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## The Action Free Press

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H. T. MOORE  
Editor and Proprietor

## Business Directory.

### MEDICAL.

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

**A. S. ELLIOTT, M. B., M. D.**  
GRADUATE TORONTO UNIVERSITY.  
OFFICE—Main Street, third door south of Presbyterian Church, Acton.

**ALFRED P. HUBBARD, V. S.**  
GRADUATE OF THE ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.  
OFFICE—Wm. Husband's, lot 24, con. 4, Nassagoyes.

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

**D. R. S. MERCER.**  
GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY AND I.C.S.O.  
OFFICE—DRUG STORE, ACTON.

**J. M. BELL, D.D.S., DENTIST.**  
HOCKEYVILLE, ONTARIO.

**McLEAN & McLEAN.**  
Notaries Public, Conveyancers &c.  
Office—Town Hall, Acton.

**DOUGLAS & MURRAY.**  
HARRINGTON, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.  
OFFICE—Victoria Chambers, 61 Victoria St. Toronto.

**A. J. MACKINNON.**  
HARRINGTON, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.  
OFFICE—Mill Street; in Matthews' Block, Upstairs.

**T. G. MATHESON, & J. B. McLEOD.**  
HARRINGTON, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS.  
Office—Main Street, Acton.

**R. J. McNEBB.**  
Under Fourth Division Court County of Hamilton.  
Office—Victoria Chambers, 61 Victoria St. Toronto.

**HENRY GRIST.**  
Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc.  
Office—Victoria Chambers, 61 Victoria St. Toronto.

**FRANCOIS NUNAN.**  
BOOKBINDER.  
Office—Victoria Chambers, 61 Victoria St. Toronto.

**MARRIAGE LICENSES.**  
H. P. MOORE,  
Notary Public, Conveyancer, etc.  
Office—Victoria Chambers, 61 Victoria St. Toronto.

**MONEY.**  
If you wish to reduce your interest or secure a first-class loan of money at low interest, call on me. I make a specialty of lending money and have plenty of funds. I also loan on village property.

**W. C. JACKSON.**  
CONVEYANCER AND MONEY LENDER.  
Office—Wm. Husband's, lot 24, con. 4, Nassagoyes.

**Wellington Mutual Fire Insurance Company.**  
ESTABLISHED 1840.

**W. BARBER & BROS.**  
PAPER MAKERS,  
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

**Machine Finished Book Papers.**  
HIGHER GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.

**W. BARBER & BROS.**

## TO CLEAR THE BALANCE OF OUR

### Wall Paper

We have reduced THE PRICE TO COST

AND IN SOME CASES BELOW COST PRICE.

The stock is Well Assorted, combinations perfect.

We can show you the nicest and cheapest papers in the city.

You save money every time by dealing

with us.

**DAY'S BOOKSTORE.**

QUELPH,  
Day Sells Cheap.

## A LITTLE ENTOMOLOGY.

We wish to call the attention of the housewives of this community to a very destructive household insect, which has already done serious damage in this district.

We refer to what is known as the "Buffalo Moth".

(Auriferous Scrophularia) Which attacks and is very injurious to Wollen Goods, Clothing, Carpets, Upholstery, etc.

How to Know it.

It consists of an active brown larva a quarter of an inch long or less, clothed with stiff brown hairs around the sides. If you are not familiar with its appearance we will be pleased to show you specimens at our store in its three stages—larva, pupa and adult insect.

How to Destroy

This pest is the next question of importance having discovered it in your house. We have the remedy.

Stewart's Buffalo Moth Exterminator or Liquid Insecticide.

Will rid your house of them in a short time. It is a guaranteed remedy.

Price 25c a Bottle.

**ALEX. STEWART,**

Family and Dispensing Chemist,  
Queph, Ont.

## More Than Half

Your life is spent in your shoes. Then why not have them comfortable! The

case of a shoe depends on the material and fit. That

is the reason our shoes give general satisfaction. All

grades of Boots and Shoes in the latest spring styles and best quality, at

**W. Williams' BOOT & SHOE STORE**

Mill Street, Acton.

## J. H. Hamilton,

DEALER IN

Marble and Granite,

Hamilton's Block, QUELPH.

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**

**T. J. SPEIGHT, Proprietor.**

Manufacturers of

**DYNAMOS, ELECTRIC MOTORS, WATER MOTORS, and HYDRAULIC RAMS.**

Pipe and Steam Fitting and General Repairing. Using equipment with gas burning machine I can repair and install on Hydro Electric Plants. We have converted from Diesel to Traction Engines. We have also installed in full line of engines and pumps. Satisfaction guaranteed. My office is in any corner.

**T. J. SPEIGHT, Georgetown**

## E. B. COLLINS,

Butcher

Desires to thank his numerous customers for their liberal patronage since he commenced business last January and hopes that by careful attention to merit a continuance of their custom.

