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H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

## Business Directory.

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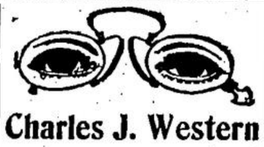

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To allow the average man to tamper with your watch when the best to be had is within your reach.
We do only first-class work and the cost is the same.
A trial will convince you.
No Apprentices.
**Savage & Co.**
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ENTER ANY DAY
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—AND—
**BUS LINE**
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JOHN WILLIAMS
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CUT FLOWER GROWERS
Funeral and Wedding Orders a Specialty.
All orders placed with Mr. R. A. Robertson, Druggist, Acton, will receive prompt attention.

**W. H. WALKER**
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Opposite Stephenson's Blacksmith Shop
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**SHORT LINE to Muskoka and Parry Sound**
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.
Offices: All stations, also corner King and Toronto Sts., and Union Station.
PHONE, MAIN 4179.

## Poetry.

### A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

Do you know, you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love.

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing,
As a child might ask for a toy,
Demanding what others have tried to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out
Man-like you have questioned me—
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I shall question thee.

You require your dinners shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts be whole;
And require my heart to be true as God, say,
And as pure as is Heaven my soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef,
And require a much greater thing,
A seamstress for mending your socks and shirts,
Aye, for woman and a king.

A king of the beautiful realm called Home,
And a man that his maker, God,
Shall look upon as he did on the first,
And say "It is very good."

I am fair and young but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek some day,
Will you love me then mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the blossoms of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its side,
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
The day she becomes a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give all this, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot be this, a laundress and cook
You can hire and little to pay,
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

## Select Family Reading

### Alicia's Platonics.

BY BEATRICE BENNETT

DEEP down in her own heart every woman has a pet theory. It may have been exploded a number of times to her apparent satisfaction, but secretly and with feminine inconsistency she clings to it.

Alicia had such a theory, but she did not keep it buried in so inaccessible a dungeon as the bottom of her heart. Indeed, she wore it on her sleeve. It was her favorite theme of discourse, and the more it was disproved the more persistently did she revive it and champion it.

And it must be admitted that Alicia's men friends at least took particular delight in discussing her theories with her and promptly proceeding to disprove them, to that young woman's outward disgust and secret satisfaction. Her hobby was platonics—specifically, platonic love.

"It has been proved to me conclusively," argued Alicia, with delightful confidence, as flanked on one side by the ample person of Richard Corrigan and on the other by her squatty little dachshund, Pretzel she strolled toward the great stone garden seat near the sundial.

"Yes," her companion replied in doubtful acquiescence, "to you. But how about the other fellow? Was he convinced?"

"Dick, how silly! Who ever heard of platonic love that wasn't platonic on both sides? How little you know of the subject!" scoffed Alicia with a mirthful little laugh.

"And yet I have known you—how long is it?"

"Seven months," promptly.

"And you ride your hobbyhorse at least every other time I see you," he said, not without marked intent.

Alicia assumed a wholly unsuccessful air of hauteur. "Oh, I beg your pardon. I'm very sorry I've bored you. I shall avoid the topic in future," she said distantly.

"Not at all, my dear Alicia. I assure you it rather amuses me," argued Corrigan, observing her aggrieved attitude with little discomfort to himself. "In fact, I don't know when any one subject has kept me interested for so long a time."

"Indeed!" The comment was pregnant with feeling.

It was the first time Alicia's self-styled philosophy had been so derided, and it nettled her.

"I should be apt to accept that as a compliment," ventured Corrigan. He had been watching her pull a crimson rambler to pieces and scatter it over her tiny white shoes.

Apparently she had not heard.

"I say, Alicia," he persisted.

"When you are ready to open a subject that may be of more interest than any I am able to suggest I shall be glad to talk to you," she said icily.

Corrigan smiled broadly, but surreptitiously. Had Alicia seen him thus amused he would have been left with only the crimson ramblers for companions.

"But, upon my word, Alicia, I am interested," he said earnestly. "I've never been so absorbed in a study in my life. Why, my dear girl, if it weren't for my—my belief in platonic love I might never have known you so well."

Alicia confronted him with a half smile that, even in its semi-completion, was most attractive.

"That's the Irish in you, Dick! You always manage to say something that will make the worst case of 'mad' turn to joy," she said, removing her big droopy hat and dangling it by the string. "That's one reason why I love to be friends with you."

