

The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXIII.—NO. 34.

ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1898.

PRICE THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

Free Press Steam Printing Office.

WILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

Terms of Subscription—One dollar per year 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 label.

Advertising Rates—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per line for first insertion, 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Contract Rates—The following table shows the rates for the insertion of advertisements for special periods:

SPACE.	13 Wks.	1 Mo.	3 Mo.	6 Mo.	1 Yr.
10 Lines	\$40.00	\$20.00	\$50.00	\$80.00	\$150.00
15 Lines	\$60.00	\$30.00	\$75.00	\$120.00	\$225.00
20 Lines	\$80.00	\$40.00	\$100.00	\$160.00	\$300.00
25 Lines	\$100.00	\$50.00	\$125.00	\$200.00	\$375.00
30 Lines	\$120.00	\$60.00	\$150.00	\$240.00	\$450.00

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance. Advertisements will be charged on each month if desired. For changes or to stop a copy the composition must be paid for at the office by which the advertisement was inserted. Changes for contract advertisements must be made in the office by which the advertisement was inserted. Accounts payable monthly.

H. F. 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. D., B. B., B. S.

GRADUATE TORONTO UNIVERSITY. OFFICE—Main Street, third door south of Presbyterian Church, Acton.

D. R. DRYDEN.

EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE. McLean's Block, Douglas St., near P. O. Office Hours—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 6 p.m. SUNDAY—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

ALFRED P. HUSBAND, V. S.

Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Honorary member of the Veterinary Medical Society. Office—Wm. Husband's, lot 2, con. 4, Nease-avenue. Calls day or night promptly attended to.

DENTAL.

L. B. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST.

Georgetown, Ontario.

D. R. F. S. MERCER, DENTIST.

Graduate of Toronto University and R.O.D.S. Office—Douglas Street, near P. O. VISITING DAYS—Thursday and Friday.

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S., DENTIST.

HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. Work made satisfactory. Prices Moderate. VISITING DAYS—Tuesday and Friday of each week.

LEGAL.

MCLEAN & MCLEAN

Notaries, Solicitors, Conveyancers &c. Private Residences in Acton. Office—Town Hall, Acton.

W. A. MCLEAN, Jno. A. MCLEAN.

A. J. MCKINNON, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.

Office—Mill Street, in Matthews' Block, Acton.

T. G. MATHESON, & J. B. MCLEOD, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS.

Georgetown and Milton. Money to loan at lowest rates.

R. J. McNABB, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.

Office—Fourth Division Court House, Acton. Office—Wm. Husband's, lot 2, con. 4, Nease-avenue. Money to loan at lowest rates.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HENRY GRIST, OPTICIAN, CANADA.

Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc. Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American and European Patents. Office—Wm. Husband's, lot 2, con. 4, Nease-avenue. Twenty-two years experience.

FRANCIS NUNAN, BOOKBINDER.

Wm. Husband's, Acton, Ontario. Account Books of all kinds made to order. Estimates of every description carefully bound. Estimates made promptly done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

H. F. MOORE, DEPUTY OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued residence in the evening. Free Press Office, ACTON.

MONEY.

FRANKLIN, if you wish to secure your interest or secure a first-class loan of money at low rates, and on easy terms, apply to me. I make speciality 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, near City Hall, GUELPH.

Wellington Mutual Fire Insurance Company. ESTABLISHED 1840.

INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any amount of business forwarded to my address. Box 28, or telephone 58, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

W. M. HEMSTREET, LICENSED AGENT.

For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Office: 1st Floor, The Press Building, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Fees reduced to \$5.00 FOR FARM SALES.

Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of \$500 and upwards.

MAN WANTED.

FOR every unoccupied district in Canada to our high grade Canadian Grown NURSERY STOCK. Every tree and bush carefully selected for its quality and good value to those giving their entire time to the business. The demand for good home grown and acclimated nursery stock is increasing. Apply now and secure good ground. All our stock guaranteed true to name or purchase price refunded.

E. P. BLACKFORD & CO., Toronto, Canada.

JOB PRINTING.

INCLUDING BOOKS, Pamphlets, Posters, Bill Heads, Circulars, etc., executed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and on short notice. Apply to address.

H. F. MOORE, Free Press Office, Acton.

OUR Wall Paper Sales FOR 1897

Were the largest in 36 years.

In making room for our

Big Stock of Paper for this Season

We find several small lots which we will clear for a mere trifle.

Ends from 8 to 12 Rolls almost given away at

Day's Bookstore, Guelph.

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

Cash Store

For Best Values in

Ready-made Clothing,

Underwear and

General Dry Goods.

