The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXIV.---NO. 19. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 5, 1908. Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT THE

Free Press Steam Printing Office, HILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

Terms of Subscription—One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

Advertising Rates—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 4 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month, if desired. For changes offering than above mentioned the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

Accounts payable monthly.

English office, 30 Fleet Street, London, E. C., where Messrs. E. and J. Hardy & Co. will receive for us news subscriptions and advertisements, and where our readers can, free of charge, see our paper which is England.

H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL.
L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH.
L. L. P. & S. GLASGOW.
MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION ETC.
Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont.

E. D. AULT, M. D. C. M.
Office—Perryman's Block, corner Mill and John Streets.
Office Hours—9 to 12 a.m.; 1 to 6 and 7 to 9 p.m.
Night calls answered from residence, Frederick Street.
ACTON - - ONT.

DR. A. L. HORE,
Graduate of University of Toronto.
Office at residence, on Willow Street,—between Merchant's Bank and Town Hall.
Phone No. 20.
ACTON ONT.

LEGAL.

A. J. MACKINNON
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—Mill Street, in Stovels' Block,
Georgetown Branch—Main Street, open Wednesdays and Saturdays.

R. J. McNABB,
Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc.
OFFICE—Perryman's Block
ACTON ONT.

DENTAL.

DR. J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST.
ACTON.
Office at Residence, Corner Mill and Frederick streets.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
The latest anaesthetic used if desired.
At Rockwood Tuesdays.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. AND J. HARDY & CO.,
ADVERTISING CONTRACTORS AND NEWS CORRESPONDENTS.
30 Fleet Street, London, E. C., England.
A File of this Paper can be seen free of charge by visitors to London, to whom advice gratis will be given if required.

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario.
(Over Williams Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order periodicals of every description carefully bound, ruling neatly and promptly done

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. P. MOORE
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON

WM HEMBSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to Terms Reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable sums, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $800 and upwards.

W. HULL,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
Erin, Ontario
Orders left with the FREE PRESS, Acton, will receive immediate attention.

JAMES McDONALD,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the counties of Wellington, Halton, Waterloo, Wentworth and the City of Guelph.
Sales conducted on reasonable terms and satisfaction guaranteed in every case.
For terms, dates, etc., apply to Box 278, RESIDENCE—Cor. McTague St. and Elora Road, GUELPH, Ont. Telephone 117, Guelph.
Sales may be arranged at FREE PRESS office, Acton.

R. J. KERR
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton.
Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Milnes P. O., telephone to Lithoick or Oakville, or left at FREE PRESS office, Acton, will receive immediate attention.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL, $125,000 00

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

INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any insurance required will be promptly attended to.
W. H. DENNY, Agent, Young St., Acton
Also agent for The Union Insurance Co. England.

The Old and Reliable Granite and Marble Dealers

WE are manufacturers and direct importers of all kinds of Monumental and Headstone work. We sell direct to our customers at wholesale prices, thus saving our customers 40 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only machines in the Dominion who can operate pneumatic tools properly. We can give references from hundreds of our customers in Toronto and other places, where others have to stand law suits in order to collect. We have the largest and best stock of Granite in the Dominion, or more than any three dealers in the West. We are legitimate dealers and employ no agents, and do not annoy or pest customers by sending out ignorant agents to solicit orders—we employ mechanics only and defy competition.

HAMILTON & SONS
Cor. Norfolk and Woolwich Sts., GUELPH

SAVAGE
EXPERT WATCH REPAIRING
GUELPH - ONTARIO

..PAPER..
MAKERS
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
BOOK, NEWS AND COLORED PAPERS
JNO. R. BARBER

GUELPH Business College
Masonic Block, Upper Wyndham St. Guelph, Ont.
A FIRST CLASS Institution founded in 1884 by its present Principal.
FAMOUS as the training-school of many successful business men, both Canadian and American.
DISTINGUISHED as the fountain-head and source of The Canadian Club, in Canada.
SUPERIOR in its ideal, spirit, and teaching, its trained graduates are in constant demand. For particulars, call at the College Office, 137 Upper Wyndham Street, or address,
Malcolm MacCormick, B. A.
Principal.

