The Acton Free Press NEW SUPPLY OF

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Accounts payable monthly. H.P. MOORE Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory. MEDICAL.

TOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M., BUCCESSOR TO J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M. Office and residence-Corner Mill & Frederick Office Hours:-6 to 10.3) a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and to 9 p.m.

DR. P. J. R. FORSTER, BUCCESSOR TO DR. A. S. ELLIOTT. Late resident Physician and Surgeon to Victoria Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto. OFFICE-Mill Street-lately occupied by D

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ACTON ONT.

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WM HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER For the Counties of Wellington and Halton Orders left at the Paus Pauss office, Acton, or t my residence in Acton, will be promptly at-ended to. Terms Ressouable.

OUT-DOOR-WORK - Roof-Also money to loan on the most favorable sums, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of \$500 and pwards. ing, etc., a specialty. for quotations before placing BUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL \$125,000.

THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. Established 1840. - GUELPH ONT. INBURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 263, or telephone 68, will be promptly

AUTON. Machine and Repair Shops. BENRY GRINDELL Proprietor A RE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all

Acton Saw Mills, and Wood Yards.

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Wood, Etc. kinds of Wood in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices. . and slabs out stors longth on hand . phone communication

-THB-

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Cuelph Branch We are now issuing Money Orders payable at par at any branch of Chartered Bank in Canada; excepting the Yukon District, at the following

HIGHEST CURRENT RATE OF INTERES paid on sums deposited of 31 and upwards. Interest allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal and paid or compounded half

Advances made to responsible farmers their own names at the lowest current rates. No charge made for collecting sales noths

> For Hardwood

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

Old Floor Wax English

Contains no oil or varnish. Gives a perfect polished finish. Les not show heel marks

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

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Bicycles at the Bicycle Livery. The "Perfect," "Garden City," and "Dominion" are hair flying behind her. the leading grades, while the "Perfect Chainless" has merits which will be appreciated by all wheelmen. It is an undisputed fact that the Welland Vale Wheels cost less for repairs than any other wheel.

The Single Piece Cranks are the ttachment ever adopted. The New Departure Automatic Brake gives the rider

&c., for sale.

Chopping every day at Everton mills and every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Eden Mills. Always buying wheat. No credit.

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Authorized Chatal - \$5,000,000.00

Monthly Instalments of 50c, per share aid in-maturity value \$100.00. Extra Heavy Creamer Cans,

cation to

R. J. McNabb.

purposes and its presence protects you from imitations and inferior goods. Look for it. Plant Spray Parsiatio Plant Spray contains no minoral poison—arsenic or paris green. Sure death to all insect life jungi, etc. Harmless to vegetation. Canada's only reliable spray.

Sheep Dip Persiatio Sheep Dip is a preparation for the cure of skin diseases and the eradication of vermin in sheep and cattle. It is highly medicinal and does its work with no drastic or irritating effects. Endorsed by leading sheep Bus Vermin in the control of the cure of the c

Horse Wash Persiatic Horse Wash is a specially prepared medicament for the cure of skin diseases peculiar to horses and for ridding them of all insect pasts and vermin. It has a surpassingly refreshing effort, brightens the pelt and puts the skin in a thoroghly healthy condition. Price \$1.00 per 3i os. can.

cases of skin diseases of swine, and for destroying nits, lice and vermon generally. Keeps the skin in healthy condition and ensures a healthy Persiatic Hen House Spray and Poultry Powder destroy vermin peculiar to the feathered stock—on fewis or in sheds. Acts as a disin-

fectant, destroying germs and purifying the atmosphere. Used liberally they prevent roup and kindred diseases. l'urchase these goods from your dealer or send to us direct for them. We invite corres-The PICKHART RENFREW CO. Limited.

You hadn't ought to blame a man for things h For books he hasn't written or for fights 1 700,000 basn't won. The waters may look placid on the surface a

> of life began, t ain't been safe, my brethern, for to lightly Ho may be tryin' faithful for to make his life Au' yot his legs git tangled in the treach'rous

want for brains. . of pains,

A general banking business transacted. A. F. H. JONES.

Floors

nor scratches.

Prices right for purchasers who mean

Everton and Eden Mills,

The place to go for the ..Best Flour...

Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed,

Ten-year maturity shares are paid 120 months, when payments cease-\$60.00

Money to loan at 5% straight loan or repayable in monthly instalments on appli-

Agent. Acton.

This word is our copyrighted guarantee for Purity and Strength when seen on our goods. It makes them the standard for their several

Pig Wash
Persiatio Pig Wash is successfully used in all ppearance in the dressed animal for market.

Stouffville, Ont.

ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1899.

He may not lack in learnin' au' he may no He may be always workin' with the patientle

What heights he might a-climbed up to, but for the undertow? You've heard the Yankee story of the hon's nest with a bolo. An' how the hen kep' layin' eggs with all might an' soul,

Yet never got a settin', nor a single egg? I trow

There's holes in lots of hens' nests, an' you' got to peep below To see the eggs a-rollin' where they hadn' ought to go. Don't blame a man for failin' to achieve laurel crown Until you're sure the undertow sin't draggin' o him down.

Select Family Reading.

She was leaning on her arms at the gate and looking away from him. "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 excuse for marriage." "Then I'm not to come here any more-L suppose ?". "Oh, dear !" she said, drawing her eyebrows together with a worried frown. "Why did you go and spoil it all? It was all so pleasant! Can't you really be

and pretend that nothing has happened." "No," he said, "I shall go away. When one lives in lodgings they may as well be in Putney or Kew-as here." She thought how dull tennis and dance and pic-nic would be without him, and said stiffly, "Just as you please, of course." Then her face lighted up as the rattle of boop 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 "Here's Vynie"-The child saw her sister and her friend, for he was a friend to all children, and struck the hoop so that it bounded on the ourb and flew into the middle of the road.

road, a clatter, a scream, a curse, and the butcher was reigning in his horse thirty yards down the road and looking back over his blue shoulder at a heap of scarlet and brown that now had crimson mixed with it, and over which a girl in a hine gown and a man in a gray suit were bending. "Her leg is broken. They have set it. It will be months before she can walk.

The two were standing at the gate sgain, out now there was no fresh rose in her "My poor dear," he said, and she did not

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 emile, and then she said : "Don't

night-every night since Vynie's been ill. Say it wasn't my doing." had walked lonely in the fields to see her light in the window and her shadow on the

blind, and he sighed and said "The nightingales are singing bravely in | did do her good. You said so."

Vypie lying still and rigid in her splints, with wide-open eyes, watched the day die. Then the lamp was lighted, and presently by the bed, and laying her head on her that in its turn gave place to the yellow | hands she sobbed aloud. glow of the night light and the great shadows it cast. "Are you saleep, Blesy, my own?" sai

the little voice. bed. "Does it want anything? Will it touched her neck. have some milk-nice fizzy milk?" ingale, Sissy. Why doesn't be begin

Isn't it late ?" the warm country where he liver, that he can't make up his mind to come here." still all the time unless be comes! please ask God to tell the nightingale how badly I want him. And, Sissy, put out the light. Perhaps he doesn't like to sing till he's sure I'm in bed, and he couldn's know I've got broken, could be?" "No, my precious, no. Try to go to

aleep, and Sissy will wake you if he begins But Vynie could not sleep, and by morning the fever was high. She talked and moaned and laughed, but always her orywas for the nightingale.

of sleep, haggard wigh anxiety. She took the great backet of roses her friend had brought, and, holding it, told him how the night had passed. "They were singing like mad down by the station," he said. "Confound the brutes! I expect your nightingale isn't coming this year." "Don's," said the girl. "I believe Vypie will have no rest if he doesn't. When she heard the church bells shis morning, she told me to send to the clergyman and tell him to explain to God that she couldn's do

without the nightingale. Oh, my own

little girl! Oh, Tom, she's all I bave."

and pressed her hand. "You are good," she said, and went buck

A little fiful sleep came in the long night hours of that terrible Sunday, but it | next year." was broken and feverish, and at overy awakening the little voice, growing ever weaker, said :

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

"Nursey," whispered the child, "come close. Will you do what I say ?" "Anything, my precious," said the old woman, holding the hot little hands in her smooth, withered palms.