Finest Brands in

Teas,

Coffees,

Oatmeal,

Corrmeal,

Flour, &c.

J. G. McBeath

ACTON, ONTARIO.

The Average Boy

Usually knows how to kick and stamp out his shoes in very quick order. Just now, in the language of the boy himself, we have "got the bugle on him in the shape of a stock of shoes that, for wearing qualities, cannot be beaten, and the price is very low. We have not forgotten the older heads, either, having put in a large and varied stock, to suit all requirements and all purses. Come in and see 'em."

W. Williams,

The Old Reliable Boot and Shoe Dealer

Mill St., Acton.

The Little Trifles

That help brighten up a room, such as Fancy China, Etruscan, etc., are found in great variety in our store.

Wall Papers, Pictures, Frames, Mouldings, and such requisites are leaders with the price.

We think the closest buyer will be pleased with our values.

WATERS BROS.,

St. George's Square, GUELPH.

The Campaign

Prepare for Winds

We would call your attention to the fact that we are prepared to supply you with lumber of suitable length for your Barn Doors, viz: 10, 12, 13 or 14 feet also

SASH DOORS, FRAMES, MOULDINGS, etc. for building. Storm Doors put up at a low rate as possible.

PUMPS. Repair your pumps or put in new ones where it is too good for you. Shop at foot of River Street, ACTON THOS. EBBAE

Manager

Georgetown Electric Works

T. J. SPEIGHT, Proprietor.

Manufacturers of

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

Plum and Steam Fitting and General Repairing. Being equipped with the latest machinery and tools, we are prepared to undertake any work in our line. Estimates given free of charge. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bicycles stocked in any color.

T. J. SPEIGHT, Georgetown

TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Authorized Capital, \$1,000,000

Guelph Branch

Sums of \$1 and upwards received on deposit and highest current rate of 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 Guelph.

A General Banking Business transacted.

A. F. H. JONES, Manager

Here's a Good Tip!

20% off the price of every LAMP in this store.

March 1st starts our Stocktaking. We don't want to have these Lamps then. It's a chance for you. Lamps that were \$1.00 now 80c.

Lamps that were \$1.50 now \$1.20.

Lamps that were \$2.25 now \$1.80.

Every Lamp 1897-98 styles—the latest.

J. M. BOND & CO.

HARDWARE, GUELPH.

Dyspepsia Positively Cured

By McKee's Dyspepsia Powders.

Many Dyspepsia Remedies have been discovered and offered to the public as cures, that have failed. But if you are dyspeptic and have tried many of these so-called cures with repeated failure, don't give it up and settle down to a life of misery just when this great boon is within your reach. There is no other disease which brings so many other derangements of the system. To Dyspepsia are due very often all such conditions as Sick Headache, Sleeplessness, Heartburn, Bloating, Nausea, Constipation, Jaundice, and Liver Complaint. These powders give decided relief from the first and eventually restore the digestive organs to their original healthy condition.

ONLY ONE A BOX. 24 powders. Manufactured and sold only by

J. D. MCKEE, CHEMIST, ACTON.

CLEARING SALE

OF ALL Fall and Winter Goods.

In order to make room for our fine new stock of Spring Suits, Trouserings and Overcoatings we will hold a clearing sale of all fall and winter stock during the month of February.

We are prepared to take your orders for

SUITS, TROUSERS OVERCOATS

At very low prices for first-class garments. Our reputation for style and fit is already established, and we are prepared to ensure satisfaction to every customer. Call early and have a good selection.

Cooper & Atkins, MAIN STREET, ACTON. Tailors

John McQueen.

COAL

Leave your orders now for your winter's supply. None but the

Very Best Scranton Coal

Delivered. I can supply Egg, Stone and Nut sizes. The liberal patronage accorded me last season by Mr. Brown's customers, whose business I bought, was much appreciated. I can give even better service this year and solicit a continuance of their orders. Coal delivery to commence in September.

John McQueen.

Sun Savings and Loan Co.

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT.

Authorized Capital - \$5,000,000.00

Ten-year maturity shares are paid in Monthly Installments of \$5.00 per share for 120 months, when payments cease—\$60.00 paid in—maturity value \$100.00.

Money to loan at 5% straight loan or repayable in monthly installments on application to

R. J. McNabb, Agent, Acton.

Business College & Shorthand Institute

Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Shorthand, Typewriting and Actual Office Work specially. Write for Circulars.

J. SHARP, Principal

Poetry.

EDUCATE AND AGITATE.

Educate and agitate. That's the only way. If you'll keep the temperance cause at the front to-day. Up and at it one and all! Let each action show That you stand for temperance Everywhere you go.

