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H. F. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

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Will stuff cut to order.

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Flour - Oatmeal
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If that's the case go to

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Fall and winter stock now ready for your inspection.

Wm. Williams
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Pumps and Pump Supplies
Tile for wells, cisterns, culverts, etc
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Orders promptly filled.
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For 3 months' course. Write before December 21. Fifteen years experience.

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Yonge and Bloor Streets,
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Charlie Suey
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Willow Street,
Near Post Office and Town Hall.

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Shirts ironed so they will not hurt your neck. Stand up collars ironed so they will not break in the wing.
All ladies' and gentlemen's ironing done with entire satisfaction, and promptly. Go to Charlie Suey, and let him know when wanted and he will not fail you.

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The Best Quality of
Manitoba
Family and Pastry
Flour
For sale at lowest prices
Our Own Make

Chopping Done and Oats Rolled every day.
Feed for sale.
Cash for Wheat and Oats.

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Limited
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Guelph's Exclusive Optician.
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—A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10.00 a.m and 6 p. m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

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Funeral and Wedding Orders a Specialty.
All orders placed with Mr. E. A. Robertson, Druggist, Acton, will receive prompt attention.

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All work guaranteed. The work of years in Acton is proof of its excellence.
Orders left at A. T. Brown's Drug Store will receive prompt attention.
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WINTER TIME TABLE

NORTHBOUND	No. 1	No. 3
Toronto	†9.00 a.m.	†5.30 p.m.
Washago	12.45 a.m.	9.00 p.m
Parry Sound	3.10 p.m.	

SOUTHBOUND	No. 2	No. 4
Parry Sound	†9.00 a.m.	†.....
Washago	11.25 a.m.	6.45 a.m.
Toronto	3.00 p.m.	10.10 a.m

† Daily except Sunday.
Observation-Dining Parlor Cars between Toronto and Parry Sound, serving meals a la carte.
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Poetry.

A BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

A bachelor sat in his cabin door,
As the shades of evening fell,
The sunbeams fell on the dirty floor
Of the room he knew so well,
Weary and sad and lonely,
Heavy in heart and brain,
He hung his hat on his threadbare knee;
And chanted a sad refrain.

"Oh little I thought 'twould be like this
When I came to Saloon Arm;
I thought the forest would disappear,
And soon I would have a farm;
I thought that some sweet maiden
Gladly would be my wife,
To soothe my sorrows and share my joys,
And comfort me all my life."

"But look at me now, and the life I lead,
It would try an angel's soul,
To toil all day and return at night
To a dark and dirty hole;
They say I keep things tidy,
They say my cooking's good,
But somehow it isn't like mother's was,
Nor done as a good wife could."

"I wonder if ever my lonely lot
Will change for a better state,
And if some sweet, compassionate maid
Will pity my cheerless fate;
Oh, for a woman's presence!
Oh, for a woman's head!
Oh, could I sell my potato crop
And purchase a wife instead!"

"Sometimes when asleep in my bed I dream
That I'm coming home at night,
To find my wife with table set
And the house all warmth and light;
There are my rosy children,
Climbing upon my knee,
Kissing and calling me, 'Papa, dear,'
Oh, sad that it cannot be."

"Now, I wonder if I should go back East,
Could I find a partner there?
They used to call me a handsome chap;
I'm sure I'd be good to her."
"Life is beyond endurance,"
He said with a savage face;
"I'll have a woman before next fall,
Or I'll quit the bloomin' place."
"Rocky Mountain Goat."

Select Family Reading

The Mistaken Identity of Tommy

BY ADDIE P. MITCHELL.

MRS. Vaughn put down the letter she had been reading, with a troubled little sigh. Her daughter Madge looked up from the step.

"What's the matter, mother? You look as if you had been reading your death warrant."

"I have—the death warrant of our summer's peace. Aunt Mary North writes to ask if we won't keep her Tom while she and Mr. North go abroad for the summer."

"Who's her Tom?" asked Madge succinctly.