"Well kneel down and 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 | that her colt is really her own until she has mine sometimes, even when I'm not very sleepy. Ob, nursey, I shall never be shepy any more. Do tell God all about it." The old woman knelt by the bedside and with a faith as simple and beautiful as the

obild's own "told God all about it. ' The duck was deepening. The child lay with cheeks scarlet against the white pillows and shining eyes fixed on the slowly darkening squares of the window. She moaned with pain and the misery of leeplesspess.

"Open the window, nursey, my dear," she said softly when the night had almost fallen, "I think I heard something." When the window was opened, Vynis await its opening. The odor of that parheld her breath and listened to a silence that after a moment was softly broken by The horse in browsing or while gathering two or three mellow notes. "Is it-oh, is it? Nursey-narsey"-

"It's the nightingale right enough, my pet," said the old woman as Rose crept into the room like a ghost in her white dressing gown. "Ob, Bissy, my own! It is-it is!

God's not forgotten me. He's going to let me go to sleep, and I shall hear the nightingale even when I'm asleep. Listen !" Again the full notes pierced the soft Rose gathered her little sister in her arms, and together they listened-Vynic to

the song of the nightingale and Rose with a full heart to the breathing, gradually more even and tranquil, of the little child she held against her bosom. "She's asleer," 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 seemed to Rose that he grew paler and thinner in this anxious time, and every

night the notes of the nightingale sounded from the dark wood - through nights radiant with clear moonlight and through the black darkness of night wild with wind and rain. And Vynis grew stronger and ate and drank and played dominos and was on the high road to well being once Then came a night when the nightingale did not sing .. 'Vynie did not miss it ; she slept so sound o' nights row. And on that

night followed a day when Tom did not come, and then another day and another. Rose missed him miserably. On the first day she was angry at Lis absence; on the second she was arxious; and on the third she sent the old nurse to see whether "You'd best go around," said the woman when she came back from her mission. "He's more than ill. Poen-

monia or something, and be keeps asking for you. Go you. I'll stay with the child. He's got no one with him but his landlady, a feckless body, if ever there was one. Go now, my lamb."

So Rose went. His face showed ghastly in the frame his disordered hair and of a three days'

She came to him and took his hands. "That woman says I'm dying," he whispered, "but Vynie's all right, isn't she?" "Yes, yes; but what have you been doing? Oh, Tom, it isn't my fault, is it Tom? I didn't drive you into folly? That woman says you've been out all

"It was for Vynie," he said. "I was the nightingale, dear. Don't you remember how I used to call the robins for you in the winter. It was a silly little thing, but it was all I could do for the dear. And it look at it, do you?" asked the manager of

He turned seide his head exhausted. Rose's eyes were full of tears, "You staid in that wood all night, every night? You imitated the nightingale in all wind and rain? And now"-She had crouched

"Don't." he said feebly, "it was nothing. Just a little thing to please the child." She lifted her face, flushed and distorted by her violent weeping, and laid it gently against his. He put up a feeble hand and

"You're sorry for me," he whispered. 'You needn't be. I can't even be unhappy after this. Your face-your dear face-I they all gathered around, fully expecting don's in the least mind dying now." She sprang up. "Dear Tom-my own called by his friends), tilted back in his really severe cold. dear Tom ! You're not going to die. I chair. shall send nurse to take care of you. Now promise me at once that you will get well,

because Vypie and I cannot possibly live without you, my dear, dear, dear"-Tom did not give the promise, but be lid what was better. He got well. When he first saw Vynie, now walking cheerfully with the crutches that would soon be laid aside, she told him about the

nightingele. "And, do you know," she said, "Bissy says he never sang after you got iff." suppose God was so busy taking care of you that he hadn't time to bother with naughty nightingales that wouldn't do their singing. The nightingale sang very Blockhorst, Hofmann and Hahn engravnicely, though, when he was made to. ings. Only I thought after a bit he seemed a little husky.

"Perhaps he caught a cold," said Tom "Some of the nights were very wet." "Perhaps he did-like you, you know," said Vyple obserfully. "Well, he was a naughty nightingale. But if he had a cold I hope he had some one as nice as nursey and sister to look after him, like they did "I think he had," said Tom,

"Anyway, I shall always love him, even

I he was naughty, because he helped me "It would make him very happy if he Tom was not such a fool as to say, "You | knew that." have me." He only said, "Yer, I know," | "Do you think he does know?"

