

The Acton Free Press.

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ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1898.

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The Acton Free Press

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.
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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesday.
Accounts payable monthly.
H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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

A. S. ELLIOTT, M.D., M.B.
GRADUATE TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
Office—Corner Mill and John Streets, Acton.

D. R. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.
McCloskey Block, Douglas St., near P. O.
Office Hours—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 6 p.m. Sundays—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

VETERINARY SURGEON.
JAMES B. JOYCE, V.S.
GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.
Treats all diseases of Domestic Animals.
Residence at Joyce Bros', Balcham Shop, Mill Street, Acton.
Hours at Joyce's Hotel, Colliers at Agnew's Hotel.
Calls promptly attended to day or night.

DENTALS.
L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
ONONDAGO ST., ACTON, ONTARIO.
DENTURE CASES BY HAND.
OFFICE OVER HIBBY'S DRUG STORE.
HOURS—EVERY DAY FROM 9 TO 5.

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
Work made Satisfactory. Prices Moderate.
Fitting. Days—Monday afternoon, Campbell's Pharmacy, Acton, Ontario—Close's Hotel, Victoria, Lockwood.

D.R.G.H. COOK,
DENTIST.
Cor. College St. and Spadina Ave.,
Will visit Acton on the first and third Saturdays of each month.
Office—Mr. Adam Cook's residence, Main Street.

LEGAL.
M. McLEAN & McLEAN
Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c.
Office—Town Hall, Acton.
W. A. McLean, Jno. A. McLean.

J. MacKINNON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
Office—Mill Street, in Matthews' Block, upstairs.

J. B. McLEOD,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
Main Street, Georgetown.
Money to loan at lowest current rates.

R. J. McNABB,
Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Personal Life Insurance.
Office—Ferryman's Block, ACTON, ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.
HENRY GRIST,
Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc.
Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Office, and for the registration of Trade Marks and for patents. Thirty-two years experience.

FRANCIS NUNAN,
BOOKBINDER.
Windsor St., (Over Williams' Store).
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Medicines of every description carefully compounded. Sales made promptly done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. P. MOORE,
Sole Agent of MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Tri-vale Office. No witnesses required. Issued in the evening. Free Press Office, ACTON.

MONEY.
If you wish to reduce your interest on money, or to acquire a business loan of money at a low interest on an easy terms of repayment, call on me. I have a specialty of handling all kinds of money. I am also a gold and silver refiner.
W. C. JACKSON,
CONVEYANCER AND MONEY LENDER.
Office: Wyndham St., near City Hall, GUELPH.

Wellington Mutual Fire Insurance Company.
ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address. For copy of prospectus, please apply to my office.

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 at any part of the township at reasonable prices.
Hardwood and plank cut above length always on hand.
Telephone communication.

126 Packages OF NEW Wall Paper

Opened during May

The very Latest and Cheapest Goods.
6 1-2 to 45c.—A 1 Roll.

Day's Bookstore, Guelph.

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

1898 SPRING 1898

MILLINERY

The Newest Designs in Shapes, Shades, Flowers and Trimmings.

We have also some nice lines in Prints, Dress Goods, Gloves, Hosiery, Corsets, Neckties, Collars, Cuffs, Lace Curtains, Underwear, Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps, &c.

J. M. BOND & CO.
HARDWARE, GUELPH.

J. C. McBeath

ACTON, ONTARIO.

Vegetable Antibilious Pills

Relieve and cure all forms of biliousness such as indigestion, nausea, drowsiness, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, pain in the back, pain in the side, yellow skin, etc.

Robt. Noble
The Highest Price for WHEAT FEAS OATS BARLEY

NORVAL FLOUR

The Best Family Flour in the market.

FRANK HARRIS, Manager.

Nursery Stock Agents & Book Agents & Agricultural Implement Agents

Anyone desiring to better their position and increase their income should write us. The demand for home grown Nursery Stock is on the increase. We need more men. If you want steady paying work write us. We furnish all supplies free.

Wall Paper Prices

1898 at

Waters Bros.,

The Picture Gallery, Guelph.

Bring Pictures to be framed.

PLANING MILLS,

ACTON, ONT.

John Cameron, Architect and Contractor.