"Her stepson. I've not seen Aunt Mary since she married Mr. North, and I know next to nothing of the North family. But Mrs. Wilson knew Mr. North when they were living in Chicago (that was in the time of the first Mrs. North), and she said there were two girls and a boy. The boy was in kilts then, and that was five years ago, so he must be about eight or nine years old. Aunt Mary says he has been ill with typhoid and that she remembers with hope for his health that the air at Pinecroft is healing."

"But we can't have him, mother. Think of having an eight-year-old boy on our hands the whole summer! We can never get enough cooked for him to eat, and he'll be drowned regularly once a week and break all his arms and legs on the other days. And I wanted a quiet, heavenly rest this summer before I have to go back to that awful office. And it will be—well, the other kind of a time with a Tommy around, that is certain."

"But, Madge, I can't refuse Aunt Mary. She was your father's favorite aunt and always so good to him. No, Tommy will have to come; whether we want him or not."

"Well, then, when?"

"The letter says next Tuesday unless they hear from me that it is not convenient."

"Tell Aunt Mary I have the smallpox or that I died suddenly at the news—anything. Please, mother!"

"I was wondering," said her mother, "whether an eight-year-old boy would be afraid to sleep in a room by himself. Shall we put a bed in the alcove off my room or fix up the south chamber?"

"All the boys I've ever seen," answered Madge, "were afraid neither of the things under the earth nor of those upon it. Give him a room to himself, and then you'll be saved the everlasting clatter of fishing tackle and knives and toads and things in your room."

Still grumbling, Madge helped her mother get ready the south chamber. As she worked she grew interested and even took from the walls of her own room some interesting prints which she thought would be suitable for a boy's room.

"I can't see, though, why Aunt Mary didn't take the little wretch abroad with her—the sea air would do him good. Take out all the fancy things, mother, as you value them."

"If you only understood big boys as well as you seem to understand the small ones you would not be 'twenty-four and still single,' teased her mother.

"I do, mother," said Madge vehemently, "I understand them altogether too well, and that's the very reason I am still single."

There was no immediate reply to this, and Mrs. Vaughn turned her attention to the room.

"Get all your old picture books and put them on that shelf. Madge, and I think I'll bring Jim's old hobbyhorse down from the attic. He may despise it, but you never can tell."

"I suppose I could make him some kites," said Madge. "There's all that red and blue paper and miles of yellow string. Perhaps if I make a big one he'll get fastened to it and fly off to Mars. And while I'm up in the attic I'm going to bring down some of Jim's old overalls."

Arrangements were finally completed; and Madge rather looked forward to the coming of the little boy, so that when Tuesday came she willingly drove to the station for him, though she protested that St. Lawrence and his gridiron were as nothing to the torment she was undergoing. She took along a bag of cookies, "just to stop up his mouth so he can't ask questions," she explained.

The train was late, and Madge got a little cross as she waited in the open trap with the hot sun beating down upon her. The pony was restless, and she dared not leave him to go inside of the station. When the train finally steamed in, however, she gave the reins to a porter and went to find her young charge. She watched the few who came out of the coaches nervously, with one eye on the dancing pony, but as far as she could see no small boy was on the train. Fearing that he had not heard the name of the station called, she spoke to the conductor, who told her that no such person was on the train.

"Well," she thought "I suppose I should be glad of it," and was going back to the trap when it occurred to her that he might some way have got past her into the station and might be waiting for her there. She looked in. No one was there but a very tall young man, who was leaning back rather limply against the seat, pale as from a recent illness. Madge gave him more than a passing glance because she wondered who he might be. Young men at Pinecroft at this season were a rarity.

"Looks sick," she muttered, "or a little daffy." She was getting into the cart when a quiet "I beg your pardon" caused her to wheel around. The strange young man, hat in hand, was certainly speaking to her. She merely looked her suprise.

"Are you not Miss Vaughn, and weren't you expecting me?" Her blue eyes widened into a positive stare of amazement.

"I—I am Madge Vaughn, but you—you must be mistaken," she said.