Cash FOR Produce
The undersigned is now prepared to purchase and pay cash for all
Butter, Eggs, and Live Poultry
delivered at his house, Mill Street, Acton, opposition Robertson's blacksmith shop.
H. H. WORDEN,
Wholesale Produce Dealer

WOOD ENGRAVING
PHOTO ENGRAVING
HALF TONES
OR ANY CLASS OF ENGRAVING FOR ADVERTISING PURPOSES, CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, &C
J. L. Jones Engr. Co.
109 BAY STREET TORONTO

W. H. WALKER
Painter · Paper Hanger
Decorator
Main Street, Acton,
Opposite Stephenson's Blacksmith Shop
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.
W. H. WALKER ACTON

W. Gimson
Painter
Paper Hanger
Sign Writer
Picture Framer
Shop Mill St., Acton, opposite Williams' Livery.
Repairs promptly made to Furniture, Tinware, etc. No unnecessary delay.
Knives ground. Scissors sharpened.
Courteous attention and reasonable prices.
W. GIMSON.

OUR WORK WILL BEAR INSPECTION

ACTON
Hand Laundry
I. CLAVEL, having re-purchased the Acton Laundry business from Mr. James Webster, will take charge next Monday.
I had the satisfaction of pleasing all customers who patronized me during the three years I was in business before, and I am now in a better position than ever to do satisfactory work.
The Laundry work I turn out will always "Bear Inspection."
I. CLAVEL,
Mill Street, Acton

ADVERTISING
LAMPS
IS ONE THING
And having the Lamps to back up the ad. is another. Follow our ads. and you can depend on finding the stock to back up each and every advertisement. Our Lamps are beauties, latest New York patterns. No old stock, as all our 1907 Lamps were cleared out last spring. See our south window for Lamps at all prices.
Our Prices are Always Right
The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Retail Phone 97 - - GUELPH

GREAT CLEARING SALE OF
BUGGIES, MARKET-WAGONS AND CARTS
8 good second hand open buggies infirst class repair, just what you need to save your good buggy in the bad roads; 5 good second hand road carts; 8 market wagons, good strong jobs in first class repair; 1 light lumber wagon, pole and shafts, shelvin and spring seat; 1 heavy spring wagon with shelvin; 1 heavy platform spring wagon, with shelvins, fitted with brake and top over seat, just as good as new, a great bargain. These will be all sold by private sale at the very closest prices. They must be cleared out at once. Come and get a bargain. Bring along your cutter and sleigh repairing now before the rush.
J. N. O'NEILL'S
CARRIAGE WORKS.
GEORGETOWN - ONT

THE FIRST STEP
Often means so much. It has meant success to thousands of young people who wrote for our Catalogue as the first step toward a good-salaried position. Take the step to-day. Address CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE 395 Yonge Street, Toronto.
W. H. SHAW, President.

ACTON
GRAIN ELEVATOR
AND
FEED STORE
We buy all kinds of Grain, and sell all kinds of Feed as well as
Norval Flour
Meals, Etc.
R. NOBLE, Proprietor.
N. P. MOORE, Manager.

Your chopping will be done quickly and well, on either plates or stones, if taken to the—
ROCKWOOD Chopping Mills
Flour - Oatmeal
Bran - Shorts
The best at lowest prices.
HARRIS & CO.
Limited

THE WAY TO
Muskoka
CANADIAN NORTHERN ONTARIO
This Summer is by the Lake Shore Expresses of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway. Write for booklets describing Muskoka, the Maganetawan, and the best country in six provinces for the holiday maker and business man, opened up by the Six Railways of the Canadian Northern System, to the Information Bureau, Head Office, Canadian Northern Railway System, Toronto

Poetry.

WEE KATIE'S GRAVE

My angel lassie art thou gone to thy long rest?
And mun the cruel cauld grave-stone close thy wee neat?
Mum love a' corners seek for thee,
Expecting aye thy form tae see?
While empty echo answers me,
"Wee Katie's grave."

'Tis nae alane poor I that miss thy wissin' smile,
Thy daddy waits the evening kiss that cheered his toil,
He gauge 'pont figure noo and wee,
And rarely hears a word tae say,
Save murmurin' the lee long day,
"Wee Katie's grave."

But 'tis the lot o' human kind in this chill of here,
Whene'er they hae big hopes entwined roun' object dear,
That some snell blast comes roarin' on,
A rech a crash, their treasure's gone,
And memory wails in anguished moan,
"Wee Katie's grave."