A complete assortment of first-class Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Pork, Fresh and Salt, Ham, Sausages, Pickles, Lard, &c., in season.

Prices always as low as consistent with the best quality.

Prompt delivery. Post stock wanted.

**E. B. COLLINS**

## JOB PRINTING,

INCLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Bill Heads, Catalogues, Cards, and all other styles of the art, at moderate prices and on short notice. Apply to address.

**H. T. MOORE**  
Free Press Office, Acton

## 10 CENTS

Buy your name on 10 Cents worth of HIGGINS Handmade Calling Cards, with gold and silver designs. CANADA GAIT HOUSE, Georgetown Ont.

## TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Authorized Capital..... \$1,000,000

Paid up Capital and Surplus..... \$785,000

Assets over..... \$9,300,000

## Queph Branch.

3 1/2 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 payable in Queph.

A General Banking Business Transacted.

**A. F. H. JONES,**  
Manager

## Our Coal Oil Stoves

make quick work easy.

No waiting for fire to burn, or stove to warm up.

Ready to cook as quick as lighted.

Safe, handy, economical.

No dirt, ashes, or overheated kitchens.

Write for prices if you can't call.

## J. M. BOND & Co.

QUELPH.

## Light Summer Tweeds

That look cool, and feel cool, stylish cut, properly finished, and generally well tailored, but high enough to ensure every satisfaction to the wearer.

The pleasure of first choice is yours if you buy now.

**SHAW & TURNER,**

Merchant Tailors, Queph

**1897-98**

## WALL PAPERS

Styles and Prices

## WATERS BROS.

ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, QUELPH

## ROBT. NOBLE

The Highest Price for

**WHEAT PERS OATS BARLEY**

At the Warehouse, Acton Station.

**FLOUR BRAN SHORTS SEEDS**

And All Kinds of Feed at

Acton Flour and Feed Store.

Try "NORVAL" FLOUR. The best Family Flour in the Market.

**FRANK HARRIS,**

Manager.

## ACTON BUS LINE

The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that

Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can all ways be secured

At his establish. A comfortable bus mounts trains between 9 a. m. and 8 1/2 p. m. Careful attention given to every rider. The wants of Commercial Travelers fully met.

**JOHN WILLIAMS**

Proprietor

## Acton Saw Mills, and Wood Yards.

**JAMES BROWN**

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Wood, Etc.

All kinds of Wood in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices.

Hardwood and slabs cut to length always on hand.

Telephone communication.

## Poetry.

### MEMORIAM.

In the light of God.

His likeness stamps my brow,  
Through the valley of death my foot have trod.

And I feel in glory now,  
No brooding heart is here,  
No keen and thrilling pain.

No wasted thought the frequent tear  
Both rolled and left to stain.

I have reached the joy of heaven,  
I am one of the sainted band.

For my hand a crown of gold is given  
And a scepter into my hand.

When Jesus said the song they sing,  
And the glorious words of heaven still ring

With my new-born melody,  
No sin, no grief, no pain,  
No safe in my happy home.

My fears of my doubts all slain,  
My hour of triumph's noon.

Oh friends of mortal years,  
The trusted and the true,  
Ye are watching still in the valley of tears,  
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget you?  
For memory's golden chain  
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below  
Till they meet to touch again.

Each link in my heart,  
And love's electric flame  
Flows freely down like a river of light,  
To the world from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star  
Shines out from the glittering sky?  
Do you weep when the raving voice of war  
Strikes out from the nations?

Then why should your tears run down,  
And your hearts be sorely riven,  
For another's sorrow,  
And another soul in heaven?

### Select Family Reading.

#### Juliet, the Orphan.

BY ANNE HAMILTON.

"Well, Juliet, what are you calculating to do?" said Mrs. Murdright.

"It's time to make up my mind about something, you know," briskly observed Miss Juniusa Jessup.

Juliet lifted her heavy head, and looked at them with vague surprise.

"Do?" she repeated. "What's there to do? I don't know what you mean."

She was a dark, large-eyed girl with chestnut hair, a Spanish figure, which seemed to be bound by the weight of her deep mourning. Mrs. Murdright was a tall, matronly woman, with iron-gray hair and a square chin. Miss Jessup wore spectacles, and moved around in an active, jerky way, and a slight figure, which seemed to be bound by the weight of her deep mourning.

"It's a week to-morrow since your papa was buried," added Mrs. Murdright.

"Yes," she said, "I know it. Oh, papa!"

"There, there," said Miss Jessup, as the young orphan hid her face in her hands, "don't give way. It's unchristian, and it's uncomfortable, too!"