"I am Dr. North—Tom North, my mother wrote." He was blushing a little at the queerness of her reception.

"You — you are little Tommy?" "Why"—She began to laugh merrily, and the young man laughed, too, a bit stiffly, for he did not understand the joke. "You have the advantage of me," he said.

Madge sobered at his tone and realized that she was not displaying any marked hospitality. She held out a repentant hand, which the young man took eagerly. "We're sort of cousins, I guess," she said. "Anyway, if you are Tommy North we've been looking for you, so get in, and we'll start."

"I can go away if it is not convenient," protested the man.

"Convenient! After I've worked for three days getting picture books and kites and little blue overalls ready for you? No, sir; you will have to use all those things.

"You see," she explained as she drove along, "we got the impression from some one that you were about eight years old. Your mother never mentioned your age or height, and so we got ready for a small boy, and—and here are some cookies I brought along so that you would not ask questions on the way home." She thrust a paper bag into his hands.

They were both laughing like children as they drove in at the gate, and by the time explanations were made to Mrs. Vaughn the young man was thankful that the surprise had happened. He felt that it had been a good thing to take Madge by surprise, for when two people have laughed together they have rapidly progressed in their acquaintance.

On the very first day Mrs. Vaughn had looked at the two with comprehension in her eyes, and as the weeks grew into months she felt reasonably sure that Madge would never go back to the office.

"Why should she," whispered the older woman to herself, "when a prosperous young physician is not only willing, but obviously anxious, to monopolize her?"

The day before he was scheduled to go back to the city a new man by reason of Pinecroft air and agreeable companionship they took the big red and blue kite to the top of a nearby hill to fly it. It soared clear above the trees as the man slowly unwound the long yellow string. The girl watched it rather sadly, for as yet there had been no word of love between them and she realized that she had grown to care so much that it was hard not to let him see it. She felt glad, though, that she had not let him see it, because there might be another girl in the city to whom he was bound, and she—well, she had her work at the office. The tears had come into her eyes, and now they splashed over. The young man looked up just in time to catch sight of them, and, letting the string go, he turned and caught her in his arms.

"Dear," he whispered, "what is it?" She did not speak, but she did not try to get away either, and after a moment he said:

"It is because I am going away—is it, Madge?" She shook her head.

"Why, then," he urged, "tell me." Suddenly she began to laugh—a soft little laugh that made the man hold her closer.

"I was only wondering," she said, "whether or not there was a girl"—

"You bet there is," he interrupted, "and I've got her right where I want her." Which sentence, slangy as it was, seemed to be wholly satisfactory to Madge.

THE COMING AND GOING OF EXPLETIVES.

EDITOR ACTON FREE PRESS:

I read your paper with increasing interest, and I do wish it was subscribed for and intelligently read by the parents of the children going to our rural schools, for I think it would help the teachers in their endeavors to correct the use of profanity among the small pupils.

Will you kindly give room for the article clipped from The Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal, in the hope that it may do good to the afflicted?

Nassagaweya. WILLIAM KENNEDY.

PROFANITY AS A BRAIN-TEST.

Professor Lounsbury, of Yale, makes an interesting assertion regarding the use of profanity in his article on "The Coming and Going of Expletives" in the December number of Harper's Magazine. He says that, obviously, profanity arises from man's desire to express strong feeling in strong language, but that as men become cultured they realize the ineffectiveness of profanity, and cease its use, and that the growth of refinement tends to extinguish the habit for more effectually than the rebukes of moralists. He adds: It is safe to say in general that a man's intellectual development is largely determined by the extent of his indulgence in profanity.