But still guidman let's dight oor tears,
At least let's try,
Ou heavin's safe wi' Him wha hears
Oor lika sigh:
Although while in earth's mucky hole,
We may find it unco' hard to thole,
As memory whispers to the soul,
"Wee Katie's grave."

Oh Lord! wha temperest the wind tae lamb shorn bare,
Guide us fra rowin' o'er the lynn o' dark despair,
Enable us Oh Gracious God to bear this sair soul crushing load,
Till laid at length aneath the sod,
"Wee Katie's grave."

The above poem was written many years ago by a Scotchman named Young. It depicts the feelings of us poor humans as we think of the vacant chairs and see and feel the great gaps which the Lord has allowed to be made in our hearts, perhaps to draw us nearer to Himself, and to smooth our rough corners to fit us for a better world.—J. M. McD.

Select Family Reading

Emily Conant's Folks

By I. Mervin Hull

"COME in!" called Emily Conant, in response to a tap on her door. "Oh, it's you, Clara!" she continued, as her classmate entered the room. "Just sit down anywhere. I'm trying to make the room look as bright and cheery as I can. The folks are coming over from Spruceland to-day for the concert and reunion. Are your folks going to be here to-night?"

"N-no, they are not," hesitated Clara.

"Oh, that's a pity!" regretted Emily. "I know father and mother will enjoy the concert, and, afterwards, I shall have a chance to introduce them to Mr. Lansing and some of the other people. Of course your folks will come to-morrow?"

"No," declared Clara, "they are not coming at all."

"Clara Day," demanded Emily, "do you mean to say that you are going to graduate from Riverdale Academy without having your father and mother here to see you?"

"Yes," admitted Clara, "that is just what I mean. I don't see, Emily," she hurried on, "how you take things so easily. You know that your folks and mine are different from the parents of the rest of the class. They are commonplace farmers, who never had anything but what they call a 'doestrick school' education. I didn't notice it so much when we first came to Riverdale four years ago. I suppose I talked that way myself. But now such things simply give me the horrors. Why, the last time father was out here to visit me, I heard Lucy Merrill giggle when he said to me, 'I declar' fer 't, Clara, you look full better than you did the last time I was over,' and it seemed to me he never appeared so awkward. The more I thought of it, the more I felt that I couldn't bear to have them here at graduation. It will be better for them, too. What if they should find out, for instance, what such an elegant fellow as Royal Chester might say about them? So I just sent them a note Monday, saying I thought they had better not come. Now you can lecture me to your heart's content."

Emily's trim foot was tapping rapidly on the carpet, the color in her cheeks was brighter than ever, and she held her under lip tightly between her white teeth.

"Clara;" she broke out at last, "I am a--am—" And there she stopped, and began again.

"Clara Day," her voice rang out, "I think you are—No, that will never do!" Then her expression brightened, as she kept on, "I'll just tell you how I feel about my own folks. I am proud of them. I am proud of the reputation they have in Spruceland. I am grateful to them for the sacrifices which they have made to give me a better education than they had themselves, but I know that my education alone can never make me as good and noble as they are, and I should be ashamed of myself, I should think I was beneath the contempt of the meanest creature on the street, if I failed to honor and love them before the whole world—Where are you going, Clara?" she called. "Well, I declare," finished Emily, with a deep breath, "she's gone away angry, I know, but I think I was pretty calm, all things considered!"

She walked to the window, and saw Clara hurrying along the sidewalk. She also saw an old-fashioned carriage stop at the gate as a well-known voice swelled out, "Whoa, Chet! Here we be!" And Emily flew down the stairs to greet her "folks."

When Emily entered the hall that evening with her father and mother, just before the concert began, it was the cause of some whispering among the boys.

"Look at him!" admired Sammy Bent; "all he needs is a flag wrapped around him."

"Right you are!" agreed Ned Perkins. "He is over six feet, if he's an inch, and he is the perfect model of Uncle Sam all over."

Deacon David Conant was the leader of the choir in the Spruceland Church, and he certainly enjoyed that concert. After one of the numbers, he leaned toward his daughter, and whispered:

"What do they call that piece, Emily?"

"It is a movement from one of Beethoven's symphonies, father," she replied.

"Well," he affirmed, "t'is grand, good music, whoever wrote it. I declare, it seemed though sometthing more than earthly music sounded in them chords."

