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The Acton Free Press

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The Master said to His servants: 'The fields are golden and fair, Go forth with your reapers all.'

Select Family Reading

The Mission of the Thanksgiving Pumpkin.

"Zeus," said Mrs. Tibbs, one clear cold November morning, as she stirred the big golden pumpkin on the kitchen range.

THE THEATRE GALLERY.

WHAT A SWEET THOUGHTY FUNNY.

CONTENTMENT.

TO MARK SOLDIERS GRAVES.

LITTLE MARGERY WANTED A CHANCE TOO.

THANKSGIVING.

For all true words that have been spoken, For all brave deeds that have been done, For every leaf in kindness broken,

GROUP OUTLOOK ENCOURAGING.

PADS.

DREAMS.

WHY?

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TWENTY YEARS AGO THIS WEEK.

Items of Interest from the Free Press Files, obtained from the files of Oct. 15, 1903.

THANKSGIVING.

Mrs. A. Currie and John Crawford finished on the farm of Peter Anderson, lot 17, con. 7, Nassagaweyn, 1000 bushels of oats in eight and a half hours.

THANKSGIVING.

Mrs. Joel Leslie won the special prize of a sewing machine for her 20 lb. brick of butter at the fair.

THANKSGIVING.

The household furniture of Mrs. Edw. Jane, Howe Ave., will be sold Wednesday at 10 o'clock.

THANKSGIVING.

Mrs. G. G. Spight supplied the Food Prison with a fine brace of partridge. D. Henderson is prepared to pay prize money awarded at the township fair to the prize winners of this vicinity.

THANKSGIVING.

Wm. Hemstreet, Auctioneer, has already sold for Oct. 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, and 25.

THANKSGIVING.

Last week Col. Allen, who is in command of the 23rd Batt. Lorne Rifles, received from Ottawa, from His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, his cabinet photo of himself and his privates.

THANKSGIVING.

Thomas Easton, caretaker of the town hall, entertained the Council at an oyster supper on Tuesday evening in the Council Chamber.

THANKSGIVING.

At Limestone, on Oct. 8th, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Garvin, a daughter, in English, on Oct. 11th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith, Jeweller, a daughter.

THANKSGIVING.

In Nelson, on Oct. 17th, the wife of John Easton, nee of Thomas Easton, Acton, aged 50 years.

THANKSGIVING.

Judge's Court at Rockwood was held Friday by His Honor Judge Miller. The names added to the list were: H. B. McClellan, Wm. L. Worden, James Nicklin, Thos. Mann, and Alfred L. Hemstreet.

THANKSGIVING.

Mr. Michael Spight, of Markham, was renouncing acquaintances in the old home this week.

THANKSGIVING.

Mrs. A. D. Matthews and James Moore, Jr., left Saturday for Muskoka on a deer hunting expedition.

THANKSGIVING.

Mr. J. H. Lloyd, who has been a resident of Acton for a number of years, left on Monday for the home of his youth in London, Eng.

THANKSGIVING.

IT SOUNDED SO PRETTY. A Nottinghamshire clergyman, in baptizing a baby, paused in the midst of the service to inquire the name of the infant, to which the mother, with a profound courtesy, replied: "Shady, sir, if you please."

THANKSGIVING.

"Then it's a boy and you mean Shady, eh?" "No, please your reverence, it's a girl."

THANKSGIVING.

"And pray," asked the inquisitive pastor, "how happened you to call the child by such a name?"

THANKSGIVING.

"Why, sir," responded the woman, "if you must know, our name is Bower, and my husband said as how he ought to be called Shady, because Shady Bower sounds so pretty!"

THANKSGIVING.

"Hans, I don't know if I was a joker, but I tell you how she was. I was going along der street der older day, and I meets a man mit two watch chains on his vest. I stop him and says:

THANKSGIVING.

"Will you please to see kind meh to tell me what time it vvas by your right hand watch?"

THANKSGIVING.

"I shall," he says, and he pulls out a watch, and it vvas ten minutes to 10, Den I says:

THANKSGIVING.