One proposition there is which needs to be stated emphatically at this point. Words and phrases which are amply sufficient for the understanding are often altogether inadequate for the expression of the feelings. The result of this mental dissatisfaction with the communication of mere knowledge is most conspicuously illustrated in the wide prevalence of profanity. Into the discussion of this practice its moral and religious aspect does not enter at all. It is purely from the linguistic side that it is here to be considered. So looked at, its existence and the extent of the indulgence in it bear out the truth of the principle just announced. Whatever intellectual justification there may be for profanity is based upon the fact that men are aiming to state strongly what they feel strongly. The habit is, in consequence, subject to the general law governing intensives. To a very great extent the practice of swearing is specially characteristic of a rude and imperfect civilization. With the advance of culture profanity declines; it declines not so much because men become peculiarly sensitive to its viciousness, but they do to its ineffectiveness. The growth of refinement both in the individual and in the community tends more to its disuse than all the exhortations of moralists or the rebukes of divines. Much must always be allowed in the case of particular persons for the influence of early training and association. Exceptions are, therefore, too numerous to lay down any positive rule; still, it is safe to say in general that a man's intellectual development is largely determined by the extent of his indulgence in profanity. No one, indeed, doubts its wide prevalence at the present time. But compared to the practice of the past, it has been steadily, even if slowly, diminishing for centuries. This does not prove that men are better morally or intellectually than they were. It does show, however, that there exists now a higher average of cultivation, which renders the habit distasteful to increasingly large numbers.

OUR BOYS.

The following extract is from the speech of one of the officers of the Ohio State liquor league:

It will appear from these facts, gentlemen, that the success of our business is dependent largely upon the creation of an appetite for drink. Men who drink liquor, like others, will die, and if there is no new appetite created our counters will be empty, as will be our money drawers. Our children will go hungry, or we must change our business to something more remunerative. The open field for the creation of this appetite is among the boys. After men are grown and their habits are formed they rarely change in this regard. It will be needful, therefore, that missionary work be done among the boys, and I make the suggestion, gentlemen, that nickels expended in treats to the boys now will return in dollars to your tills after the appetites have been formed. Above all things create appetites.

Here is the full diabolism of the saloon set forth in plain, ungarnished terms that make a man's blood course more quickly; and, further, it makes it mighty hard for fatherhood to continue patient and temperate in thought and utterance upon this temperance question."

HE CANCELLED HIS ERROR.

The man of this story is a very light sleeper, one who is easily awakened and who is a long time getting to sleep. In a Leeds hotel he had at last got sound asleep when a loud rap, repeated, awoke him.

"What's wanted?"

"Package downstairs for you."

"Well it can wait until morning, I suppose?"

The boy departed, and after a long time the man was sound asleep again, when there came another resounding knock at the door.

"Well, what is it now?" he inquired.

"Tain't for you, that package."

THE SAFE SIDE.

It is better to suffer many wrongs than to do one. It is better to be the victim of injustice than the source of it. Be on the safe side. Give up many rights rather than impose over so little on the rights of another.

Four hundred millions of sardines are taken yearly off English coasts.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

There Was Much to Interest the Public, Much of Which is Interesting To-day, in Our Issue of March 1, 1888.

Under the caption, "A Last Word," we are pleased to find we gave an urgent, earnest, and we believe reasonable appeal to the electors to oppose repeal of the Scott Act in the election due on the date of issue; we did so from many standpoints, quoting re that of business the statement of Mr. Thos. Hendrie, of Milton, that his business increased more than 40 per cent. since the adoption of the act.

On Sunday, the various pastors in town, and adjoining churches—Rev's. Phillips, Methodist; Rae, of Knox; Cummings, Baptist; Dr. Belding, Disciples; Richardson, Churchill, and Swann, Crewsons Corners, urged the duty of the hour upon those of their hearers, especially those who had the responsibility of the ballot.

Public meetings were held in Acton, addressed on Friday evening, by Rev. Dr. Griffin, Guelph; John Cameron, in the chair; on Monday evening by Rev. W. A. Mackay, B.D., of Woodstock; Rev. J. W. Rae, presiding; and last evening by Rev. T. Albert Moore, of Princeton, and Mr. Coburn, the blind Irish orator and evangelist. A choir of 30 to 40 voices from all the church choirs in town added much to the interest. Mr. A. T. Mann acted as leader, Mr. C. Falkner, organist, and Messrs. J. C. Hill, and G. H. Brown, cornetists.