Educate the boys and girls. With the temperance chart. Show them how the drink destroys stomach, brain and heart. Temperance instruction teach In the public school. For the sake of our youth. As the general rule.

Educate in Sunday-school. When the chance is given. When a temperance lesson comes To the desk or board. Tell them 'tis not safe to look On the wine-cup bright. For a serpent lurks therein. And at last 'twill bite.

Educate within the home. Let no wine be placed On the table, where 'twill tempt Little ones to drink. Let the children sign the pledge With tender years. And let your own lips be sealed. Save your countless tears.

Agitate for temperance. Preachers of God's Word. Let your voice in its behalf From the pulpit sound. From the platform agitate. Public speakers woo. Get on your feet and sing. You should not desist.

Agitate and educate. With the printing press. Temperance literature will help Much to must confer. Let statistics and facts Show the public gaze. Think upon in our land. Think upon your ways.

Agitate unceasingly. Till the voice of one. And unto each their votes To prohibit rum. Till they at the ballot-box Meet the question, why. When we sell our souls. When we sell our souls.

—Nettie A. Perlman in N. T. Advocate.

Select Family Reading.

Mr. Todd's Valentine.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELLY.

"Flash, flash, flash!" Mrs. Brock held up a warning fore-finger. "Don't let father hear you—he isn't so well to-day."

She got up, and, stepping across the floor, softly shut the bedroom door. Her sweet face looked worried. "Are you sure it's as bad as that, Faithie?" she asked.

"Daddy, mother—hush!" Faithie said gloomily. "It couldn't be beaten for badness. He's a bad man."

"Hush, hush, dear. We mustn't judge him."

"Well, I must!" the girl exclaimed hotly, "anybody who says 'Doesn't he know his father's sick and we're working our fingers to the bone to pay him?' What's he in such a hurry for? He's rich, rich, rich—and we're poor, poor, poor. The shill, indignant whispered words ended in a hasty sob."

Faithie buried her face in the bright sheets of paper and tined on the table, to Cupid's dismay. His fat, round cheeks reddened with acute anxiety and the corners of his mouth curved down. But he only sat up straight and looked into Faithie's head once again. How funny it was for Faithie to cry! Of course some of her tears would spot the blue sheet and maybe the gold one, too—O, my, she'd hit it!

"Went to going to my room. The red paper were man folks never read."

Faithie lifted her head with a little jerk of defiance. "Well?"

"Well, dear, and something better still. I have—Faithie."

Cupid sat on the floor among his blocks and watched mother and Faithie hug each other a great long while. He sighed a little, softly, behind his pudgy little hand, and wondered pensively if there could ever be any valentine, say, for Faithie was making a valentine for Cupid. As first it had been a secret, till Cupid's active little nose somehow sniffed it in the air. Then he was even allowed to choose his own colored paper and make suggestions. But the present prospects for valentines were poor.

"There's one way, Faithie," Mrs. Brock said after a while, running her thin fingers through and through Faithie's hair. The position for her voice was significant. "I've thought and thought, dear, and prayed over it, and there's just one way for us to keep the home for poor, sick father."

"O, no, no, mother, don't that way!" Faithie interrupted quickly. "We can't beg off again. I can't go to Mr. Todd again and ask charity. I can't!"

"Not charity, Faithie, only patience for a little longer. He must be a just man, and surely he can pay. Father was always so prompt to pay—why, it's almost our own home now!"

"I can't do it!" Faithie said shortly.

"Then I will do it," Mrs. Brock answered with gentle decision.

"No, no, no!" cried Faithie.

Cupid had got up and come over now and stood eying the forgotten valentine wistfully. It wasn't half done yet. The gold angel only had on one wing and that was crooked. And there sat Faithie absent-ly rolling up one corner between her thumb and forefinger! Something would have to be done. Cupid decided to try a little modest hinting.

"Do you see that bad man over had a valentine, Faithie?" he asked. "O, yes, you see if he didn't ever, I should be so 'touched at his business."

"Faithie looked down into the solemn little face at her elbow, and took the hint instantly. For a minute or two there was only the empty sound of the cissors and the faint creak of the crisp papers in the room. The gold angel's other wing was appended properly, and the crooked one straightened. It really looked like a good valentine, indeed, after all!

"It's so lovely!" murmured Cupid, warmly. "O, what a wonderful thing it would be never-never-to have a valentine! I don't truly believe that poor bad man ever had one, now honest, Faithie, and he's 't' bad." He watched the deft, flashing motions intently. His impatient little nose touched the uneasy taps on the floor. "I guess I like the gold angel the most," he murmured.