"Yes, I think so." "Weil, whether or no," eaid Vynio comfortably, "I'll go out in the wood and tel him all about it if he sings in that wood

But the nightingale never sang in that wood again .- Collier's Weekly.

shows how very keen indeed must be the horse's sense of smell: "The horse will leave musty hay untouched in his bin, however hungry. He will not drink of any water objectionable to his questioning sniff. or from a bucket which some odor makes offensive, however thirsty. His intelligent nostril will widen, quiver and query over the daintiest bit offered by the fairest of hands, with coaxings that would make a mortal shut his eyes and swallow a nauscous mouthful at a gulp. A mare is nover satisfied by either eight or whinny a certified nasal certificate to the fact. A blind horse now living will not allow the approach of any stranger without showing signs of anger not safely to be disregarded. The distinction is evidently made by his sense of smell and at a considerable distance. Blind horses, as a rule, will gallop wildly about a pasture without striking the

himself most fearfully. herbage with its lips is guided in its choice of proper food entirely by its nostrile.

Blind horses do not make mistakes in their

A little girl whose parents had recently moved from country to town, and who is now enjoying her first experience in living in a street, thus described it in a letter to another child : "This is a very queer place.

Next door is fastened to our house." "I hope you are not cotting a friend, said a neighbor to a farmer who was scratching the back of a pet pig with a stick. Bristling up with indignation, the farmer replied: "No, eir; I'm only scrap-

for a man to do in Philadelphia ?"-Wash-When little Billy, the pastor's son, saw he chickens that were suffering from the

Transcript. "No, sir," said the rabid freethinker, "the idea that there is a God never for a noment has entered my head." "Same way with my dog," replied the deacor "bat he dosn't go 'round howling about it." -Exchange.

SALE OF A KISS.

A pretty story is told of a fascinating English actress, whose name is not mentioned. Being desirons of assisting a certain charity in the provinces, she offered a kiss to be put up to auction. The bid ing was brick and had advanced in three leaps from two guineas to thirty, when, without further parley, the round sum of eight hundred pounds was offered. Ther being no higher bidder, the kiss was knocked down by the auctioneer to colonel in one of our line regiments, who came forward to meet the blushing young lady. But to the surprise of all present. the colonel introduced a dour little fairbaired boy, explained that it was hi grandson's fifth birthday, and that he had acquired the kiss as a birthday gift for him, whereupon the actrees took the chile in her arms and discharged her debt with interest. The charity, a local one, i which the colonel took a keen interest, was

you down." HIS PLAN. a drapery establishment of an applicant

for work. "Yes sir, I do." "Well, sir, what is the first thing you would do ?"

"I'd put a big mirror in the window "That's enough, young man; we don't want you as an employee. We'll take you

UATIONS. "Did you hear the reason why I left my

to hear a good story as "Tom" (familiarly "I answered an advertisement about Thorvaldson, these having been reproduced and published in connection with the danger from punishment is not imminent.

Knowing that not a family in a thou and had the lives of the Apostles or a Commentary, and that this book would have an enormous sale, and as my old employers could not hold out sufficient inducement to eggal the offer of the Bradley Garretson Co. Limited, I concluded to give up "drum. ming," and took hold of "Light of Life." I assure you friends this change was the wicest I over made, and I shall never regret it. If you want to make money easy and fast, write their Brantford House for a position like mine.

THE FALL OF ADAM.

In old times ministers in Scotland used to give out in the kirk ou Sundays that on such and such a day they would visit such a house and such another house and examine the people-parents as well as children -in the Shorter Catechiem, the Confession of Faith, the Scriptures generally; and

other inspired writing. Long, long ago the minister of New Luce, earrying out his old custom, gave it out one Bunday that he would visit Belmurray on the Tuesday, and all the herds and others

round about were to be there at the appointed time to be catechised. And so Adam Blair, when he heard his name called out as one who was to be visi ted, set off to the the village the day before for some bits of things to entertain the minister and others-for there was aye ton after catechising was done. Among other things he had to get was, of course, a bottle of whisky; and when Adam was was getting it, who comes in but the sheemaker, and he treats Adam to a gi'l, and Adam treats him, and the landlord treats them both, and they both treated the laudlord, and kept at it till Adam was hardly able to stagger out of the village, with the bottle in his breast pocket and

the groceries in the poke of his plaid. However, it was a good moonlight night, and he got on finely till, just as he was coming round his own house-end he tippit ower a grain that somebody had left lying, and fell breadth and length on the stanes. As he stottered forward to fall the buttle came out of his pouch and went to amash. and when he fell he came right down on the broken glass with his face and cut