"End now please tell me what time it vvas by your left hand watch?"

THANKSGIVING.

"Oh, der vvas der time I took up in answering fool questions," he laughs as he goes on. Now, Hans, vvas der some joke to der?"

THANKSGIVING.

TO MARK SOLDIERS GRAVES. Seventy-four monuments to be erected over the Graves of Canadian on the South African Field.

THANKSGIVING.

The graves of our Canadian soldiers who fell in South Africa, will be marked by suitable monuments. The Canadian South African Memorial Society, of which Lady Minto is president, and Major Mattie, secretary, have been for some time busy engaged in raising funds for this noble purpose, and as a result seventy-four monuments, at a cost of \$3240, were placed last week on the memorial works of McIntosh & Co., Toronto, for South Africa. Among the soldiers who have been buried on the field, and to whose memory those at home seek to pay loving tribute is Thomas W. J. Moore, of C. P. A., of Acton, who died at Pretoria, on Nov. 9th, 1901.

THANKSGIVING.

Mr. James Hartney, Manitoba Immigration Agent, has received advice from the Prairie Province to the effect that the wheat yield this year is much above expectation. In the southwestern portion of the Province, where the severe snowstorm was experienced in Sept. 12, the yield has been exceptionally good. The average yield which the farmers expected was 18 bushels to the acre, and actual results showed yields of from 25 to 30 bushels.

THANKSGIVING.

On account of this, Mr. Hartney is of the opinion that this year's crop will realize as much as that of last year, and in some districts will surpass it.

THANKSGIVING.

"The girl who collects man's visiting cards wherewith to adorn her bodice mirror," said a middle-aged teacher of girls the other day, "is usually of the mildest variety, and her sole motive, I have observed, seems to be to utilize the envy of the careless. I have known instances where visiting cards were actually pilfered from friends' houses to improve the innocent holder. From such-collectors and desirable acquaintances of that sort there is a regular system of begging visiting cards. Little less snuffing from their point of view than is the autograph rabble. For my part, the sight of a mirror lined with these bills of pasted-on always remind me of an Indian scalp belt, and as a matter of fact, the object in displaying them is not so dissimilar. They are both regarded as emblems of conquest."

THANKSGIVING.

Take a few swimming lessons before burning your bridges behind you. With the exception of swimming there are many new ways of doing old things.

THANKSGIVING.

Character is the substance of reputation and the shadow. When a man is hot don't drop a chunk of ice down his back to cool him off. It will only make him hotter.

THANKSGIVING.

Girls, remember that a promise to do for you does not amount to much unless accompanied by a good sized life insurance policy. It will do to speak whatever you think provided you think nothing disagreeable.

THANKSGIVING.

It pays to be honest in all your undertakings. You may want to pass over the same road many times.

THANKSGIVING.

An old bachelor invariably speaks of a lady as "it."

THANKSGIVING.

One of the laws of gravity is never to laugh at your own jokes. Don't climb so high that the world can't see you when it wants to remove the ladder.

THANKSGIVING.

When a man makes a choice of a profession he should not forget the small parts in it. It is easy to direct the herd who is acting the role of a long-gone married woman.

THANKSGIVING.

Maud and Margery worried the life out of their mother by running away. At least once a week she would alarm the neighbors, and a hunt would be started to find the runaways. Usually they had not gone far, but their mother was very much frightened every time she missed the little misdeeds. She determined to break them of this trick. Calling them to her room one day, she said: "Now, I have never whipped my little daughters, but if they run away again both of them are going to receive a smart whipping. Now, remember that the next time you are tempted to leave the yard."

The two little sisters looked very grave and pouting as they went away again. But a few days after they forgot all about their mother's injunction and raced out of the yard and far down the street. Their mother found them talking to a big colored man and grinning brightly. "Now, they are back," she said. "Well, I guess the punishment has made an impression on those children, and they won't run away again."

Just then there was a momentary look in Maud's yelling, and her mother said: "Margery, you got up crying a minute, I want to have 'em hear me cry!" New York Times.