"And it's high time," steadily observed Mrs. Murdright, "that you looked matters in the face, Juliet. You've got your living to earn, and—"

"But I thought I was to live with you!" said poor Juliet, who was as ignorant in the ways of the world as a six-month-old infant. You are my mother's sister, Aunt Murdright, and I'm your cousin, and I should undertake to support you relative I have got in the world," said Mrs. Murdright sourly. You aren't a child, Juliet. You were eighteen—last month, and there's many a girl of your age earning her own living and laying a handsome sum besides. And it's close on the first of June, and I need every room I have to let to summer boarders."

"And there is no reason," supplemented Miss Juniusa, skillfully seizing the opportunity to strike in when Mrs. Murdright paused for lack of breath. "Why you should sit with folded hands while your cousin Artemesia works in the skirt-factory and Louisa Jessup goes out to tailoring."

Juliet sat looking from one to the other with her heart seemed to stand still within her. At the Grange she had always lived in luxury. She had been the darling and idolized child of a dotting father. She had never paused to consider the question of mere money. All good and lovely things seemed to assemble around her by magic. Every one had spoken tenderly to her and loved her.

"What am I to do, Aunt Murdright?" she faltered. "If all my money spent?"

"Your money!" hysterically echoed Miss Jessup. "Poor child! You haven't got none. It's all gone in rash speculations and mad investments."

"Juniusa speaks the truth," said Mrs. Murdright, stiffly, as Juliet's eyes sought here, as if to seek corroboration of the little old maid's unfeeling words.

"You're as good as a beggar, and you must begin to consider in serious earnest what you are to do for your bread. I can't undertake to support you."

"Juliet put her little old hand in a pathetically pleading way on Mrs. Murdright's arm.

"Aunt," she said, "couldn't I stay here? Couldn't I make myself useful to you?"

Mrs. Murdright shrugged her shoulders. "I'm very sorry," she said, "but I don't require anyone to play the piano, and sit around the house in picturesque positions, and be waited on. You haven't been brought up as my girls are, Juliet. May I tell you, if I accept her?"

"I don't know," she said, "but I'm sure, as my relative! Aid me! Advice me! You have age and experience—I am like a lost child in this great, cruel, grinding world!"

Verily, Juliet May had but a novice in all conventional wisdom, or she never would have alluded so unguardedly to the age and experience of the sprightly spinster. Miss Jessup bridled.

"I really don't know what I have anything to say," she said. "As Mrs. Murdright remarks, you must expect to work in this world!"

But Miss Jessup studiously banished from her recollection the fact that, when she had first set up dressmaking for herself, Epitaph May had generously lent her money for her lease, furniture, stock and fixtures. He had never claimed a cent of interest; he had never so much as hinted at the repayment of his loan, and she had been equally silent. And it is to be presumed that she had quite forgotten the whole circumstance, when she added, with some little vindictiveness:

"And, to my mind, it would have been a deal wiser if your papa had looked a little more closely to his money, instead of lending it to me—do-wells like Channery Graham to squander!"

"Cousin Channery was always good and kind!" cried Juliet, coloring up. "He would have paid papa if he could! And it is more dishonorable of you to say such things about those, Juniusa Jessup!"

"Hoity-toity!" cried Miss Jessup. "Mean! Dishonorable! Well, if he isn't both, let him put in an appearance and say what he has done with that money!"

As Mrs. Graham, when at that moment supposed to be in Australia, engaged in the management of a man-of-war sheep farm, this was perhaps an unreasonable demand. But, to Miss Jessup's infinite amazement, and perhaps to her discomfiture as well, the front door was pushed open at that juncture, and a broad, bearded apparition, in a suit of some foreign style and cut, stalked in.

"Is this Mrs. Miss Murdright's house?" said he. "Can any one tell me if Miss Juliet May is here?"

Mrs. Murdright started. Miss Jessup seemed equally amazed. With a cry, Juliet May sprang to her feet.

"Channery!" she cried. "It is my cousin Channery!"

"I am Channery Graham," said the young man. "Only arrived in the port of New York last evening. It all seems so strange to me that I don't know how to address you. My name is Channery, my name is Channery, my name is Channery."

He stood in surprise, scarcely able to recognize in this tall Andalusian-faced girl, the chubby-cheeked playfellow of former years. But when she flung herself so cordially into his arms, he held her with a tender and chivalrous embrace.

"Oh, Channery, I am so glad that you have come," she sobbed. "Oh, I was so lonely and forsaken! No one has seemed to care for me since papa died—no one offered me a home!"

"I will," said Channery, quietly. "There, little one, don't fret. It is all smooth sailing now. The money which your father left me has been fruit, seventy times seven, and it is yours now!"

Mrs. Murdright here recovered herself so far as to extend a fish-like hand to her. Channery, Miss Jessup pressed eagerly forward.

"My dear Juliet," she said with a little smile, "the old man's will is all right. It's all the proper person to take charge of you?"

"Why not?" said Channery Graham. "It seems to me that I am the very one. And my mother is in New York waiting to extend a mother's tender care to Juliet."

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