The wife heard the noise, and, running out, had him carried in, and sorted up his face, making a terrible lamentation over the broken bottle, and wondering how ever Adam was going to face the minister in

When the morn came it was decided to make the minister believe that Adam was from home, and keep him all the time shut up in the box bed, and this was done accordingly, and when the people arrived and the minister came an evasive reply the lightest faced agate in the office and was given to his enquiries after Adam. After soing over the district scandal, as paper between a couple of patent medicine usual, the minister set them all up in a row and looked grave, and all the people looked as solemn as if they had been set up to be shot. Turning to Mrs. Blair, the him by asking what the line meant that. minister said :

oldest, and therefore the fittest person present, I'll just begin with you, and the first I have to ask is this, What was it that occasioned the fall of Adam?"

Janet looked as if she had seen a ghost, and, thinking that some one had told the the minister of her husband's adventure, "Deed, sir, it was the graib, sir. He

wasna that fou, eir, aither; but be just trippit ower the graip at the house-end, air. It might has happened tas yersel'. He dadna abone three gills in him, but the bottle made an unco hand o' his face. 'Deed, ye ken everything, sir, an' it's nac use trying tae bide ocht frae ye. Adam, ve may come oot frae the bed noo; the minister has heard a' aboot it, though

Lord kens what limmer telt him !" A BIT OF NONSENSE. The following is certainly nonseusica but "a bit of nonsense now and then relished by the wisest men." As I over

heard it I laughed heartily, and the son of mine bost laughed with me. Colonel Wolcot, of the Commonwealth Hotel, had brought from Virginia a full complement of sable servants. The colonel's are the "upper crust," and their distion is proper and ornate. The negro servants were observing, and desired to copy the fine language of those whom they

"Marcellons, is you better this mornin'?" heared one colored gentleman ask another at the foot of the main stairway. "No, Cato, I was better yesterday, but

n feared I'm collapsed again. "Good Marcellus, am there no hopes your discobery. "Discobery of what, Cato?" "Ob the conwalessacumpas dat fotobe

"Dat depends upon the case ob whether the disease is fatal or not." "What am the part'onlar disease, Mar "I t'ink de doctor s'pested sebro spowns menoumgistus in de fia' place, but after-

wards he wusn't so suah." "Isn't dat a terrible discase, Marcellus "It certain am." "An isn't you afeard of a fatal determ

"Well, Cato, that depends upon the prognostics. If de animaloushus canal unconstructed, and de contendin' circumstances don't confiscate de discase, de fatal p'int may be awoided; but if the fatal amplification does come, and it extermi pates fatally, it's hard to tell whedder dis nigger will shuffle off do trumps of his mortal coil or not. But I sin't dead yet, Cato,-mind dat." And Marceline went to J. Wesley and

my parso with me," said the young lady, TALK TO YOUR HORSE. sweetly. Some man, unknown to the writer here of, has given to the world a saving that sticks: "Talk to your bow as you would to a lady." There is more; there is good sound religion in it. What else is it but the language of the Bible applied to an imale: "A soft answer turneth away wrath." A pleasant word to a horse in time of trouble has prevented many disaster where the horse has learned that pleasant words mean a ggarantee that

One morning a big muscular groom said

to his employer: "I can't exercise that search your own pocket instead of mine horse any more. He will bolt and run at anything he sees." The owner, a small man and ill at the time, asked that the horse be hooked up. Stepping into the carriage he drove a couple o' miles, and then asked the groom to station along the scene of very active operations at present. road such objects as the horse was afraid | He will ship shortly monuments for of. This was done and the horse was erection at Sarnis, Ridgetown, London, driven by them quietly, back and forth, Berlin, Hamilton, Stratford, Galt, and with loose lines slapping on his back. The other points. No better indication of the whole scoret was in a voice that inspired superior work and material supplied by confidence. The man had been frightened | this old and reliable establishment, than when he saw what he supposed the horse the unsolicited orders from a distance. would fear. The fear went to the horse like | which come to Mr. J. H. Hamilton, the an electric message. Then came a punishing proprietor. A large shipment of Sweeth When a man has a very strange name | pull of the lines, with jerking and the whip. | and Scotch Granite has just been recei Boffalo Horse World.

