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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—
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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. F. URMEN, M. D., C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Dundas streets, Acton.
Office hours—8 to 10 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 6 to 9 p.m.

D. R. F. J. R. FORSTER,
SUCCESSOR TO
DR. A. H. ELLIOTT,
Late resident Physician and Surgeon to Victoria Hospital for Children, Toronto.
Office—Mill Street—lately occupied by Dr. Elliott.

D. R. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.
McLean's Block, Douglas St., near P. O., QUÉBEC.
Office hours—10 a.m. to 1 p.m., and 2 to 6 p.m. SUNDAY—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

L. BENNETT, D.D.S., DENTIST,
GEOGRAPHIC, ONTARIO

J. COGHLAN, D.D.S., L.D.S.,
DENTIST,
WORK CAREFULLY DONE. PRICES MODERATE.
OFFICE OVER BROWN'S DRUG STORE,
HOURS—EVENING FROM 7 TO 9.

M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.,
DENTIST,
HONORARY GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY,
Work made Satisfactory. Prices Moderate.
"YORKVILLE" DENTAL OFFICE, 100 Dundas St. W.,
Belleville, Tuesday, Acton—Clark's Hotel,
Friday, Rockwood.

LEGAL.

McLEAN & McLEAN,
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers
and Attorneys at Law.
Office—Towls Hall, Acton.
WM. A. McLEAN. Jno. A. McLEAN.

A. J. MCKINNON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER,
Office—Mill Street, in Matthews' Block,
Upstairs.

J. R. McLEOD,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER,
Main Street, Georgetown.
Money loaned at lowest current rates.

R. J. McNABB,
SOLICITOR, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE—TOWNSHIP OFFICE,
ACTON, ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISS WILLIAMS, —MUSIC—
OF GEORGETOWN.
Successor to the late Mrs. J. Williams, who was
in the habit of giving piano and organ
lessons in her own home. Her pupils
will be taught by Miss Williams at her
residence in the "Free Press Office, Acton
on Tuesday evening of each week.

HENRY GRIST,
Ottawa, Canada,
Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc.
Prepares Applications for the Canadian, Amer-
ican and English Patents, and for the
protection of Trade Marks, and for the
protection of Copyrights. Send for pam-
phlet. Thirty-two years experience.

FRANCIS NUNAN,
BOOKBINDER,
Guelph, Ontario.
All kinds of books bound to order.
Illustrated and decorative bookbinding.
Line narrow and promptly done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

H. P. MOORE,
JANUARY OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witness required. Issued
at residence in the "Free Press Office, Acton
on Tuesday evening of each week.

WM. HEMMETT,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton
Orders left at the Free Press Office, Acton, or
any residence in Acton, will be promptly
attended to. Terms reasonable.

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

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL \$125,000.

THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
Established 1840.
Head Office, GUELPH, ONT.

INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any
communications forwarded to my address,
by mail or telephone, will be promptly
attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph.

AOTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY CHINDELL Proprietor

ARE well equipped with all the machinery
necessary to repair all kinds of machinery,
and agricultural implements, and to do all
kinds of steam-fitting, and all other work
in a satisfactory manner. We can save you
money in the repair of your machinery. See
us on Monday and Friday days.

Acton Saw Mills,
and Wood Yards.

JAMES BROWN
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Wood, Etc.

It kind of "Wood in stock" and promptly
delivered any part of the Dominion, at
reasonable prices.

Wood and shingles cut to length, always
on hand, and delivered to any part of the
Dominion on application.

NEW SUPPLY OF

Law Tennis Rackets
and
Balls.

All Fresh New Goods.

Strong in Hammocks.

Prices Very Low.

DAY'S BOOK STORE, Guelph

Day sells cheap.

Waters Bros.

Pictures

Waters Bros.

Frames

Waters Bros.

Artists'

Goods

WATERS BROS.,
WYNDHAM NEW STORE,
STREET, GUELPH.

Speight & Brady

Manufacturers of
DYNAMOS,
ELECTRIC MOTORS,
WATER MOTORS,
GASOLINE AND GAS
ENGINES, REFRIGERATORS,
CASTINGS TO ORDER.

Repairing Promptly Done.

Georgetown, Ont.

ACTON—

LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE

The undersigned respectfully solicits the patron-
age of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Higs can al-
ways be obtained.

At his table: A comfortable bus meets
trains between 9 a.m. and 8 1/2 p.m.
Careful attention given to every detail.
Thousands of Commercial Travellers.

JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

COOPER & AKINS

The ...
Artistic Tailors.

