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Editor and Proprietor.

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Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
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A Good Reliable Local Salesman wanted to represent
Canada's Oldest and Greatest Nurseries
In ACTON and adjoining country.
The demand for Nursery Stock is increasing yearly, and if you become one of our salesmen you will realize there is good money in the business for you.
Write at once for particulars.
Pay weekly. Free Outfit
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Having recently installed some of the latest improved machinery for bread making, is now in a better position than ever to supply our customers with Bread, Cakes, etc., of first-class quality.

We also carry a splendid stock of Groceries and Confectionery.

Ice Cream, and all kinds of Fruit in season.

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

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Chopping Done and Oats Rolled every day.
Feed for sale.
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***

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For best makes of—
Guns
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Ammunition
at Sportsmen's Prices

McClary's famous
Pandora Ranges
Mill Street - Acton

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LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE

The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that **Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs** can always be secured at his stables.

A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10.00 a.m. and 6.10 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

Nearly every day someone remarks about our
Prompt Delivery

JUST NOW it is
CEMENT
NAILS
GLASS.
PAINT
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

Two outfits with which to get our the goods so that you are assured of prompt delivery.

We consider every order important.

Our stock (the largest in the City) together with prompt delivery offers an inducement to you to buy from us.

OUR PRICES ARE ALWAYS RIGHT

The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Retail Phone 97 - GUELPH

Don't
"Think you need Glasses"
because some friend has told you so. If your eyes have gotten so bad that you are telling friends about them they may need something besides glasses. I can tell you what it is.

My examination room contains the latest instruments for making accurate eye tests.

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Optometrist and Optician
21 Wyndham St. - Guelph

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The Carbo-Magnetic is tempered by means of a secret electric process at an even temperature of 2,500 degrees.

At the same instant the steel is carbonized in a way similar to that by which diamonds have been produced.

The result is the hardest cutting edge known to science—a blade of Carbo-steel guaranteed for 10 years steady use—no honing—no grinding.

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R. F. JOHNSTONE, Acton, Ont.

Your chopping will be done quickly and well, on either plates or stones, if taken to the—

ROCKWOOD Chopping Mills

Flour - Oatmeal
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The best at lowest prices.

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Funeral and Wedding Orders Specialty.
All orders placed with R. H. NIXON Druggist, Acton, will receive prompt attention.

Reliable Footwear!

With the whole market before us it is good shoes only that we consider—such as we can thoroughly recommend for style and quality and service. The success of our trade in

FIRST-CLASS SHOES

is encouragement enough to give them still larger prominence this year, based on the absolute certainty of good value. We want you to come and let the new styles do their own talking.

W. WILLIAMS
Mill Street Acton.

Poetry.

THE BEST KIND OF NUTS

"Hickory nuts are the best," said Ned
To his little sisters and brothers;
"They are the hardest to crack, but when they are cracked
They are nicer than all the others."

"Peanuts are better, I think," said Tom;
"They're the nicest nuts that they sell.
So easy to crack, and most always, you know,
You would find two nuts in one shell."

They talked of walnuts and butternuts,
Of chestnuts, raw, boiled and roasted,
And of his particular favorite kind
Each little child eagerly boasted.

Quiet and unnoticed in the throng
Stood Curlyhead, funny and small,
Who said when the others had finished: "I think
That doughnuts are better than all."

Select Family Reading

Standing the Test

BY HARRIET L'AMMI SMITH

MURRAY had come home from town in a state of unusual excitement. There had been a hazing episode in the neighboring university, where half a dozen of Murray's high-school classmates were in attendance. Though entered into in a spirit of amusement, it had developed unexpected intensity of feeling. As a consequence, two of the hazing party were in the hospital. The condition of one was serious. Even if he lived, the doctors were apprehensive that grave effects might be left.

Murray told the story in detail, and the family all listened attentively. "A pretty serious ending for a piece of fun," was Murray's father's comment. And Aunt Jane said quietly, "As a madman who casteth firebrands, arrows and death, so is the man who deceiveth his neighbors and saith, Am not I in sport?"

Murray looked up quickly. The Oriental phrasing, coupled with the pregnant truth, caught his attention. "Is that out of the Bible, Aunt Jane?" he asked. Then added, "The Bible does not generally fit quite so close into everyday happenings."

"My boy," said the aunt, "of all the helps to success which are published for the edification of the young aspirants of to-day, let me tell you there are none that will compare with the Book of Proverbs." Then she added, "I am not talking now of the more spiritual parts of the Bible, but of those maxims which apply to one's conduct when with his fellows. If you will be guided by them for a month, you will in the end acknowledge I am right."