THE STORY OF THE KLONDIKE.

They are coming from the Klondike. Loaded down with bags of gold;

PRICE THREE CENTS

Every day or two the atory Of the wonder is retold ! They are bringing home their fortunes

And the figures that they name Make us stare and make us serry That we weren't in the game. They are coming down from Dawson

To satound the tellers here; They are coming bome with money To fling in the atmosphere.

They are keeping us excited With the tales that they unfold And they fill our sleep with visions Of alluring beaps of gold.

But for cable who comes to toll us Of the fortune that he found There are hundred s who are digging In unprofitable ground-Hundreds who, alone and hungry. Labor on from day to day,

Looking back and longing valuly For the crusts they threw away. They are coming with big stories Of the riches that they bear, And their figures may be truthful. But the bones that whiteh there, And the meaning and the yearning Of the hundreds left belilind,

Tell a story that is truer Of the treasures that they find. S. E. Kiser, in the Chicago Times-Herald.

BOUND TO ADVERTISE.

Once, writes an old journalist, when I was conducting a paper in the Western States, I convinced a man that it paid to advertise. He was a fairly prosperous merchont, and I tried for a long time to get him to insert an advertisement in my "Ob, it's no use," he would say. "I

never read the advertisements in a paper, and no one electors. I believe in advertising, but in a way that will force itself on the public. Then it pays. But in a newspaper-pshaw! Everybody who reads your nowspaper dodges the advertising columns as if they were poison." "Wall," said I, "if I can convince you

that people do read the advertising pages of my paper will you advertise?" "Of course, I will. I advertise wherever I think it will do any good." The next day I ran the following line in

stuck it in the most obscure corner of the advertisements: "What is Cohen going to do about it?" The next day so many people approved he begged me to explain the matter in my "Well, Janet, as I think you are the next issue. I promised to do it if he would let me write the explanation and

would stand to it. He agreed and I "He is going to advertise, of course."

And he did. MARVELOUS INSTINCT IN CATS The marvelous instinct of an animal is said to be sometimes a sure warning of impending danger. It seems to be the onse of the pet cat of the steamer City of Kingston. This animal, a large yellow one of no particular recommendation except its purring proclivites, has long been attached to that versel, and not even the most persuasive couxing could induce it to

leave the confines of the ship. It has nover been known to miss a trip. When the Kingston arrived at Seattle from Victoria early Sunday morning, for some mysterious reason the feline went on shore, and when the time came for the departure for Tacoma, which resulted in the disaster to the Kingston, the animal refused to be coaxed aboard. Finally, a saucer of milk proving unavailing, one of the ship's crew took the cat into his arms and carried it aboard the vessel, but just as the lines were hauled in and the steamer was leaving the dock, the expanious puss sprang from the Kingston to the wharf and disappeared in a pile of bags. It is now

alive and the admiration of all hands at Yesler wharf .- Post Intelligencer, Seattle.

HE POKED HIS NOSE Dr. Von Stephen, the German postmaster-general, recently took a train from Konigebrug to enjoy a few days' deer stalking, says London Td-Rits. Arrived at Direchau, a town near his destination, he stepped into the station telegraph office to send news of his safety to his wife in Berlin. The official recognized his chief at once, and with all obsequiousness began to write down his message. Suddenly the Morse instrument, used for service telegrams only, began to work, and very shortly his excellency pricked up his cars for he distinguished the particular olicks that represented his own name. He looked at the clerk's face, and when the ticking had cessed he took up the paper ribbon and read as follows : "Look out for squalls. Stephen is somewhere on the line. He will be poking his nose everywhere." The postcouster-general smiled sardonically and then went to the transmitter and flashed

back this reply: "Too late! He has already poked his nose in here. Stephen."