"Then it is true that God is good to the Irish," he laughed, and, subtle as it was, Alicia extracted the compliment and beamed good nature on him again.

"You see, Dick," she began as if she were commencing a fairy story to an incredulous child, "it is so—well, it is such a tremendous comfort to be just friends with a man."

"Yes," said Dick readily, "I'm friends with several."

"Silly! I mean for a girl. She can go about with him, ask him to do this and that for her and feel that she is not putting herself under obligation—if she's only friends with him, whereas, if he's in love with her, he expects her to marry him and—and it just spoils everything!"

"I'm jolly glad I'm not sentimental," said Corrigan with a purpose if without veracity. "You'd have banished me long ago."

"You can have sentiment without being sentimental," she hastened to explain. And for some reason or other a flush stained her cheeks, and her eyes drooped.

"It's just as clear as—as mud," Corrigan laughed in spite of his efforts to be serious.

Alicia's eyes flashed.

"See here, Dick Corrigan, I believe you are making fun of me. Deep down in my own heart I know from your own actions and your whole attitude toward me that you agree with me, but just to amuse yourself you make fun of me. I'm sure you like me," she went on, "just as I like you, or you wouldn't seek me out and want to be with me day after day, as you do, and that—that very fact proves to me that you are in sympathy with my own attitude. We are friends, and you know it," she declared challengingly. Then she rose abruptly from the stone seat and walked over to the balustrade with her back toward him. "Come, Pretzel," she said imperatively, as if calling her dog from a contaminating influence.

Corrigan began to whistle very softly to himself while the small Dutch dog eyed him accusingly.

"Alicia," said Corrigan's deep voice fondly from the depths of the great stone seat. He had not moved. And right here it might be observed that Alicia always selected picturesque settings for her discourses. The old garden, shady and secluded, breathing romance and the fragrance of roses, was ideal—for platonics.

"Alicia," repeated Dick when his first effort gained no response.

With studied reluctance she turned her head.

"I'd like to ask a few questions," he said, still somewhat indifferently.

"I'll be glad to answer them."

The frigidity of her tone moved Corrigan almost to the point of turning up his coat collar, but his better judgment prevailed.

"This old guy, Plato"—he was beginning as he walked toward her.

"Dick!"

Her glance and tone froze the words.

"I'm sorry," he said contritely. "But, Alicia, I wonder if he ever knew the most beautiful woman in the world? I wonder if he could have been with her almost daily for seven months? And yet, no, how could he? He lived B.C."

In spite of herself Alicia dimpled. "It was beauty of mind, mental excellence, that he admired," she remarked wisely.

"Perhaps that's what I admire in you, but somehow I doubt it."

"My mental powers are not wholly to be despised," pouted Alicia.

"No. But an ordinary mortal cannot penetrate so dazzling an exterior," observed Corrigan.

Alicia looked impatiently across the green. Somehow she was out of harmony with the afternoon—disappointed in—in herself perhaps.

Corrigan turned to her quite suddenly. "See here, Alicia, do you like platonic friends better than anything else?"

"Yes," she said, but the syllable did not carry conviction.

"Better than — husbands, for instance?"

Alicia's color deepened. Things were more interesting after all.

"I never had one," she laughed, and her voice was a little tremulous.

"Then it's only theory?" Corrigan stepped closer.

"Of course," she replied looking up into his now earnest eyes.

"Listen," he said softly. "Couldn't you be platonic friends with every one else but me, Alicia?"

She did not reply, but one by one the petals of her rose tumbled down her frock.

"Couldn't you?" His big voice was vibrant with emotion.

"I—I might," she admitted, "but first let me tell you I like you better than all the rest. I like you better than I could a mere friend. I—I just hoped and hoped you wouldn't agree with me, Dick."

"It's with Plato I disagree."

### ALL BOYS SHOULD LEARN—

To run; to swim, and to carve.
To be neat; to make a fire, and to be punctual.
To do any errand; to put kindling, and to sing if they can.
To help their mothers; to hang up their hats, and to respect their teachers.
To hold their heads erect; to sew on their own buttons and to read aloud when requested.
To wipe their shoes on the mat; to cultivate a cheerful temper, and to speak pleasantly to his old parson.
To attend strictly to their own business. A very important point. And finally to be as kind and as helpful to their sisters as to other boys' sisters.—Ex.

Man's world is woman flatter.