Nineteen of the twenty St. Thomas hotel keepers summoned before the Police Magistrate, on Monday, for a second offence against the Scott Act pleaded guilty and will pay $100 each.

Mr. W. P. Brown has sold his farm near Acton to Mr. Nivlan Lindsay for $3,500.

The residence of Mr. D. W. Campbell, has been sold for $700.

An unfortunate man who lost both legs a little over a year ago, while lying drunk in an unoccupied building in Georgetown, and who has been in the county jail, died last week.

The neatest, cleanest, and best appearing newspaper in Canada, both editorially and typographically, is the Acton FREE PRESS.—Arnprior Chronicle.

Rev. Frank W. Warne, a former scion of this vicinity, who visited here in December, has arrived at Bombay, en route for Calcutta, India, where he is pastor of a very large charge. He went via the British Isles.

A steer exhibited at the Fair here last fall by Wm. Sharp, Everton, was sold to a Hamilton butcher for beef, and dressed 71½ per cent. of live weight. Age 22 months—live weight 1500 lbs.

Peter G. Miller, Mooseomin, N.W.T., renewing for the FREE PRESS, sends a lengthy letter of interest re his region, and adds, that at "Some future time he will drop a line or two to let old Acton friends know of this western land, and western freedom."

There is a lengthy report of a Methodist Sunday School Convention of the Rockwood circuit, held at Rockwood, on the 21th. Topics were introduced by Messrs. J. R. Strickland, Rockwood, on "Catechism in S. S.; L. Cann, Crewsons Corners, "Securing attendance at S. S.;" "Fostering a Missionary Spirit," J. S. Coleman, Crewsons Corners; a round table on on "S. S. Literature;" all of which were discussed. Mr. G. Clarkson gave an address of welcome and in the evening Rev's Swann and Barnby, pastors, gave addresses respectively, on "Conversion of children," and "The S. S. not a substitute for Home or Church;" while Rev. D. Strachan, (Presbyterian) who gave courteous attendance, and counsel during the day, gave an excellent address on "Encouragements and Discouragements."

Prayer meetings in the Methodist S. S. room from 8 to 10 a.m., and from 2 to 4 p.m., to invoke divine blessing and success upon the efforts to prevent repeal. Christians of all denominations are cordially invited to attend and take part.

FEBRUARY SCHOOL EXAMS:

1st. Dept.—Sen.—Sam Laird, Nellie Grant, T. Ryder; Int.—Herb Henderson, Kate Orr, John Perkins; Jun.—Bella Stephenson, M. Massias, J. J. Pearson, Anson Smith.—T. T. Moore, teacher.

2nd Dept.—Sen.—Lewis Orr, Milton Henderson, Lizzie McLam; Int.—Jennie Ramsay, Chester Matthews, Robt. Sinclair; Jun.—Nellie Kelly, Charlie Moore, Fred Ross.—Cassie McPhail, teacher.

3rd Dept.—Sen.—Allison Henderson, Jennie Kennedy, Willie Lowry; Int.—Eddie Nicklin, Geo. Clark, Robt. McPherson; Jun.—Ida Fernley, John Edwards, Hattie McCann.—D. Corrigan, teacher.

4th Dept.—Sen.—Charlie Dean, Mabel Cook; Gordon Henderson, Maggie Wallace; Int.—Bessie Storey, Ada Fyfe, Bella McMaster; Jessie Brown, Charlie Towers, Ernest Pearson.—Lena Dorland, teacher.

Miss Euphemia Laing, daughter of Mr. A. Laing, is home for holidays.

Born—In Acton, Feb. 23th, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cripps, a son.

Died.—At Milton, Feb. 28th, Benjamin Hemstreet, brother of Wm. Hemstreet, Acton.

FROM DOTTYVILLE.

Lunatic (suddenly popping his head over the asylum wall—"What are you doing there?"

Brown—"Fishing."

Lunatic—"Caught anything?"

Brown—"No."

Lunatic—"How long have you been there?"