Murray smiled. "I believe I'll take the matter in hand, Aunt Jane." Then feeling perhaps that he had gone rather far, he added, "But you'll have to help me out, for I don't know enough about the Book of Proverbs to have very much idea what it asks of us."

But in spite of this request, Murray was hardly prepared to be interrupted in the midst of a conversation with his sister Myrtle, half an hour later. Someone had told Murray that someone else had said that Sue Winchester had made some uncomplimentary remarks about Myrtle's taste in dress. It was not a very serious matter, but no girl likes to be told that one of her friends has said it is a pity she doesn't know that she can't wear pale pink. Murray was hardly started on his recital when a voice reached him from the next room. "Come here a moment, Murray."

Murray obeyed, and Aunt Jane looked up gravely as his tall young figure bent over her. "Just this, dear, your Hero Manual says of conduct: 'He that repeateth a matter separateth friends.'"

Murray flushed. Now that he thought of it, it was more than likely that Myrtle would take it to heart, after the unreasonable fashion of girls, and the next time she met Sue, would pass her with a cool little nod, which would be the beginning of the end. And perhaps Sue had never said the thing quoted, or had said it in a way to give an entirely different impression. Murray could not help being glad that when he returned to the library something had distracted Myrtle's attention, and she never thought to ask him what it was that Sue had said.

In the weeks that followed, Murray sometimes accused Aunt Jane of inventing the maxims to fit his peculiar needs, and he only acknowledged the injustice of his accusation when she showed him the verses in question in his own Bible, and bade him mark them for further reference. Sometimes their aptness gave him an almost awestruck feeling. Sometimes he found it irritating to be pulled up short by an injunction which he had pledged himself to heed. But it could not be denied that it made him thoughtful. When he was boldly defending the methods by which one of the rich men of the city had obtained his wealth, alleging that the means did not matter, so that one had such results to show, Aunt Jane broke into discussion with the words, "Better a little with righteousness, than great revenues without right." And when he was laughing over the case of Whittaker, who went to the races and lost not only his month's salary but his mother's pension money, which he happened to have with him, Murray's merriment was suddenly checked by the solemn words, "Fools make a mock at sin."

He began to read for himself the source of these curiously appropriate sayings, and he inwardly acknowledged that Aunt Jane was right. The qualities which in every age have stood for the highest success—industry, integrity, self-reliance, modesty, and a score of others—were emphasized again and again in terse phrases which lodged in his memory. "And it's just as up-to-date as the morning paper," Murray confessed. In common with thousands of other young men whose acquaintance with the Bible is superficial, he had thought of it as an antiquated volume, whose teachings were outgrown as far as practical life was concerned. The realization that he had been mistaken was, to say the least, a hopeful sign.

The month was drawing to a close when the agreement into which Murray had so lightly entered first appeared to him as a serious matter. He came home exultant one night over an invitation to the annual banquet of the Good Fellowship Club. It was not usual for young fellows of Murray's age to be honored by one of those invitations, and Murray was proportionately elated. He felt as if he had been hoged with cold water when Aunt Jane asked gravely. "But, Murray, I've heard that those club banquets are objectionable in many ways. Isn't there a great deal of drinking?"

Murray flushed. He had to make an effort to speak in his natural voice.

"If anyone wants to drink, there will be plenty for him, of course. I shall turn my glass down, and that will end it."

"He not among winebibbers," quoted Aunt Jane.

Murray felt dangerously near the end of his temper. "Aunt Jane, if you're going to try to stop me—"

"I have nothing to do with it, Murray," said Aunt Jane in her quietest voice. "You yourself asked me to tell you the injunctions which applied to your conduct."

"Well, I didn't suppose you'd go far as this. Anyway, I'm tired of the whole thing," said Murray. "As for being winebibbers, why, Ed. Jennings is going. I don't suppose he ever tasted liquor in his life."

"I hope not," said Aunt Jane. "Both his father and his grandfather were intemperate men. It would be a very dangerous thing for him to play with a temptation."

"And how about me?" Murray's voice was rasping. "I suppose you think it would be dangerous for me, too."

There was a little pause. "Yes," said Aunt Jane, I do."

Murray pushed back his chair. "I'm much obliged for your complimentary opinion," he said testily. "There are some people who credit me with having enough self-control and common sense to know when to stop. I'm sorry you don't agree with them." He went out of the room with a sense of injury he made no effort to hide. He told himself that it was his own fault for having fallen in with this foolish game.