BEG to announce to their
friends and the public
generally, that they are now
complete in their Spring and
Summer goods, consisting of
the latest novelties from the
best looms of the world, and
styles that are shown in New
York and London. (See our
latest fashion plates).
To show our goods is a
pleasure. Call and see us.
Fit and workmanship guar-
anteed.

Sole agents in Acton for the
celebrated Bellwarp
Serge which does not fade or
change its color in two years
wear or money refunded.

COOPER & AKINS,
MAIN ST., ACTON.

Farmers' Wants are Many.

But I can Supply
All in my Line.

I HAVE IN STOCK

Extra Heavy Creamer Cans,
Strainer Pails,
Extra Heavy Fine Milk
Pails,
Galvanized Pails,
Seamless Pressed Milk Pans,
And countless other dairy
articles.

Out-Door-Work — Roof-
ing, etc., a specialty. Call
for quotations before placing
orders for this class of work.

C. A. Pannabecker,
Mill Street, Acton.

P. S.—All the wants of
people in town will also
receive best attention.

Up-to-Date
Business Methods and Practice
are taught thoroughly at the
GUELPH
Business College and
Shorthand Institute

Individual Tuition. No Classes.
Sight and book work. Every day
if you are interested in any way,
write for circular. B. H. H. Principal.

AGENTS WANTED—For "The Life and
Achievements of Admiral Dewey" the world's
greatest naval hero. By Murray Hamilton, the
famous friend and admirer of the nation's hero.
Signed and best book ever 50 pages, eight by
ten inches, nearly 100 pages halftone illus-
trations. Only \$1.00. Sent on receipt of
commission. Order form. Change of a life
sign. Write quick. The Hamilton Company,
and Floor Custom Bldg., Chicago.

THE TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Capital Authorized..... \$1,000,000
Capital paid up..... 700,000

Guelph Branch

We are now issuing Money Order payable at
any branch of the Bank in Canada,
including the Yukon District, at the following
rates:

Under \$10..... 8 cents.
\$10 to \$20..... 10 cents.
\$20 to \$50..... 12 cents.
\$50 to \$100..... 14 cents.

HIGHEST CURRENT RATE OF INTEREST
paid on sums deposited of \$1 and upwards
interest allowed from date of deposit to date of
withdrawal and paid or compounded half
yearly.

Advances made to responsible farmers on
their own names at the lowest current rates.
No charge made for collecting sales notes if
payable in Guelph.

A general banking business transacted.

A. F. H. JONES,
Manager.

For Hardwood Floors

And cleaning Woodwork of
any kind the best and most
easily applied preparation is

Old Floor
English Wax

Contains no oil or varnish.
Gives a perfect polished
finish.

Does not show heel marks
nor scratches.

We are sole agents for this
preparation for Guelph and
vicinity.

John M. Bond & Co.
HARDWARE GUELPH.

WELLAND VALLEY J. C. HILL
Bicycles .. AGENT,
Acton.

Call and see the new WELLAND VALLEY
Bicycles at the Bicycle Livery. The "Per-
fect," "Caden City," and "Dominion" are
the leading grades, while the "Perfect
Chainless" has merits which will be
appreciated by all wheelmen. It is an un-
derestimated fact that the Welland Valley
Bicycles cost less for repairs than any other
brand.

The Single Piece Cranks are the best
attachment ever adopted. The New De-
parture Automatic Brake gives the rider
complete control.

Prices right for purchasers who mean
business.

Everton and Eden Mills,
The place to go for the

..Best Flour..

Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed,
&c., for sale.

Chopping every day at Everton Mills and
Eden Mills,
Always buying wheat. No credit.

Henry Hortop.

Sun Savings and Loan Co.

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT.

Authorized Capital - \$5,000,000.00

Ten-year maturity shares are paid
Monthly Installments of 50c. per share for
120 months, when payments cease—\$60.00
aid in—maturity value \$100.00.

Money to loan at 5% straight loan or
repayable in monthly installments on ap-
plication to

R. J. McNabb,
Agent, Acton.

Persiaic

This wort is our copyrighted guarantee for
Purity and Strength which we see in our goods.
It is the best for the treatment of all
purposes and its presence protects you from
infections and inferior goods. Look for it.

Persiaic Plant Spray
Persiaic Plant Spray is the most mi-
nimal poison—arsenic or Paris green. It is
entirely safe for the treatment of all
purposes. Canada's only reliable spray.

