

The Acton Free Press

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

Free Press Steam Printing Office.

WILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

Terms of Subscription--One dollar per year

Advertisements--Transient advertisements

Advertisements without specific directions

NEW COMBINATIONS

Wall Papers

SIDE WALLS, CEILINGS AND BORDERS

to match.

The newest and latest colorings and Tones

5c, 7s, 8, and 10 a roll

Some special late New York papers, the

newest goods in the market.

AT

LOW PRICES.

See them. 'Tis well to remember that

DAY'S BOOK STORE, Guelph

THE TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Capital Authorized \$1,000,000

Capital paid up 700,000

Guelph Branch

Branches in various locations

Poetry

THE SNOWDROP'S MESSAGE.

Suggested by reading a pathetic story in

In a great and crowded city.

Where the downward course has away,

Lay a slant woman dying.

Dreaming of the slender days.

When a happy child she had seen.

Through the wild-wind, glad and free.

Spraying on the beautiful snowdrops.

Flourishing them with obedient grace.

Listening to the music laughing.

Sweetly in the budding hours.

When his main song he warbles.

Gladsome as the smiling morn.

And at twilight or gloaming.

'As he brims his roudly.

Billows in bill, and all overcast.

At the closing of the day.

On her grimy pallet lying.

Dreaming thus of days gone by.

Somehow he had not understood.

One who came with purpose high.

In her hand a bunch of snowdrops.

Breathing of the woodland sweet.

For the faintly smiling sentiment.

Visions of the past repeat.

All unheeded her kindly greeting.

Headless of her presence there.

Lay the snowdrops on the floor.

In her room so bleak and bare.

Once again, among the hedgerows.

Of her sunny girlhood home.

For the faintly smiling sentiment.

Visions of the past repeat.

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