After the concert was over, there was a general, informal social time, or "reunion," as it was called. Emily introduced her father and mother to Mr. Lansing, the principal of the academy, and to a few other people, and then found comfortable seats for them at the side of the hall, where they could see all that was going on, and then she joined in the conversation and games with the other young people. At length she saw Mrs. Lansing coming towards her.

"Emily, my dear," she greeted her, "I've just had the most delightful chat with your mother. She looks so lovely with—I know you will understand me—with her simple ways and dress. Dear me! I think some of us are pitiably straining to look what we call 'young,' and are growing old the faster for it. I couldn't help telling your mother how sweet she looked with that pretty tie of lace and lavender ribbon, and I had my reward. She looked up at me with a beautiful smile, and said, very gently:

"'My daughter Emily made that for me. She is always thinking of something to make the old folks happy,' Emily," concluded Mrs. Lansing, earnestly, "I think those words are worth more than the diploma you will receive to-morrow."

"So do I, Mrs. Lansing," agreed Emily with shining eyes.

"And look at your father, Emily," laughed Mrs. Lansing. "He is the most popular young man in the room."

"Mother says he will always be a boy, if he lives to be a hundred years old," confessed Emily. "I must go and take charge of him."

She made her way to a corner of the hall, where her father was standing in the midst of a group of boys, with whom he was evidently on the most intimate terms.

"Yes, sir," he was declaiming, "the best sugar season we have had for nigh on to twenty years. One day I took sixty-five gallons of sap from two trees at one gathering."

"Whew! Deacon Conant!" whistled one of the boys. "I didn't know sap buckets were ever made to hold as much as that."

"Of course not!" replied Mr. Conant. "Why look here," he continued, taking a big pocketbook from the breast of his coat, "here is a picture that my daughter Emily took with her camera in our maple grove when we were making sugar. How many buckets do you make on that tree?"

"Twenty!" called a chorus of voices, after a rapid count.

"Yes," said Mr. Conant, "and there's eight or ten that you can't see. Of course, we don't tap like that all the time; but," suddenly, "I tell you what you do. Next spring, in sugarin' time, you get Simon Hyle to hitch up his big teams and bring the whole academy over to Spruceland to my farm—it's only a matter of eight miles or so—then you'll know how maple sugar is made, and how it tastes, too!"

"We'll come, Mr. Conant!" cried the boys, "every one of us!"

"That's the talk!" exulted the farmer, "and you will all go home sweeter than ever you were before! What's wanted, Emily?" he asked, as he saw her beckoning to him beyond the circle of boys.

"It is almost time for us to go home," explained Emily, "but we always march around the hall a few times before we say good-night; and a—Mr. Lansing wants you to lead the march with me."

"I'm agreed," said Mr. Conant; "but where's mother?"

"Oh, she is enjoying herself immensely," said Emily, "and no doubt she would rather watch us than to walk about herself."

Just then a tall, handsome young man, Emily's classmate, Royal Chester, and the leader of the class in scholarship and popularity, came up to Emily and said to her, quietly but very earnestly:

"Emily, please go with me while I ask your mother to honor me by walking with me in the march. I've been looking at her lovely face all the evening. She—she makes me think of my own mother."

So Deacon David Conant, and Hester, his wife, stood at the head of the grand march of the reunion of '0—, and, as the planet looked down from the platform at the tall figure of the deacon, it flashed into her mind that there was but one air to be played for the march, and that was, "Hail, Columbia." Still, if she had known that, the minute she began to play it, the boys would give "three cheers for Deacon Conant, U. S. A.," she might have hesitated.

But when it was all over, and Emily was in the dressing-room getting ready to go home, it was poor, conscience-tortured Clara Day who came to her, and moaned:

"Oh, Emily, what a fool I have been! And, worse than that, a heartless, ungrateful daughter! It all came over me as I saw you with your father and mother this evening! Oh, if I could only call back that letter!"

"But, Clara," said Emily, "isn't there any way that you can send word to your folks to come to the graduation to-morrow?"

"No!" wailed Clara; "there is no telegraph or telephone in Willow Vale, and they would have to start early in the morning, anyway, for it is more that twenty-five miles from Riverdale. No, Emily, my life will just be long years of remorse, and it is all my own fault!"

There was little sleep for Clara on that last night of her school life at Riverdale; but, toward dawn, she sat sail in a troubled sea of dreams, and did not awake till the sun was shining brightly at her window.