### WEIGHTS OR WINGS.

"Have you heard the news?" asked sympathetic Mrs. Haskins wiping away her tears. "Mr. Keith's estate was worth nothing when they began to look up his investments, and poor George will have to leave college to take care of his mother and sisters. Just think of that brilliant career brought to an abrupt close. Of course, we all try to believe that everything is for the best but I must say I cannot understand such things as this. Mrs. Keith and the girls will be 'weights' to hold George down all his days, no matter how much they may regret the fact. It is too terrible."

"Maybe it will all turn out for the best," said her mother.

"Yes, that is what we always say when the case seems hopeless," sighed Mrs. Haskins. "Whenever I hear of a case like this, I think of those eagles in the park with heavy weights tied to their legs. They are out in the fresh air and sunshine, but never can rise to their native heights."

"Now, look here, Amy," said her brother, laying aside his newspaper; "your simile is all wrong. It is true misfortunes come like weights to some people, but to others they are the very wings by which they rise above all obstacles. If George Keith has the right stuff in him, nothing can hurt him but the loss of his health. Don't you remember Jim Giles and how he left all the boys in his class behind? The other boys had fathers to send them to college, but Jim had only the night school after working hard all day to keep his mother. You know we are all proud of Jim while the other boys are just common, everyday plodders — good enough — but never showing the ability hard work developed in Jim."

"That is an exceptional case," said his sister. "Jim has more brains than most people and"—

"Well then, how about Sally Alden? You couldn't accuse her of having more brains than the other girls of her set. Sally liked good clothes and parties and fun as much as anyone, but when she was sixteen she had to go into the store to earn her own living to help at home, and what came of it?

"Sally is a remarkable girl," admitted Mrs. Haskins, "or she wouldn't be head buyer for the millinery establishment in the city. I don't know how she rose so rapidly unless she got into the good graces of the firm, for she was not brilliant at school. Let me see? Sally isn't more than twenty now, for five years ago she was in school with my Letty."

"Yes, she got into the good graces of the firm, but only by hard work and faithfulness. She didn't go at her work in the half-hearted way a great many girls do, as if the world had a grudge against them and they a grudge against the world because they have to work, but she determined to do her best. She said to me once that she would have to rise in her work and earn more money, for her mother was daily getting more feeble and needed so many things, so you see the invalid was not a weight, but the wings by which Sally went upward. Whenever I see her walking down town with that quick, springing step and the light in her eyes that comes because of her ability to care for her mother in comfort, I think Sally Alden is a walking sermon to young girls.

Mr. Smedley was becoming enthusiastic over his subject, so he arose and began walking up and down. "I tell you, Amy, you sympathetic ladies do a lot of harm in the world. I don't know George Keith, but he'll have to look out when all his friends get to pitying him. If everybody tells him his case is hopeless, and his feet set in one narrow path for the rest of life, he may get to thinking so himself. When a young man gets to feeling sorry for himself I get frightened."

"That must be something like our school," observed his niece thoughtfully. Last year, Mr. Hamilton tried to make everything easy and pleasant for us and we had a hard time pulling through, but this term we have Mr. Slocum and he just acts as if we loved to do hard work. It was hard at first, but I begin to enjoy it now and my grades are improving wonderfully. Sometimes I think hard work is good for folks."

"Think that all the time," said her uncle quickly. "Whether your life has weights or wings depends upon yourself, and no one else. I am glad to know so many people who are brave and hopeful and happy, and are ever fighting the good fight in the battle of life. May their tribe increase!"

### MARCH.

A bird note thrills the thickets thin and bare,
And lyric blood is warming yonder stream;
Hark! through the roughened whistling of the air,
Spring's reed pipes echo with a soft-or theme.
O hearts that loved this woodland path last year!
O dear dead feet that went the way of leaves!
Mutinies thine echoes I can sometimes hear—
Or is it but Earth's loom so slow she weaves?
—Canadian Magazine.

### PAID IN KIND.

A Hoosier lad of twelve years was industriously at work upon a pile of wood in his mother's back yard, when he was approached by a playmate.

"Hello, Ben," said the youngster; "do you get anything for cuttin' the wood?"

"Well, I reckon I do," replied Ben. "Mx gives me a cent a day for doin' it."

"What you goin' to do with yer money?"

"Oh, she's savin' it for me, and when I get enough she's goin' to get me a new axe."

Many a man who dictates to his stenographer takes orders from his wife.

### TWENTY YEARS AGO.

A Small Synopsis from Our Issue of March 15th, 1888.

