

The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXIII.—NO. 41.

ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1898.

PRICE THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press
—PUBLISHED—
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—AT THE—
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MILL 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.

Advertisements.—Rates.—Transit advertisements 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Contract Rates.—The following table shows rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods:

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO.
10 Lines	\$60.00	\$35.00	\$20.00	\$7.00
5 Lines	\$30.00	\$17.50	\$10.00	\$3.50
1 Line	\$6.00	\$3.50	\$2.00	.70

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted in full and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes after that time a month's compensation must be paid at regular rates.

Changes of contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesday.

Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor

Extra Strong in 1898

WALL PAPERS

Newest and latest designs and colorings.

Baby Carriages, Window Shades.

Prices for 1898 Extra Low

Call and see goods and prices.

—AT—

Day's Bookstore, Guelph.

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

Trust Us

To look after your Wall Paper wants carefully.

Trust Us

To make the price as low as honest business methods and straight cash buying can make it.

Trust Us

When you want your pictures neatly framed.

We will see you do not regret it.

WATERS BROS.,

St. George's Square, GUELPH.

—THE—
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 if payable in Guelph.

A General Banking Business transacted.

A. F. H. JONES, Manager.

"Seconds" Agate Ware—selling at less than cost in the ordinary way. So far as USE goods Agate Ware "Seconds" are as good as Agate Ware "First". It's the wear, the service, that most women want these things for. Don't miss the sale—there's splendid value in this kitchen stuff.

J. M. BOND & CO.

HARDWARE, GUELPH.

Housecleaning

The season is here for the house to be tidied up and the busy housewife is worrying about.

Wall Paper

You need not worry. Call at the People's Drug Store and see the beautiful 1898 Wall Papers and you will be happy.

Be up to date and get the latest, namely: the Ingram which are all the rage.

Perhaps you haven't seen them. If not we will be delighted to show you them. Anyway don't buy your wall paper till you have seen the Ingram or you may rue it.

30,000

Rolls to choose from. The very latest in all other lines also open for your inspection.

From 5¢ roll upwards. All 1898 Papers. BIG CHOICE.

—AND—
BIG BARGAINS

...AT...
McKee's Drug Store.

Telephone Correspondence.

MRS. SECORD'S BLOCK, ACTON.

SEED GRAIN
SPRING WHEAT
SPRING RYE
PEAS
OATS
BARLEY

I carry the largest and best assorted stock of Seed Grain in Guelph. The grain is as pure and clean as money can buy.

Also Timothy, Clover, Rape, etc. Get prices on my "Permanent Pasture Mixture". Field, Flower and Garden Seeds.

James Hewer, Seedsman, Guelph.

Robt. Noble

The Highest Price for
WHEAT
PEAS
OATS
BARLEY

At the Warehouse, Acton Station.

FLOUR
BRAN
SHORTS
SEEDS, All
Kinds of FEED

At Acton Flour and Feed Store.

TRY
NORVAL FLOUR

The Best Family Flour in the market

FRANK HARRIS, Manager.

Your Portrait

Have you had one taken lately? If not give Ramshaw, the artist, a sitting and you will be delighted with the result. Courteous attention. Satisfactory Photographs. Prices reasonable. Call to-day. This weather just suits.

H. Ramshaw, Acton, Photo Artist

JOB PRINTING.

ENGLISH BOOKS, Pamphlets, Posters, III
News, Circulars, etc., are printed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and on short notice. Apply or address
H. P. MOORE
Free Press Office, Acton

—THE—
Poetry.

"BABY'S EASTER SERMON."

I was seated in my study, where a million thoughts were born;

Thoughts of what would be my sermon for the "Easter Sunday" morn.

I was called to tell the people of this goodness of their Christ.

And to preach the old story, but to picture it in life.

How the Jews came from heaven, 'tis His lovely BIRTH, His love;

And for what we all are searching "till the realm of glory we reach."

But to find words to express it, to my mind would not be born.

Not one word that that sermon to be preached on Easter morn.