She arose, and one of the first things that she saw was the white graduation dress, the latent evidence of the devotion and self-sacrifice of her parents—who would not be at Riverdale to see her wear it.

She sighed deeply as she opened the window and looked out upon the beautiful June morning. She looked down the road, the road that led out into the country toward Willow Vale. A team was coming in the distance; a chaise drawn by a pacing horse, moving at his own comfortable gait.

"Why!" Clara caught her breath, "that looks like our Dobbin! It is our Dobbin! Can it be—". And, hastily throwing on a wrapper, she rushed downstairs to see what it all might mean.

There they were, Eli and Martha Day, as the chaise drove up to the door, Martha smiling serenely, while Eli indicated, by very strenuous gestures and twisting of his countenance, that he had something to say to Clara in private.

"You stand back just a minute, mother," he said. "I want to get out the oats underneath the seat. Clara," he whispered, hoarsely, "that letter you sent—to mother—er—I hope it wasn't so very important. To tell the honest truth, I forgot to give it to her. I never thought on't till we was on our way this morning, and it's in my overalls out in the shed, and I thought I wouldn't say anything to mother about it, unless—"

"That's just right, father!" cried Clara, joyfully, "say nothing about it, and just give it to me when you get home. Mother Day, wait for me! You can't get up those stairs all alone! Oh, you dear, good folks, you never will know how glad, glad, glad I am to have you here to-day!"

THE PREMIER

The Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was born at St. Lin, Quebec, on November 20, 1841, being the only child of the late Carolus Laurier, P. L. S., and Marcelle Martineau. He was educated at L'Assomption College and at McGill University. He was called to the Bar in 1863, but after three years' practice his health gave way, and he retired to the country, taking up the editorship of 'Le Defricheur,' a Reform journal at L'Avenir, E. T. Later he opened a law office at St. Christophe, now Arthabaskaville. He had a distinguished law career, and was created a Q. C. in 1880. In 1871 he was elected to the Quebec Legislature, and in 1874 he was returned by the same constituency—Drummond and Arthabaska—to the House of Commons. He was elected leader of the Opposition in 1887. He was called to form a ministry on the defeat of the Tupper administration in 1896, and he has been Prime Minister ever since. He was married in 1868 to Zoe, daughter of G. N. R. Lafontaine, of Montreal.

LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION

Mr. R. L. Borden, K. C., was born at Grand Pre, Nova Scotia, on June 26, 1854. He was educated at Acadia Villa Academy, Horton, and began the study of law in 1874. In 1878 he was called to the Bar, and in 1891 he was created a Q. C. His law career embraces an extensive practice in the Supreme Courts of Nova Scotia and of Canada, and he was counsel in several cases that went before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. It was in the year 1896 that he was first elected to the House of Commons, and he was returned again in 1900 as member for the City and County of Halifax. He took a leading part in many important debates between 1896 and 1900, he was elected leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons. Mr. Borden was married in 1890 to Laura, youngest daughter of the late T. H. Bond, of Halifax.

A man should never marry until he is thoroughly equipped to fight the battles of life.

Occasionally you hear of a young man who is able to make a living in spite of a college education.

There never was and never will be a universal panacea in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir. What would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the others. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound, unadulterated state a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves those to whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nerves disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy, animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto have given to the public their superior Quinine By the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any on the market. All druggists sell it.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Glut of Some Things We Published November 8th, 1888

Mr. Levi S. Allison has been appointed Postmaster at Knatchbull.

Mr. Robt. Kannawin has purchased a farm near Shelburne. He will not remove until spring.

John Newton & Sons, Limehouse, have been running their woollen mill 12½ hours per day for some time.

Messrs. H. Aldous and Thos. Speight came home from Muskoka this week. They saw four deer and shot as many partridge.—Herald.

Messrs. R. E. Nelson, Jas. Pesson and R. Scott, of Guelph, came to town on Thursday on a hunting expedition. They spent the day at the Gore and with the assistance of three local sportsmen got six rabbits and two pheasants.

Miss Carleton was re-engaged at Creamore, so Miss Ida Morton, of Oak Ridges, will be teacher of the third department.

File every number of the local paper received. Old files of local papers possess an incalculable value, giving missing links in the chain of history. The papers of the present will be invaluable years hence.