MANUFACTURER OF Bath Rooms Frames Mouldings in all styles.

DRESSING, AND MOULDING to order on short notice. Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit.

JOHN CAMERON, Proprietor.

THE TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Authorized Capital—\$1,000,000.

Guelph Branch

Sum 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

Japanese Floor Matting

is clean and cool for summer floor covering. If put down over your carpets they are a perfect protection from the hard summer wear.

If used in Bedroom, Hall or Bathroom they are the most satisfactory healthful and inexpensive floor coverings to be had.

We've good quality prices at 20c., 25c. and 30c. sq. yd. They are all excellent value.

J. M. BOND & CO.
HARDWARE, GUELPH.

Vegetable Antibilious Pills

Relieve and cure all forms of biliousness such as indigestion, nausea, drowsiness, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, pain in the back, pain in the side, yellow skin, etc.

J. D. McKEE, CHEMIST, ACTON.

Read This!

WANTED

A man who desires to fill a steady, paying position and earn good wages. If you are present employed that need not prevent you from sending us a postal card to learn what we do for you. We have the largest, most complete and latest up-to-date nurseries in the Dominion. There is a largely increasing demand for HOME-GROWN NURSERY STOCK.

Bring your Custom Logs in and Take the Lumber Home with You.

SAYERS' Lumber & Planing Mills, Nassagaweya,

P. SAYERS, Proprietor.
Has constantly on hand a full line of Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Cedar Posts, Wood, Etc. Custom Logs and Mill Staff cut to order on short notice. Planing and Matching done to the best of satisfaction. Prices very cheap and made to suit the customer's pocket.

ACTON BUS LINE

The undersigned respectfully informs the patronage of the public, and informs them that well equipped and stylish rigs can be had at all times.

JOHN WILLIAMS, PROPRIETOR.

PUPILS

Who are about to leave for the University or who should not overlook the great advantages of a practical course of instruction at this

GUELPH Business College and Shorthand Institute

Students may enter any time. Summer Session will commence July 1st. For full particulars apply to J. BARN, Principal.

Poetry.

FOR A DUMB ANIMAL ENTERTAINMENT.

(Singer a little girl fondling a small kitten.)
My dear little kitty,
I know it's a pity
To show you in public just now,
But you are so clever,
I long more than ever
To give you a squeeze—(pounce by the girl.)
All well I remember
The day in December
I found you fur up to the now.
With three little others
I knew were your brothers
By their sweet tender voices—(Moo! Moo!)
A wee by three small girls.
Clear, sparkling cold water
For you for your daughter
I took me all my allowance.
But to drink their dry crying
And leave them all dying
Brings tears to my eyes—(Moo! Moo!)
I'll save you, my jewel,
From torture so cruel,
By some means, I cannot tell how,
I know there is danger
From each baby stranger,
Who professes about how—(Moo! etc., deep voice.)
Now kitty, we're going,
And let us be showing
Politeness to my "good-night" and a bow,
And instead of the singing
You will now hear the ringing
Of voices of children, like cats in a row—
(Moo! Moo! by all the dams.)

Select Family Reading.

Adventure Awheel.

"You can talk all you want to, Joe, about your '88 wheel, with its 84 gear, two-point bearings, quick-repair tires, and what not, but my '90 is all right, and I won't be in the rear of the long shot."

At the same time Jack Roberts, a bright looking chap of athletic build, gazed admiringly at his companion's new bicycle with all its improvements.

"Oh, you'll beat out some of the boys," replied Joe Black, patronizingly, "but your '98 gear and antiquated handlebars, Jack, put you in the rear division."

Some of Joe's comrades laughed with him. They were assembled like May evening at their club house in one of the upper wards of Brooklyn. No one thought of going out for a ride, as it was windy and threatened rain.

"So you think you've got a clinch, Joe?" said Jack, his gray eyes flashing a little.

"Well, I can't figure you in it with that new, old fellow."

Jack was somewhat nettled. Joe's father presented him with a new wheel every year, and the boy was enabled thereby to set the pace for most of the members of the club, a fact that made him rather boastful. Jack's parents, couldn't afford such luxury, but he felt pretty sure he could beat his rival on anything else even there.