From the Dundas Standard.—Everybody and his brother is laying out town lots in Acton. It is probable that the village will soon become a town.

As March came in very lion-like we may listen for the bleat of the lamb at the close.

The Canada Cordavan Leather Works at the foot of Elgin Street is under the management of Mr. Wm. Smith getting into full running order. The number of hands is increasing weekly.

Stayner Sun—Bro. Moore, of the Acton FREE PRESS has added a new power press to his office. If perfection in the art of printing can be obtained he is bound to reach it.

Mount Forest Representative—The Acton FREE PRESS is supremely happy. Its cup of gladness is running over. Its village possesses the Warden and the M. P. of the county, and the paper is now run off on a new and improved power press.

Last Thursday Mr. John Kinnard, one of the oldest residents of the county, died at the extreme age of 95 years. He came to Halton 25 years ago, and lived for a time in Nassagaweya. Over 20 years ago he moved to the present homestead, 2nd line, below Acton. He was an elder of Knox Church. Mrs. Kinnard, and all the children who came from Ireland, survive him.

Rev. Yoshiyashu Hiraiwa, one of the converts to Christianity in Japan, through the work of the Canadian Methodist Mission, was the chief speaker at the missionary meeting in the Methodist Church, on Monday evening. He has been for some years a minister, and is the first native ordained minister, who has visited this continent. Acton has been especially favored. Rev. R. Phillips, pastor, presided, and Rev. R. B. Cook assisted in the devotional exercise. Last year the Methodist Church of Canada contributed about $204,000, of which Acton raised $128 31.

Mr. W. Smith and several of his men have removed to Acton from Toronto.

The congregation of the Blythe Presbyterian Church have decided by 163 to 29 that that nasty "kist o' whistles," yclept an organ, must be removed from the Sunday School room, "as they cannot conscientiously send their children there while it remains."

BORN—In Acton, March 13th, to Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Coon, a daughter.

MARRIED—In Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, March 9th, by Rev. Dr. Thomas, Mr. W. D. Frick, of Philadelphia, to Nina L., only daughter of Mr. Robt. Gibbons, Acton.

MARRIED—At the residence of Mr. S. T. Humberstone, Newtonbrook, Feb. 22nd, by Rev. Canon Osler, Mr. Oscar J. Brown, to Miss Mina Speight, youngest daughter of the late Samuel Speight, Acton, and sister of Thomas Speight, night agent, G.T.R.

DIED—In Acton, March 13th, Mary, wife of Alex. McNab, aged 50 years.

### CROSSED CONTINENT TO ADOPT LITTLE BOY.

Impulsive generosity is not dead today. Hearts beat warmly all the year; but the Christmas season, of all times, is the one when kindness overflows most freely and spontaneously. That surely was true of the man who applied to adopt little Bobby, the first child offered in the Delineator's Child-Rescue Campaign.

The original application was made personally at our editorial rooms in New York City, says the February Number, and the man was disappointed to find that Bobby was in Chicago. He was so determined, however, that he decided to go at once to the child. Accordingly, he telegraphed the institution, in whose care the little one was placed, and followed the telegram by a letter begging that Bobby be held for him until his arrival.

Here both man and wife presented themselves, ready to take the child immediately. "But," they were told, "Bobby is at one of our branch institutions one hundred miles from here." The applicants seemed crestfallen, but only for a moment. "Then we'll go there for him," they said firmly.

And so, after a while, this little boy was given into their care and they brought him to New York, where his new parents make their home. They are both young, prosperous and have no children of their own.

### MONEY IS CHARACTER.

The use a man makes of his money, as well as the ways he takes to get it, furnishes a very close test of what he is. His account-book is a better index to his life than his private journal. The conversion which does not unloose the purse-strings of the covetous, and close more firmly those of the spendthrift, is a sham and a failure. In no way will a man disclose high character more effectually than by thorough trustworthiness in the management of the funds confided to his care either by God or his fellow-men.

There are no better rules for the right use of money than John Wesley's: "Get all you can, save all you can, give all you can." Some other good rules that should be committed to heart by every young man, are the following: "Never borrow where there is a chance that you may not be able to repay; never lend what you are not prepared to give; never guarantee for another what you cannot fulfill if the other should fail. Save more than you spend. Buy by something every year if it be but a dollar. If you cannot increase your means, then diminish your wants." He who adheres to these rules will inevitably acquire a competence, will taste the joys of financial independence, and the still higher joys of an untarnished character and widespread usefulness.

It is soothing to the nerves to be popular with yourself.