Persiaic Sheep Dip is a preparation for the
cure of skin diseases and the eradication of
vermin in sheep and cattle. It is highly medi-
cated and does its work with no drastic or
irritating effects. Endorsed by leading sheep
rangers.

Persiaic Horse Wash is a specially prepared
medicament for the cure of skin diseases of
horses and for killing flies, etc., and
insect pests and vermin. It has a surprising
effect in removing dirt and grease from the
skin in a thoroughly healthy condition. Price
\$1.00 per gallon.

Persiaic Pig Wash is extensively used in all
cases of skin diseases of swine, and for de-
stroying lice and vermin generally. Keeps the
skin in healthy condition and ensures a healthy
appearance in the dressed animal for market.

Persiaic Hen House Spray and Poultry
Powder.
Persiaic Hen House Spray and Poultry
Powder destroy vermin and keep the
stock—on fowls or in sheds. Acts as a disin-
fectant, destroying germs and putting the
atmosphere in healthy condition. Used liberally
it prevents roup and other diseases. Price
\$1.00 per gallon.

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atmosphere in healthy condition. Used liberally
it prevents roup and other diseases. Price
\$1.00 per gallon.

THE PICKHART RENFREW CO.,
Limited,
Stourville, Ont.

Poetry.

THE UNDERTOW.

You hadn't ought to blame a man for things he
can't do.

For books he hasn't written or for fights he
hasn't won.

The water may look placid on the surface all
around,

An' yet there may be undertow a keelin' of him
under.

Since the days of Eve and Adam, when the fight
of life began,

It ain't been easy, no, neither, for to lightly
go before a man.

He may be tryin' faithful for to make his life a
go,

An' yet his legs get tangled in the treacherous
undertow.

He may not lack in learnin' an' he may not
want for brains.

He may be always workin' with the patientist
of pain.

An' yet go unwarded; an' an' friends, how
can you know?

What might he might climb up to, but for the
undertow?

You've heard the Yankee story of the sign's post
an' all.

An' how the ben' kep' layin' with all her
might an' so.

Yet never a sign, nor a single egg? I row
That ben was simply kickin' 'gin a hidden
undertow.

There's holes in legs of her nats, an' you've
got to keep holdin'.

Then her face lighted up as the rattle of a
saw.

Don't be afraid for fallin' to achieve a
laurel crown.

Until you're sure the undertow ain't draggin' of
him down.

Select Family Reading.

The Nightingale.

By E. NEBBY.

She was leaning on her arm at the gate
and looking out from her high seat.

"It's no use," she said, "I couldn't
marry any one unless I was so fond of him
that I couldn't bear my life without him.
That's the only reason for marriage."

"Then I'm not to come here any more—
I suppose?"

"O dear!" she said, drawing her eye-
brows together with a worried frown.
"Why did you go and spoil it all? It was
all so pleasant! Can't you really be
sensible? Let us go on just as we were,
and pretend that nothing has happened."

"No," he said, "I'm not going away. When
one lives in lodgings they may as well be
in Putney or Kensington as here."

She thought how dull tennis and dance
and pic-nic would be without him, and
said sadly, "Just as you please, of course."

Then she turned to go, but a side
of hoop and hoop-stick and little pattering
feet drew her eyes to the other side of
the road, where a little girl in a scarlet frock
came quickly along the asphalt, her brown
hair flying behind her.

"Here's Vynie," she said, "my friend,
and she was a friend to all children, and
struck the hoop so that it bounded on the
curb and flew into the middle of the road.
The little scarlet figure followed it. Then
in a flash, a beetle's car came from a side
street, and in a screeching, and the
beetle was rearing in his horse thirty
yards to the road and looking back over
his blue shoulder at a heap of scarlet and
brown that now had crumpled miserably
in it, and over which a girl in a blue gown
was now in a gray suit were heading.

"Her leg is broken. They have set it.
It will be months before she can walk.
But they say she will be all right again
then."

The two were standing at the gate again,
but now there was no fresh rose in her
face, and in his eyes no light of passion.

"My poor dear," he said, and he did not
resent his words, "let me do anything I
can. Forget all that folly of this morning
and let me help your poor little Vynie."

"I will—your wish," she said, looking at
him through a smile, "is my red with
weeping, but there is nothing anyone can
do. It is horrible. When I told her that
she would have to lie still for a time, she
tried to smile, and then she said: 'Don't
cry, Sissy, I will be as good as gold.'"
And then she lay there all day,
and she awoke at night to hear the nightingale.
She has never heard it yet."

