital \$1,000,000
Paid up Capital and Surplus \$785,000
Assets over \$6,300,000

Guelph Branch

Sum of \$1 and upwards received on deposit and 3 per cent. interest paid or compounded half-yearly.

Deposit Receipts issued for large sums deposited.

Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names.

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

A General Banking Business transacted.

A. F. M. JONES,
Manager

Here's a Good Tip!

20% off the price of every Lamp in this Store. March 1st starts our stock-taking—we don't want to have these Lamps then. It's a chance for you—

Lamps that were \$1.00, now yours for 80c.

Lamps that were \$1.50, now yours for \$1.20.

No chestnuts. Every Lamp Fall-Ready, the latest.

J. M. BOND & Co.

HARDWARE
GUELPH.

SNAPS.

For one month we shall offer the balance of our stock of

Tweed Suitings and Winter Overcoatings

At a reduction of TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT.

We have between fifteen and twenty of this season's Scotch Tweed Suitings, all choice goods and shades; also about a dozen Fine Overcoatings.

We are prepared to sacrifice the profit on them in order to clear our stock completely. We give the guarantee of a reliable tailoring firm that neither the trimmings nor workmanship will be slighted in any particular.

Agnes was in great sorrow and shunned all gay society. Mrs. Gryton begged him to come often to help cheer her visitor, and this cheering process had led to his second infatuation. He had corresponded with Agnes ever since she went back to her brother's home and he was sure by the tone of her letters that she returned his affection.

What was he to do? He puzzled over the relative merits of blonde and brunette, weighed in the balance the numerous virtues of each, tried every possible and impossible plan for flooding out his own mind—all to no purpose. He was too "stupid" to do it himself. He had to take refuge into his confidence. Mrs. Gryton was his nearest and truest friend, but she stood too intimate relations with Agnes to be considered for a moment. If it were any other matter he would go to Josephine, but he could never own himself such a fool to her.

He had known Josephine Ferris all his life. Only a year his junior, she seemed quite a pass to the girls to whom he paid his addresses nowadays.

He was thirty-five now, and he remembered with what impetuosity he had waited for the day he should have his majority, that he might lay his fortune at her feet in truly heroic fashion.

She was twenty then and she laughed at him for a silly boy. Their friendship had remained unaltered, however, and Josephine had gone on leaving and leaving him just as she had done since they were babies. In later years their friendship had grown to be a very pleasant one, and Josephine seemed to him like an older sister.

He went to her in all his perplexities, and she had no little share in his professional success. But he had never spoken to her of his love affairs—indeed now this present dilemma he had never had since his boyish devotion to Josephine herself.

So he hid his trouble and brooded over it. He spent evenings at the Palace, vowing to decide before he went home. He came home more deeply in love with Dora than ever, to find a letter from Agnes had still all his old power over him. He was growing tired. "Where was the matter to end?"

One night at the club he said to a brother member, "Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

Poetry.

WEARY FOR HER.
I'm weary
For my desire
From the moment to the night;
I'm weary
Of her kisses
An' her footstep falls light—
O, I'm weary
For my desire
From the moment to the night;
I'm weary
When the faint light o'er the loom
When the windows
Feel this shadow
An' the soft song-loveing loom
O, I'm weary
An' she's far away from home!
I'm weary
For my desire
When the faint light o'er the loom
When the windows
Feel this shadow
An' the soft song-loveing loom
O, I'm weary
An' she's far away from home!
I'm weary
For my desire
When the faint light o'er the loom
When the windows
Feel this shadow
An' the soft song-loveing loom
O, I'm weary
An' she's far away from home!

SELECT FAMILY READING.

Badly Mixed.

Mr. Middleton was in love—hopelessly, irrationally in love—and he felt sure that his passion was returned. That being the case, and his financial position warranting him marrying whenever and wherever he pleased, he might expect him to be a very happy man indeed, instead of which he was plunged into the lowest depths of despair.

The trouble was this: Mr. Middleton was in love with two women instead of one, and he positively could not decide which of the two he was to marry. He loved them both with all his heart, and he was certain that each of them was only waiting for him to make his declaration in due form to tell him how much she loved him in return.

The first young woman that she shrines her worshipful was Dora Payne, a sprightly little brunette, with charming manner, a beautiful face and unusual intellectual gifts. He had known her only a year, but they were on terms of the most friendly intimacy.