"Well, you'll call you a better man still, you'll see," Joe asserted defiantly.

"What's the matter with racing to Brooklyn, at Valley Stream, and back tonight?" said Joe.

"I'll go, if you think it won't rain."

"Hold on. Trifles like rain and punctures won't count. They'll be no excuse. We'll have the wind at our backs going out, and we'll beat it coming back. A 25-mile race like that ought to prove something."

"I'm with you," and Jack began some hasty preparations.

Some of the boys tried to discourage the rivals from racing at such a time on such a night.

"Well, you know that's been wheelman held up nights out in those woods?" cried little Will Jenkins.

"Newspaper stories," laughed Jack.

It was 8 p.m. before the boys got their wheels in trim, the chains lubricated, the tires inflated, the bearings oiled and the lamps filled. They started promptly at that time.

For a few minutes they pedaled over some rough paved streets, and the raw wind made both begin to repent their rash venture. But soon they struck fair turf and meadow roads and along at great speed, the wind at their backs.

Slowly but surely, they drew away from Jack, though his legs were not moving as fast as his rival's.

"Their road wound along through sleepy villages, past fields and farms, into dark patches of oak wood, a white light brought visibility to the boys' minds the stories of wheelmen waylaid and robbed by men who sprang suddenly from the leafy cover. Joe was considerably in the lead now. Looking ahead, Jack could see but the faint ray of light thrown on the ground by his rival's lantern.

"That's all right," muttered Jack. "His high gear and the wind favor him now, but I'll hold him coming back. Give me a low gear for pedaling against the wind."

The faint, ghost-like light now disappeared around a bend in the road, and Jack began to feel lonely.

"It might be better for us to keep together or come home, maybe, though Jack as a cracking noise reached his ears, as if someone were moving among the trees and underbrush on his right. The wind moaned angrily as it swept through the branches and more than once Jack thought in his excited state, that he detected fiery eyes in the dark depths, which glared at him as he swept by.

But the momentary fear passed away, and he began to enjoy his ride. He was perspiring freely, and some of the upgrades made him puff, but at the same time as he thought of his rival's high gear.

At last the light of Valley Stream gleamed ahead, and Jack wheeled into a short street where his rods slowly up.

"Good-by, Jack," that worthy shouted. "B'pose I'll see you later at the club!"

"Just ring when you get there," Jack responded, "I'll let you in."

Glancing at the clock as he entered, Jack noted that the worthy, the proprietor of the place knew both boys and had been of the race from Joe. He chatted pleasantly until two wheelmen, apparently well-to-do business men of middle age, entered, regarding their way. They laughed and joked about their predicaments in being out at night like that, having missed the last train to the city.

Right after them came another bicyclist who impressed Jack rather unfavorably. He darted a quick glance at a roll of bills, one of the gentlemen displayed in paying

SPEAK SOFTLY GIRLS.

Do you speak softly? Has your voice precisely the proper pitch, and carried adroitly on the instant to the room you select?

There are many great thoughts which are never expressed by an adequate action. The thinker has not mental forces enough to bring his strong feelings into proper manifestation. Still those who have intuitive power to see through his poor attempt at expressing his thoughts may discern the efforts. The thinker's rude, vague figures will show to those who can understand what grand objects he has longed to express. And the writer's thought, though clothed in uncouth language, will tell to those who read between the lines all that the writer longed to say and could not.

But those with intuition enough to read below the surface are few and rarely met. Generally the world reads only what it sees on the outside. So those who would appeal to the greater part of the people must learn how to express what they feel; for if they cannot express their feelings, their thought itself may be despised by those who judge entirely by their expression. And most people do. To our own conscience it is necessary that our motive be pure and our thought be right. To the locker on or board something more is needed. We may say from love, but our act must also be lovely. We may speak out of kindness, but our speech must be kind or our motive may be misunderstood.

The headwaters of a little stream may be clear and pure and sweet and abundant. But if the stream flows in a rough, through rubbish and mud and refuse, it will be scoured by those travelers who cannot go back to the source to prove its purity and beauty.—*Hesperus.*

THOUGHT IN WORK.