"That's an angel—that's a dear, little, fond, fat Cupid-like you." Faithie said, suddenly giggling him. "You're a valentine, Cupid! Mother, where are my bow and arrow? I had them ago? Don't you know, there was a cunning quiver, too, to hold the arrows?"

"Up in the old sun-chest, dear," Mrs. Brock answered absently.

Faithie found them and hung the little quiver of arrows over Cupid's shoulder.

"There!" she cried softly, "take the bow in your hands—no. Now you are a little valentine, and you're looking good, but I'm a live valentine!" she echoed the little fellow in delight. "Where'll you send me, Faithie? Who'll have me?"

Faithie was gathering together the scraps of paper, and already the little flash of girlish fun had faded out of her face. It was serious, and serious again. She hardly seemed to hear the child's question or to notice again his Cupid's equipment. The old trouble faced her stubbornly, refusing to be subdued.

"There was no answer at all, unless—yes, of course she can't try going to the old man and asking for more time—'begging off,' she called it. But that was dreadful. What would Lance think?"

Bless the girl, there was a "Lance" in it then! A tall, straight Lance, with honest blue eyes, who looked into Faithie's and told her beautiful things. What would Lance think if they went begging to his uncle, just as if they hadn't any pride at all? For it was Lance's uncle who held the mortgage and who wanted the money right now. His dear old things must go in this world a sick, dear old father in an overcoat, a debt, a bad man who threatened to disinherit his only heir because of the beautiful things his blue eyes said to a poor little girl named Faithie! Tangled enough things seemed to that little girl just now. She drew a long quivering breath over her thoughts.

"I believe he's doing it just on purpose!" she said to herself, cutting off the words spitefully with the little sharp scissors of her eyes. "Just because he's bound Lance to pay for me, he's making me pay. So he's going to turn us out of house and home, is he?"

"Faithie, where you go?" she said to "cause I'm a valentine now, you know," persisted a wistful whisper at her elbow. Cupid stood there poking her gently with his nose. "What's the matter with you?" Faithie, "cause she wouldn't answer little boys when they asked and kept on asking?" She was asleep with her eyes open—that's what.

"Where'll you send me to, Faithie Brock?"

"Oh!—why, I don't know. You must not bother me, Cupid. I'm busy thinking."

"But you mustn't make a valentine out of me 'thout you send me to somewhere, so there now!"

Faithie laughed and nodded him to her bosom lovingly. "Well, you little pestering, go and be the property of the prettiest girl in town, or anybody, but don't tease Faithie."

The little fellow trotted away and sat down outside, on the hall stairs, possessed of a sudden splendid idea. It grew bigger and bigger as he looked into Faithie's eyes, whose small soul and sent his short legs hurrying sturdily down street, round corners and out of sight.

"She said the president's valentine, but he ain't the president's valentine, but he ain't the president. Ho, I guess I know what to do with it!" Cupid was thinking as he trudged. "Maybe he's the lover the most of anybody—yes, Lance, so I guess that's what."

His quiver bumped monotonously against his shoulder and the arrows rattled and crowded each other. The cumbersome bow prodded people's elbows and got in the way of lamp posts and trees, but Cupid, undismayed, scurried on. He had forgotten his hat and his coat were at the mercy of the breeze that came blowing briskly up from the bay. Altogether he made a queer enough little figure, and no wonder he felt awkward and admiration in his wake.

Not so very long after this, when old Basil Todd peered in his door bell, ring and ring, three times, unexpectedly—twice he twisted his shoulders under his soft silk gown, with vexation. Most a man he would be of his afternoon napping by this evening—it was not over-lavishing Basil Todd said—think thinking? "Confound it! a body takes a minute's comfort in his own home? Confound it, where was Marie?—the rascal was at it again."

Think—think tinkle-tinkle-tinkle! Marie, busy with a caller in the area, remained innocently oblivious to her duty, and the gentle, quivering ringing went on.

"Basil Todd could stand it no longer. He thrust his feet further into his slippers and drew together his dressing gown with its dainty flap.

At the door he confronted—was it an elf, a fairy, a very sp'ite-ous old No-Man-Land, or only a broad-limbed, round-eyed little child? By all the gods, it was Cupid himself then!"

"They always took 'em in under the door, you know, but I couldn't take 'em under," apologized the elf eagerly.

"So he had to be unhooked. I'm a live valentine. He looked delightedly. "You're the kind that makes his eyes, dearest and shaggy brows, looking as if they might be twinkling?"

"If you ain't 'speakin' in 'vite me to come in, I guess I'll be 'in' now," Cupid said, blushing profusely.