### AN OLD WAGON ROAD.

It holds, in a wide and easy curve,
The gold-shot midst of a yellow clump,
And takes the sun, in a lazy swerve,
To clear the roots of a half-charred stump.
Yonder, ahead, where the slant is steep,
Turning aside from a primrose lane,
The cut of the wheel lies sharp and deep
In clay that gathered the slow spring rain.
But wild sweet clover in time can heal
The scars long left by the wagon wheel.

Adown the hollow it runs awry
With errant scorn of a settled pace;
The brown leaf-layers so densely lie
They hold the trail by the vagriest trace;
And there still where the mold is wet
With trickling pearls of a wayside spring,
The slender arc of the track is set,
A south for the wood weeds' blossoming.

Across the hill, on the other side,
A new road runs to the village rim;
Its bed is graveled and hard and wide;
No star-weeds tangle along its brim.
It travels on through the sun's hot light
With naught of pausing to doze or dream;
No swerve it follows, to left or right—
No luring dip to a shade cool stream.

And the old road idles its way along,
A vagrant, careless of long neglect;
Witch-hazel-threatened and bramble-grown,
It sinks in a hazy retrospect.
And inch by inch as the wild things creep
Closer and thicker with web and skein,
A part, once more, of the wood's domain.

And wild sweet clover at last shall heal
The scars long left by the wagon wheel.
—By Harriet Whitney Durbin.

### NOW I LAY ME.

There is a touching story told of a little girl who was to undergo an operation. The physician said to her as he was about to place her upon the operating table, "Before we can make you well, we must put you to sleep." The little girl looked up, and smiling said, "Oh, if you are going to put me to sleep, I must say my prayers first.' Then she knelt down beside the table and said:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take."

The surgeon said afterwards that he prayed that night for the first time in thirty years. This little girl was only about her Father's business as Christ was when He was listening and asking questions. No one is so small but he can attend to the business of prayer. Thank God there are little prayers, little burdens, little words, deeds, and songs adapted to little children, for shall they not lead us? (Isa. XI. 6.)—Record of Christian Work.

### FOR THE LOVE OF TRUTH.

Abraham Lincoln's love of truth, says an exchange, was a distinguishing characteristic, and so great was his reputation as a lawyer that his clients were sure that they would win their cases if they employed him. Yet they knew that if their cases were not fair it would be useless to consult him.

A lawyer who studied in Mr. Lincoln's office tells a story illustrative of his love of justice. After listening one day for some time to a client's statement of his case, Lincoln, who had been staring at the ceiling, suddenly swung around in his chair and said:

"Well, you have a pretty good case in technical law, but a pretty bad case in equity and justice. You'll have to get some other fellow to win this case for you. I couldn't do it. All the time while talking to that jury, I'd be thinking: 'Lincoln, you're a liar,' and I believe I should forget myself, and say it out loud."

### DRY TOAST.

Among the guests at a dinner in New York given in honor of Daniel Webster was Dr. Benjamin Brandreth, the inventor of a celebrated pill known by his name.

A witty guest proposed the following voluntary toast:

"To Daniel Webster and Benjamin Brandreth, the pillars of the Constitution."

### EMINENT PHARMACISTS.

Everywhere Acknowledge the Superiority of Vinol.

If one person more than another should know the value of a medicine it is the retail pharmacist.

For this reason such testimony as the following should be convincing.

C. A. Patterson, the leading druggist of Charleston, W. Va., writes: "I have used Vinol for every member of my family, and have never been disappointed in the results. It is a pleasure to sell a remedy that gives such universal satisfaction."

Mr. Chas. E. Rogers, Druggist, of Elkton, Ky., writes: I consider Vinol one of the best remedies in my store, and sell more of it than any one medicine. I have also used Vinol in my family with excellent results."

Mr. J. F. Bradley, of New Brunswick, N.J., writes: It is a pleasure to recommend the cod liver preparation, Vinol, as it gives such splendid satisfaction. As I have used it in my family, I can recommend it from experience."

The reason Vinol is so far superior to old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions is because it contains all the medicinal, body building elements of cod liver oil actually taken from fresh cods' livers, with all the useless oil eliminated and peptonate-of-iron added.

As a body builder and strength creator for old people, weak women, delicate children, after sickness and for all pulmonary troubles, Vinol is recommended by over 5000 of the leading druggists of the United States. Your money back if it fails. R. A. Robertson, Druggist, Acton, Ont.