HOW A NEW YORK WOMAN CURED HER HUSBAND OF DRUNKENNESS.

One New York husband has been cured of the drink habit by his wife in a novel manner. The couple have not been married long, and up to the night last week their wedded life had been one blissful dream. On that fateful night the young woman had a rude shock. Her spouse came home drunk. It was the first time she had seen him under the influence of liquor since his wedding.

But in fact he was the first announcement of mind came to her and she was quick to act. Poling her husband from under the table where he had fallen, she shook him in no gentle manner to waken him.

"Get out of my house. You don't belong here," she said. "I don't know you. My husband is a sober man. Pick up your hat and get out of here. You cannot stay here." She picked up his hat and coat and after helping him on with them, led him to the door.

"Do you mean to tell me that you are not my wife?" he demanded.

"Why certainly I'm not your wife."

"Then I'll go and throw myself into the river," he said. He did not go to the river though, but to the Thirty-seventh Street station.

"My wife doesn't know me because I'm drunk," he told the sergeant, "and I want to be looked up." He was accommodated and in the Westside Court was discharged. The wife was cooking breakfast when there came a knock at the door.

There stood her husband, sober but pale.

"An honest man, like yourself," the sergeant said happily, "I want my Frank who came home drunk last night."

And the husband as he sat meekly down to breakfast, vowed never to drink again.

AN HONEST SALOON ADVERTISEMENT.

Friends and Neighbors: Grateful for the liberal encouragement received from you, and having supplied my tavern with a new and complete stock of choice wines, spirits, and lager beer, I thank you for your contributions to make drunkards and beggars for the sober, industrious, and respectable community to support. My liquor may excite you to riot, robbery and bloodshed, suggest your expense, and shorten your lives. I confidently recommend them as sure to multiply fatal accidents and distressing diseases, and likely to render these incurable. They will deprive you of your health, and some of your property. I will make fathers blind, widows, mothers, child, children orphans, and all poor. I will train the young to idleness, dissipation, and infidelity, and every vice; corrupt the ministers of the Church, and cause as much temporal and eternal death as I can. I will sell the "sacred" of the public, it may be at the cost of my worthless soul. I have a family to support—the trade pays, and the public encourage it.

I have a House for the commissionary. I will be a law, even Christians could not be; and if I do not bring these evils upon you somebody else will. I know the Bible says: "Thou shalt not kill;" I pronounce "who unto him that giveth his neighbor drink;" and exclaim "me not to put a stumbling block in a brother's way." I also read that "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God;" and I cannot expect a drunkard, without repentance, to share a better fate; but I wish a lively log, and am deliberately resolved to gather the wages of iniquity and fallen on the lips of my apostle. I shall, therefore, carry on my trade with energy, and do my best to diminish the wealth of the nation, impair the health of the people, the safety of the state and demoralize the youth of the land.

MAJAH PUFF'S SAYINGS.

The most contemptible tyrant is the financial tyrant.

"To labor is honorable," is one of the things most honored in the breach than in the observance.

"An idle brain is the devil's workshop," applied to woman as well as man.

Does Confucius' assertion that "woman is the masterpiece" signify that he was a married man?

It is strange that Aesop's fable of the name "led all the rest" because he loved his fellow-men, when he would have been astonished had he shown such an ardent love for women.

It is argued that the helpline is now woman's most formidable weapon, but her tongue, like some old make of sword or musket, still has its treacherous foil many.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

THE WORD OF COMMAND.

A short time ago, while a certain general was inspecting a regiment on the march, at Malta, he asked a young subaltern what would be his next command if he was in command of a regiment passing over a plain in a hostile country, and he found his front blocked by artillery, a brigade of cavalry on his right, a lake on his left, and his retreat cut off by infantry. "Halt! order arms, ground arms, kneel down, say your prayers," replied the subaltern.

BOXING A BRIDE'S EARS.

In Lithuania, a province of Russia, it is customary that the bride's ears should be boxed before the marriage ceremony. No matter how the bride's mother may be, she always makes a point of administering a heavy smack to her daughter in the presence of witnesses, and a note is made of the fact. The mother's intention is a kind one, though the custom itself is bad. The reason for it is to protect the bride should her marriage prove an unhappy one. In that case she will not be a divorce, and her marriage will be considered a sin.