He was a constant visitor at her father's house and her ready attendant at places of social amusement. He felt that he must become either her lover or her friend. His many insinuations demanded that he should declare the matter no longer.

But there was Agnes Hamilton. During the preceding winter an old friend of his mother had visited her a young orphan girl by that name.

Agnes was in great sorrow and shunned all gay society. Mrs. Gryton begged him to come often to help cheer her visitor, and this cheering process had led to his second infatuation. He had corresponded with Agnes ever since she went back to her brother's home and he was sure by the tone of her letters that she returned his affection.

What was he to do? He puzzled over the relative merits of blonde and brunette, weighed in the balance the numerous virtues of each, tried every possible and impossible plan for flooding out his own mind—all to no purpose. He was too "stupid" to do it himself. He had to take refuge into his confidence. Mrs. Gryton was his nearest and truest friend, but she stood too intimate relations with Agnes to be considered for a moment. If it were any other matter he would go to Josephine, but he could never own himself such a fool to her.

He had known Josephine Ferris all his life. Only a year his junior, she seemed quite a pass to the girls to whom he paid his addresses nowadays.

He was thirty-five now, and he remembered with what impetuosity he had waited for the day he should have his majority, that he might lay his fortune at her feet in truly heroic fashion.

She was twenty then and she laughed at him for a silly boy. Their friendship had remained unaltered, however, and Josephine had gone on leaving and leaving him just as she had done since they were babies. In later years their friendship had grown to be a very pleasant one, and Josephine seemed to him like an older sister.

He went to her in all his perplexities, and she had no little share in his professional success. But he had never spoken to her of his love affairs—indeed now this present dilemma he had never had since his boyish devotion to Josephine herself.

So he hid his trouble and brooded over it. He spent evenings at the Palace, vowing to decide before he went home. He came home more deeply in love with Dora than ever, to find a letter from Agnes had still all his old power over him. He was growing tired. "Where was the matter to end?"

One night at the club he said to a brother member, "Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

"I toss up," said the other, "I'm a simple fellow, but I've decided that way often." "Toss up?" "Yes, you know, heads or tails."

"Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally good courses of action?"

A PAIR OF LITTLE SHOES.

"Could you but see all that strong drink is responsible for the misery, the disgrace, the misery which follows it, there are few who would follow it themselves to the power of so fearful a master."

The next morning came a letter from Agnes, and joy of joy she wrote him that she was engaged to be married!

"Bless that girl!" he exclaimed ecstatically. "It makes a clear sailing. Dora will be home to-morrow. I'll be an engaged man before another week. Thursday night is the Beldin ball. I'll settle matters there."

Thursday night came. Dora was welcomed by a note in a floating mass of white velveteen which made her look like an escaped suburban. Toward the close of the stoning he managed to get her away from the circle of admirers into the conservatory—that paradise of lovers—where he poured out his passion. What was his acquisition and indignation to meet with a decided refusal?

She was already engaged, she assured him. Her lover was poor, and she was young, and it had been thought best not to announce it at present. He reproached her with unfair conduct to himself, and the reply: "I am never decreased of your meaning anything by your little attentions to me. Everyone thinks you are engaged to Miss Ferris, and Mrs. Gryton tells me she is engaged to you that she was sure there was an understanding between you."

Chagrined and furious, Mr. Middleton made his way back to the ball-room. Here he vented his spite in a way fatal to his best interests. He vowed to himself that he would marry before either of those girls should do so. Who was his partner for the next dance? Lily Edgerton. He would propose to her as soon as it was over. She was a nice girl enough, used to be a great belle, had married desperately, but what of that? "Marry he would, and that at once." He carried out his intention. Miss Edgerton was much astonished, and she may have had a brief suspicion of the truth, but she was too clever a woman of the world not to profit by her opportunity, and she accepted him immediately.

He went the next evening to see Josephine before she left for the ball. He had a ring on Lily Edgerton and told her of his engagement. Her face was a study in which sorrow and surprise were blended. "She thinks me an ass," he muttered to himself as he left the house, "and she thinks about it."

Less than twenty minutes later the fashionable columns of the daily newspaper chronicled a brilliant wedding in which Mr. Augustus Middleton and Miss Lillian Edgerton were the contracting parties. There was a trip to the Bermudas, a series of receptions in their new home, and all the festivity and attention usually shown a newly married pair.

On one of these occasions Mrs. Middleton said to her husband:—"Do you see how devoted—Fred—Carter—