Last Wednesday night Mr. James Morton who came here some years ago from Eramosa, and had won friendship and esteem, passed away in a peaceful sleep. He never suffered from any illness, but having passed his 81th year the spark of life went out.

The Canada Citizen has obtained reports from Acton, Burlington, Georgetown, Milton and Oakville, from men who are known, reliable and observant, and whose unvarnished statements are given as received, as to the working of the Crooks Act license law in Halton County. From these it concludes that it works ruin, degredation, death. That drunkenness is becoming disgracefully prevalent, and that many who voted for repeal are now sorry they did so.

Acton Cornet Band serenaded another newly wedded couple, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Homstreet, Lakeside Farm, on Monday evening. Of course the boys were invited in, and although not anticipated, were given a hospitable entertainment.

Mr. Peter McCann, carpenter and builder, died on Friday, after less than a week's illness of inflammation of the lungs. Having been weakened by typhoid fever some years ago, he gradually succumbed. He was the son of Matthew McCann, one of the early settlers, and was higly esteemed. He was married 20 years ago last Monday. He lived for a time in Chicago, but has been in Acton 13 or 14 years.

It is said that a local manufacturing firm, having considerable outside painting to do, sent to Philadelphia for a superior mineral paint advertised, ordering several barrels, and paying freight and duty thereon. They found, however that the barrel heads gave this information: "MANUFACTURED by JAMES NEWTON, LIMEHOUSE, ONT. It was manufactured three miles from Acton, but had travelled 1000 hundred miles and cost 20 per cent. duty to bring it home again.

On Monday evening, Mr. Robt. Watson, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Perryman, sen., and Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Price were returning from Georgetown, about nine o'clock between the 7th and 6th lines, when suddenly in the darkness, the wheel of the democrat struck a projecting rock, and all were thrown upon the road. Mr. Watson first recovered and managed to stop and secure the horses. He found Mrs. Perryman was unconscious, who with Mrs. Price, were left with Mr. Price. On Mr. Watson bringing a neighor's light, he found the ladies had received considerable injuries but after Dr. Lowry's examination it is believed nothing permanently serious will result. Mrs. Perryman received a hard blow on the head, but the little ones escaped entirely, Mrs. Watson's baby looking as content on being unwrapped as if nothing unusual had happened.

Rev. Dr. Mackenzie, of Christ's Church Cathedral, Hamilton, has resigned because the congregation will not make the pews free.

Rev. D. B. Gordon, the new Baptist minister, arrived with his family at Georgetown, on Saturday.

Rev. Lachlan Cameron, of Thamesford, formerly of Acton, preached last Sunday a Gaelic sermon to a large congregation of Highlanders, at Knox Church, Hamilton. He is said to be one of the most eloquent Gaelic preachers in Canada.

Mr. H. H. Worden has gone to Parkdale to assume control of his recently purchased barbering business there.

The semi-annual promotion examinations in the school are as follows: From Second Dept. to First.—Jennie Ramsay, Christina McPherson, Aggie Creech, Willie Gifford, Fred Ryder, Robt. Sinclair and James Moore. From Third to Second.—Edward Nicklin, Allie Cameron, George Mann, Robt. McPherson, George Clark, Bertie Mann, Minnie Edwards, Jennie Brennan. From Fourth to Third.—Russell Cameron, Florence Campbell, Fennel Smith, Lorne Moore, Charlie McLean, Charlie Ryder, Maggie Laird, Buzzie Storey, Fred Nicklin, Minnie Holmes, Bella McMaster, Eddie Gamble, Angus Johnston, Joseph Stewart, Ella Anderson, Lena Holmes.

DIED—At the residence of her son, R. B. Orr, near Milton, on Oct. 28th, Isabella Orr, relict of Andrew Orr, aged 84 years.

DIED—Near the Grange Corner, Co. Antrim, Ireland, on Oct. 9th, Mary Murphy, wife of the late Robt. Murphy, and mother of Mrs. John Kenney, Acton, aged 88 years.

DIED—At his home, Bower Avenue, Acton, Oct. 31st, James Morton, aged 81 years and 7 months.

DIED—In Acton, at his home, Willow Street, Peter M. McCann, aged 40 years.