American's greatest medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cures when all other preparations fail to do any good whatever.

LOVE TO THE END.

"A basket of flowers, my darling,"
"The dear old man said to his wife,
"You've been so kind to bring me these
"They've been from your little son,
"They are not the flowers of our childhood,
"Or youth's tender roses of June,
"But the beautiful blossoms of autumn,
"With which our old hearts are in tune."
"The beauty, love, never has faded
"For an since the first day we met;
"Still softening a face full of wrinkles,
"And one the world scarce can forget."
"This boy is a true golden wedding,
"Good job, that is from my woolly;
"Our fifty-year voyage has brought fruition,
"Our tenderness, comfort and joy."
"Our bark has well-nigh reached the harbor,
"Our anchor lies ready to cast;
"With hand clasped in hand, ever ready,
"We'll love, still love, to the last."
"A basket of flowers, my darling,
"He said with his grey beard cast down,
"Our dear little grandchild's claim
"To have you a fair bridal crown."

"NO VOLUNTEERS."

A story is told in *O'er Land and Sea* that once he happened to see in these days when so many dials are being opened up and each is calling for volunteers: During the late war in Ashantee the chief officer of the Scotch Guards when reviewing this splendid regiment, asked who among them would volunteer for the Ashantee expedition, and requested that those who decided to do so should step one step forward. Expecting a response from one or two only, the officer turned away for an instant. When he looked again he saw the regiment precisely as he had seen it before, all in unbroken line. "What," he exclaimed: "the Scotch Guards, and no volunteers?"

"Another officer replied: "They have all stepped forward and volunteered."

There are dozens of ways in which we can help, not only in these days of volunteer our services, and do our share toward helping long. It may be in the home that we are needed as volunteers; it may be in the church or the Sunday-school. When we see where the greatest need lies, may our response be as prompt and hearty as that of the gallant Scotch Guards.

A HELPFUL CLUB.

In a large western city, during a great financial depression, the number of women and girls in danger of starvation from loss of work and wages was so great that the more fortunate ones concerted together in some measure to ameliorate this condition of things. Sewing rooms were opened in charge of experienced seamstresses, and dressmaking in all its branches, as well as plain sewing, was taught. Sixty women of wealth and means participated in the work, two women for each day of the month. An appeal for patronage was responded to in full ten cents an hour for eight hours labor with a contributed and beautiful lunch served at noon by the lady patroness. Another branch of the club undertook the training of servants, and an intelligence office accompanied this department, where one could be supplied at the usual rate with service of all sorts. Also a sale in the way of a woman's exchange of dresses and textile fabrics was made one of the departments. "How to Improve Town," by Mrs. L. E. Chittenden, is *The Chatty* for May.

COMMON SENSE.

To the great race of life common sense has no right of way. Wealth, a diploma, a pedigree, titles, honors, and all the common sense, cut but a small figure. The insolent and the impracticable, though loaded with diplomas and degrees, are left behind.

WOMEN UNJUSTLY TREATED.

When Dealers SELL Them Common and Deceitful Dyes.

There are thousands of women who have heard of the great saving that can be effected by using dyes when the Diamond Dyes are used, and have decided to experiment for themselves.

Many of these women, thoughtlessly, will simply ask for a package of dye of the needed color when buying. This request will allow the way dealer to foist on the unsuspecting customer some imitation or cheap "rosie dye," worthless "coloring agents" but on which they realize a large profit.

Dealers who do this kind of business are treating and serving their customers unjustly.

The dealer knows well that the Diamond Dyes are necessary for his customer to achieve success in her new work.

The Diamond Dyes are the only dyes that reputable dealers handle and sell. The wise woman who buys from a Diamond Dye dealer, because the demand is so great for these guaranteed and world-famous coloring agents.

The woman who uses Diamond Dyes for her first dyeing operation will never use other makes. Bright, strong, clear, lasting and fashionable colors are obtained only from the Diamond Dyes.

Book of directions and card of 48 color fast to any address. Write to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal P. Q.

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The Best Family Flour in the market.

FRANK HARRIS, Manager.

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