Brown—"Ten hours."

Lunatic—"Come inside!"

PROGRESS.

Toyne—Old Skinner declares he does all he can to further the naturally progress of all men.

Browne—Yes, his idea of natural progress is for rich men to get richer while poor men ponder.

ON WEDDING SUPERSTITIONS.

Marry when the year is new,
Always loving, kind and true;
When February birds do mate,
You may wed, nor dread your fate.

If you marry when March winds blow
Joy and sorrow both you'll know.
Marry in April when you can,
Joy for maiden and for man.

Marry in the month of May,
You will surely rue the day.
Marry when June roses blow,
Over land and sea you go!

They who in July do wed,
Must labor always for their bread;
All who wed in August be,
Many a change are sure to see.

Marry in September's shrine,
Your living will be rich and fine;
If in October you do marry,
Love will come, but riches tarry.

If you wed in bleak November,
Only joy will come, remember,
When December's snows fall fast;
If you marry love will last.

THE UNCLAIMED STEAMER CHAIR.

A pale woman whose heavy wraps indicated the chilliness of a chronic invalid, sank into a steamer-chair on a south bound steamer. "I'm going to sit here till the owner comes," she said apologetically to a girl who happened to be standing near. "It looks so comfortable and I'm not strong."

"I should if I were in your place," said the girl pleasantly. "There's no reason why it should stand empty that I can see." Then someone challenged her to play ring-toss and she went off gaily. The invalid, basking in the mildwinter sunshine that had almost the genial warmth of summer, smiled at the sound of the animated young voices. The sluggish blood in her quickened. A new hope stirred in her heart.

When the girl came back the invalid was still in the steamer-chair. "No one has come to claim it," she exclaimed, "and it's strange because it's an extra nice one. Some of those they have to rent on the boat are rather shaky. I thought of renting one at first, and then I was afraid I couldn't afford it. You see I've had a long illness, and we've got behind." She sighed wearily. "It makes it so hard getting behind. I feel as if I ought to save every penny I can."

"I wouldn't worry," the girl said gently, sorry to see the shadow on the worn face. "And I'd enjoy the chair till it was claimed. I'm sure the owner would be willing."

The next day the invalid had a solution of the puzzle ready for her girl acquaintance. "Do you know," she said, "I believe the owner of this chair is seasick. You wouldn't believe that anyone could be seasick on such a voyage, would you? But I heard the stewardess say there were several. I don't want to do anything out of the way, but if she's seasick I can't see any harm in my sitting in her chair."

"Not the least bit in the world," the girl agreed. "And I'd just enjoy it with an easy mind. She may not appear to lay claim to it till we are in port."

Late the next evening, as she stood watching the light of the harbor they were approaching, the friend beside her suddenly exclaimed, "Didn't you bring your steamer-chair on the trip? I haven't seen you use it."

"Sh!" warned the girl, with a quick glance about, as if fearful of being overheard. "A poor sick lady appropriated it, thinking it belonged to someone who wasn't able to come on deck, she enjoyed it all the way down. I'm so glad I brought it."

SHE KNEW.

A physician in a town not far from Philadelphia who has some practice among the colored population in the vicinity was once awakened in the middle of the night by a frantic ring at his bell. Putting his head out of the window, he inquired, "Who's there?"

"It's me, doctah. It's Dinah."

"Dinah! What do you want?"

"Ef yer please, sah, I wants yer ter come quick ter see my ole man. He's pow'ful sick."

"Too bad. What seems to be the matter with him?"

"I know what's de mattah wid him, all right. It's indigestion ob de kidneys."

"You mean congestion of the kidneys?"

"No, sah; it's indigestion of the kidneys. He done eat four platefuls ob 'em, stewed, for supper, and he ain't done slep' a wink since."

A HUMAN BIPED.

"Justin, there's a man down here with a bill," called Mrs. Wyss to her husband.

"Gee whiz! let's go down and see him, Pop," exclaimed young Austin Wyss excitedly. "He must be a bird."

ACTON PEOPLE

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