A MEMORY

Dear, it was a simple touch
Of your hand in clasping mine;
Heedlessly, in life carouse,
Rain falls on the stunted pine.
With a tender sympathy,
Dear, you smiled at me one day,
As the sun mightsgild a fern
Passing by its shaded way.

Great your life, and mind for what?
Fate spins not with you and me,
Yet you linger in my thoughts
For your sweet humanity:
And I like to dream my love
Speaks your mind a gentle ease,
As the little west wind stirs,
Reverently, the forest trees.
—Edith Livingston Smith in Harper's Bazar for March.

J. C. ROCKWELL'S NEW SUNNY SOUTH CO.

There are some people who bear an unexplainable aversion to colored people, for those with such tendencies, the performance which will be given by J. C. Rockwell's New Sunny South Company, in the Town Hall, Friday evening, November 6th, is not the one for them to patronize. This is a colored company throughout and one of the very best of its kind. On its former visit to Acton it gave excellent satisfaction. This season everything is new, modern, high class, refined and up-to-date to the minute. Comedy is all that is aimed at and nothing else is reached bar some very acceptable singing and dancing specialties that will make the audience sit up and listen. It is a real fun show brilliantly illuminated with several novelties of the better class, that are bound to be appreciated. The music is all of the whistling kind, the dancing easy and graceful. As on the company's former visit, the performance will be found to be clean and there will be nothing said or done to offend the most scrupulous lady in the land. The high-class solo concert band, which accompanies the organization, will head the "Countown" parade, which takes place at noon. The prices of admission are 25, 35 and 50 cents. Reserved seats are now on sale at Brown's Drug Store.—ADV.

HOW TO GUARD AGAINST CONTAGION

I am very glad to see young mothers inquiring the way to guard against infectious diseases among their children. Much contagion carried and transmitted because the young people have not been carefully instructed as to the danger.

Sore eyes, granulated lids, grip and sore throat, etc., have been given one to another in a family (especially the younger ones) by using the same towel.

It is just want of thought, yet it makes very serious trouble, pain, and expense oftentimes. The same is true in the use of handkerchiefs. Children at school will borrow to wipe fruit from hands and mouth—saying they had forgotten theirs. Dear little innocent children. They should be carefully educated and talked to about the danger. Let the children wash their hands carefully every night before going to bed—disease may be secreted under their nails. Let the handkerchiefs of the children who have grip or colds be washed separately from the others in a strong hot suds and iron them while damp with very hot irons. This will kill microbes in them. Towels should be laundered by themselves and never washed with the family wash if any one has the grip or sore throat. Observe these rules strictly.

AT A DISADVANTAGE

Two boys managed to be rather unruly in school so exasperated their teacher that she ordered them to remain after hours and write their names one thousand times.

They plunged into the task. Some fifteen minutes later one of them grew uneasy, and began watching his companion in disgrace.

Suddenly the watcher burst out, with despair, between his sobs, and said to the teacher: "T'ain't fair, mum; his name's Bush, and mine Schluttermeyer.

THE EXPLANATION

"No wonder graveyards are haunted," said the home-grown philosopher.

"What's the explanation?" queried the party of the other part.

"After a man has been kicked and cuffed all his life, it's only natural that his ghost would enjoy a quiet sit-down in the moonlight occasionally for the purpose of reading his epitaph," answered the philosophical person.—Chicago Tribune.

MRS. W. T. BURNS
National Correspondent of W. R. C.
Suffered from Nervousness and a General Break-down—Caused by a Cold
RESTORED TO HEALTH BY VINOL
"I caught a severe cold, which it seemed impossible to get rid of. I became much run down, lost my appetite and flesh and felt nervous and irritable. Vinol was recommended, and certainly worked wonders for me; it increased my appetite and cured my cough and nervousness. I consider Vinol a wonderful remedy." Mrs. W. T. Burns, Memphis, Tenn.
Many people are in just her condition—all run down, hardly able to drag about, don't known what ails them. This is probably caused by a cold or cough which is hard to cure, overwork or too close confinement to business, and such people need Vinol.
Vinol is not a patent medicine, but contains the curative elements found in fresh cods' livers, with all the oil eliminated and tonic iron added.
We ask every run down, nervous, debilitated, aged or weak person in this place, and every person suffering from stubborn colds, hanging-on coughs or bronchitis, to try Vinol on our offer to return money if it fails to give satisfaction. E. A. Robertson, Druggist, Acton.