He remembered how he had listened to
the nightingale in the copse behind her
house on many a summer night when he
walked lonely in the fields to see her
light in the window and her shadow on the
blind, and he sighed and said:
"The nightingale are singing bravely in the
woods beyond the station. I'm glad
she has thought of something that pleases
her, poor darling."

"Vynie lying still and rigid in her splints,
with wide-open eyes, watched the day die.
Then the lamp was lighted, and presently
that in its turn gave place to the yellow
glow of the night light and the great
shadows it cast.

"No, my darling," Rose bent over the
bed. "Does it want anything? Will it
have some milk—some fizzy milk?"

"No—yes, but I want to hear the nightingale,
Sissy. Why doesn't he begin?
Isn't it late?"

"Yes, my sweetest, but perhaps the
nightingale got snafu—a pretty home, in
the warm country where he lives, that he
can't make up his mind to come here."

"Oh, Sissy, he must come! I can't lie
still in the time I'm in bed! Do please
ask Tom to tell the nightingale how
badly I want him. And, Sissy, put out
the light. Perhaps he doesn't like to sing
ill he's sure I'm in bed, and he couldn't
know I've got broken, could he?"

"No, my precious, no. Try to go to
sleep, and Sissy will wake you if he begins
to sing."

But Vynie could not sleep, and by morn-
ing the fever was high. She talked and
moaned and laughed, but always her cry
was for the nightingale.

"Tom, Tom, rise to bed!"
Rose went down, trembling with want
of sleep, haggard with anxiety. She took
the great basket of roses her friend had
brought, and holding it, told him how the
night had passed. "They were singing
like mad all night long," she said.
"Confound the brutes! I expect your
nightingale's coming this year."

"Don't," said the girl. "I believe Vynie
will have no rest if he doesn't. When she
heard the chorus bells this morning, she
got up to send to the sleepers," he said,
"and he explained to God that she couldn't do
without the nightingale. Oh, my own
little girl! Oh, Tom, she's all I have."
Tom was not such a fool as to say, "You
have me." He only said, "Yes, I know,"

and pressed her hand.

"You are good," she said, and went back
to the child.

A little sleep came in the long
night hours of that terrible Sunday, but it
was broken and feverish, and at every
awakening the little voice, growing ever
weaker, said:

"Isn't it dark yet? Won't God send the
nightingale? Oh, Sissy, I do want to hear
him."

The old servant, who had been with the
two sisters since Vynie's birth, two
months after the father's death, had
watched the life of the mother, insisted on sending
Rose to rest and sit by Vynie's side.

"Nursery," whispered the child, "come
close. Will you do what I say?"

"Anything, my precious," said the old
woman, holding the little hands in her
smooth, withered palms.

"What I want to do is to tell God I shall
die if I don't have the nightingale. God
will attend to you because you always
remember to say your prayers. I forget
mine sometimes, even when I'm not very
sleepy. Oh, nursery, I shall never be sleepy
any more till I hear the nightingale."

The old woman knelt by the bedside and
with a faith as simple and beautiful as the
child's own "told God all about it."

The dusk was deepening. The child lay
with cheeks scarlet against the white
pillows and shivering eyes fixed on the
newly darkening squares of the window.
She moaned with pain and the misery of
sleeplessness.

"Open the window, nursery, my dear,"
she said softly when the night had dawned.
"I think I heard something."

When the window was opened, Vynie
held her breath and listened to a silence
that after a moment was softly broken by
two or three mellow notes.

"It is—oh, is it? Nursery—nursery—"
"It's the nightingale right enough, my
precious," said the old woman as Rose crept
into the room like a ghost in her white
dressing gown.

"Oh, Sissy, my own! It is—it is! It
isn't forgotten me. He's going to let
me go to sleep, and I shall hear the night-
ingale even when I'm asleep. Listen!"

"Yes," said the old woman, and every
note of the full note pierced the soft
darkness.

Rose gathered her little sister in her
arms, and together they listened—Vynie to
the song of the nightingale and Rose with
a full heart to the breathing, gradually
more and more, of the little child
she held against her bosom.

"She's asleep," said the nurse softly.

"I won't move," whispered Rose. "I'll
stay here, oh, thank God, thank God!"

"Tom came every day to inquire, and it
wasn't till the next day that he came,
and then he said that he was going to
be a man to do in Philadelphia?"—Wash-
ington Star.

When little Billy, the pastor's son, saw
the children that were suffering from the
pains, he ventured the opinion: "I hope
you've been saying ever some of your
sermons out here in the yard."—Boston
Transcript.

"No, sir," said the rabid frothier,
"but I'm sure that if you were here, you
would be