THE WRONG POCKET. The other day two ladies entered a street car at a time when seats were a possibility. One was a stout, overdressed asked for a little warm rum and sugar, for lady the other was evidently her daughter. "Shall I pay the fare, mamma? I have

> -dorses to seecong of sointie of theoremmon ing her draperies for her pocket. After a minute or two of fumbling, during which her face grow an apopletic red, she exclaim. od, tragically :

"Oh, no. I'll pay. I have plenty of

Thereupon she leaned sideways and

"Laura'! What shall I do? I've been robbed! My purse is gone-my pocket is entiraly empty." "Perhaps, madam," said the gentleman by-her side, in whose coat pocket she had been fumbling all the time, "perhaps if you

you will be more likely to find your purse." A PROVINCIAL REPUTATION.

Hamilton's Marble Works, Guelph, is the

IAMES . BROWN MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

OFFICE Houns-10 .m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 6 p.m SUNDAYS-10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

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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 guarantecd. Sole agents in Acton for Bellwarp the celebrated

Serge which does not fade or

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Farmers' Wants are Many. But I can Supply All in my Line.

I HAVE IN STOCK

Strainer Pails,

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Call

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 there ighly at the QUELPH Business College and Shorthand Institute Individual Tuition. No Classes Htudents may enter any time.

STATE OF THE STATE AGENTS WANTED—For "The Life and Achievements of Admiral Dewey," the world's greatest naval hero. By Murat Halstead, the life-long friend and admirer of the nation's idol. Biggest and best book; over 500 pages, eight by ten inches; nearly 100 pages halftone illustra-tions. Only \$1.50. Bnormous demand. His commissions. Outfit free. Chance of a life-

If you are interested in any way, write for circulars.

J. SHARP, Principal.

Poetry.

THE UNDERTOW. An' yet there may be undertow a-keepin' of him

Since the days of Eve and Adem, when the fight

Au' yet go unrewarded; an', my friends, how

That ben was simply kickin' 'gin a bidden

The Nightingale.

sensible? Let us go on just as we were,

The little scarlet figure followed it. Then in a flash, a butcher's cart from a side

But they say she will be all right again face, and in his eyes no light of passion. resent his words, "let me do anything I can. Forget all that folly of this morning and let me help my poor little Vynis." "I will-you shall," she said, looking at him through swollen eyelids red with

ory Bissy. I will be as good as gold. And then she said she would sleep all day and lie awake at night to hear the nightingale. She has never heard it yet." He remembered how he had listened the nightingale in the copse behind her house on many a summer night when he

the woods beyond the station. I'm glad she has thought of something that pleases her, poor darling."

"No, my darling." Rose bent over the "No-vee, but I want to hear the night-"Yes, my sweetheart, but perhaps the lightingale's got snoh a pretty home, in-"Oh, Siesy, he must come! I can't lie

"Master Tom, miss, to inquire." Rose went down, trembling with want

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

A HORSE'S WONDERFUL. POWER OF SMELL. The following from Horse and Stable

surrounding fence. The sense of smell informs them of its proximity. Others will, when loosened from the stable, go direct to to the gate or bars open to their accustomed feeding grounds, and when desiring to return, after hours of careless wandering. will distinguish one outlet and patiently ticular part of the fence is their pilot to it.

JUST FOR FUN.

ing an acquaintance." "Benjamin Franklin eleeps in Philadelphia," remarked the reverent tourist. "Well," answered the New York salesman, with the plaid clothes, "what else is there

gapes, he ventured the opinion : "P'rape. pa, they've been saying over some of your sermons out here in the yard."-Boston

the richer by eight hundred pounds for the grandad's generous whim. "So you think you can dress a show window so that all the ladies will stop and

in as a partner." THE REASON HE CHANGED SI old employers," said a drummer the other day to a few friends. To this enquiry

new book "Light of Life," as the title struck me forcibly, and I found it contain ed the story of the New Testament, together with explanations of all the more difficult portions, thus being a con plete Commentary. It also contains the complete lives of the Apostles; that this work was really two volumes in one embellished with some of the best illustra tions I over saw. The statues of the Apostles were by the renowned sculptor,

Sixteen Masterpieces of the world-famous

is rich.