Down went pen and book, and paper, then I closed my study door,

Bestial as the way billows, paced I up and down the floor;

For that sermon 'Oh, that sermon! Where would I find words to express it, to my mind would not be born."

Then another hindrance rose, as two they started: "Peeped just around the corner to the spot where daily life."

Half 'till in the study, down beside her old, torn book;

Near the place she loved to play in, which she termed her "toy book."

"Papa, dear, are you busy? May I not tarry in and play?"

"No!" I almost started quite loudly, "you may come another day."

Papa's busy, busy, busy—yes, of course you may come in."

Now to quiet do; don't fret, for I'm deep in study."

"But my papa's eyes and soul, and he does not love me any more."

And I watched the tear-drops glisten, and her face, her face, her face;

There it was my hand heart softened, as I raised her from the floor,

And once more I rose and quickly closed and locked my study door.

There the great man with his baby, seated in his longing chair

From those tiny lips of anguish heard her little childish prayer:

As she lapped the words "that Papa would be made to love me more."

Found and preached an Easter sermon such as we've heard before.

"Christ's sacrifice!" The littlest marvelled at the speaker's words divine.

And word pictures that he painted were, at least, as sayable.

Of how Jesus came from heaven, 'tis His lovely BIRTH, His love;

And for what we all are searching 'till the realm of glory we reach."

Baby found the words to tell it, to that great and mighty God.

Found the words and thought the pastor preached upon that Easter morn.

—AND—
Select Family Reading.

An Easter Story.

BY FRANCIS COPPEE.

"Never!" cried Bourneuil, rising with violence and throwing his napkin on the table. "Never! Do you hear me? Never!"

And the old master-mason peeped up on his feet, turning, like a bear in a cage, while his poor mother, Bourneuil's wife, her face lowered on her plate, was disconsolately nibbling almonds.

For two years the same dispute had been springing up between the old couple—just as now at the end of their evening meal. For it was two years since they had fallen out with their son Edward, who, in spite of their opposition, had married a woman picked up somewhere in the Latin quarter—just as he was about to take his degree as a lawyer, too. How they had loved him and petted him, this Edward—this long-looked-for child, who had come after ten long years of married life, when they had almost given up hoping for a son. The happy Bourneuil, then only a simple builder, had rubbed his hands, saying to his wife:

"You know, Clementine, that since fellow Haussmann is improving and changing the whole city of Paris, from one end to another. Here is a good chance for me. If things go on this way I can make a fortune in twelve or fifteen years. And I know one thing: the little rascal of ours won't need to climb up into scaffolding like his father, nor come home every night with spots of plaster all over his gray vest, and sit to drop with fatigue. We will make a real gentleman of him, won't we, Clementine?"

All Bourneuil's ambitions had been realized. At college Edward was a brilliant pupil, and the old peasant who had come to Paris many years ago, carrying his tools on his back and a little silver tin up in a corner of his handkerchief, had the satisfaction of seeing his son congratulated and loaded with prizes by the Minister of Instruction himself. What a future the boy had before him! He would pass the most difficult examinations without any trouble—he would be a mere joke for him—and then choose any career he had a fancy for. "We will lead the boy a good twenty-five thousand francs income," father Bourneuil would say, cheerfully, slipping his wife's shoulder with his strong, broad hand. "And, superfluous! I will make him marry right soon. It will be easy to find some pretty girl, with a good education, who will make him happy, and of whom we can feel proud."

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she was too wretched and she had relented at last. Her sorrow had got the better of her reason, and now she was actually inclined to forgive. One day she mustered up sufficient courage to mention the subject to her husband. He fell into a frenzy of passion, crying "Never!" with a force which shook the doors and windows, forbidding the poor woman to say another word about it. She had not the heart to obey him, and plucked the cause again and again. And at every new attempt, Bourneuil was furious and made a terrible scene. Their home became a purgatory. These two old people who had nothing to reproach themselves with, who had loved each other faithfully, who had lived and toiled side by side for more than thirty years, became almost hostile. Every night at the dinner table the quarrel broke out again, and it always ended