That ended the quotations from Proverbs for a time. But when Murray dressed for the club banquet, he found a slip of paper on his dresser on which were the words, "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." A lump came into his throat. Perhaps he had been a little sharp with Aunt Jane. She loved him, and her warning had been given with the kindliest of motives. Even granting she was mistaken, his resentment had been unworthy of him. To-morrow he would tell her as much.

But the day following the banquet, Murray had something else to tell her. He had lived up to his word and kept his glass turned down. But he went home sick with disgust. He had no liking for such scenes. But that was not the worst of it. Ed. Jennings had yielded to the importunity of those in his vicinity, and had taken his first glass of wine, and the second glass and the third had followed in quick succession. Murray could hear Ed's uplifted voice above all the boisterous laughter. The light in his eyes was like that of insanity.

In the gray of the morning he took Ed. home. He had not been able to induce him to leave earlier. And the face of the mother who received that shambling creature who was her son, is something that Murray will never forget. Sometimes now he starts up from his dreamings, gasping and trembling, with that ashen face before him, those heart-broken eyes looking down into his.

And so Murray did not make the apology to Aunt Jane which he had planned, the apology which was to have a hint of dignified superiority under its regret. Instead he knelt down beside her and hid his white drawn face against her arm.

"Aunt Jane, you were right. I should have stayed away. And I've made up my mind that the Book you think so much of must be a pretty safe guide for a fellow's whole life. Help me to try to follow it."

LOCAL OPTION MEANS INCREASED SOBRIETY AND INDUSTRY

Sobriety and industry ensure steady progress through a life of usefulness and success to an old age of comfort and honor. Drinking habits destroy manhood and shorten life, or else lead through vice and disease to poverty, degredation and shame.

FACE THE SUNSHINE

Which way are you facing?

There are many flowers that are more beautiful than the sunflower, and yet there is one thing we always love about this homely plant. It always looks straight up into the light of the sun. Look at it in the morning. Then its bright yellow blossom is lifted toward the east, as if it were waiting for the sunshine to warm it and open its petals a bit wider than they ever had been opened before. As the sun slowly wheels up toward the noonday, and then on down into the western sky, the sunflower keeps turning, turning till at last the hills shut out the light of day, and then it goes to sleep. Life, beauty, glory, are in the light of the sun.

Is there not something beautiful for us in the way the sunflower keeps its face always up into the face of the sun? Why is it that frowns come into your face and mine sometimes? You know that it is so. How apt we are to get out of patience and do and say things we ought not, and for which we are so sorry afterward! Ah, you know why it is. We have forgotten to look up where our sunlight is, and, where there ought to be the glory of beauty and the shine of love, only the shadow falls.

But you and I want the sunshine in our faces and in our lives. Every day we feel that longing. We are not quite happy unless we feel that those we meet see in us something to love. There is just one way we may be sure the heaven-light is in our hearts, and that is by looking up to Him.—Selected.

WANTED TO KNOW

A citizen returning home late one night encountered another citizen to whom the notion of home-going had come too late for his own good. Tacking across the pavement, the second "homer" came to his beam ends upon the shoulders of the first and entreated him to act as convoy. The sober citizen yielded, and together they made a somewhat hazardous passage to the second man's lodgings. At the front door, after expressing his thanks profusely, the rescued one asked for his rescuer's name. "Why," replied the rescuer after a pause, "I don't want it generally known, but I'll tell you. I'm St. Paul."

"The other drawing himself up, regarded him with intense gravity. 'That's so, that's so. Didn'd-reo'nize y' a firs'. Beg pardon." Then slowly his features relaxed, and he began to chuckle.

The chuckle was prolonged and got on the first man's nerves. "What's the matter with you anyway?" he demanded.

"Nothin' nothin'," answered the other. "I was wonderin', jus won' derfu'."

"Wondering what?"

"Wonderin' if you'd tell me somethin'."

"What is it?"

"I was just wonderin' whether you'd tell me—in stric' confidench, o' course—whether you ever got any answer to that blamed long letter you wrote the Ephesians?"

"ONLY MY WAY"

A man who had been so brusque in his manner as to deeply wound a new acquaintance, apologized in the following fashion: "Oh, you mustn't mind when I speak out like that. It's only my way." And apparently he thought this a sufficient justification for his rudeness.

An occasional lapse from habits of kindness and courtesy may be overlooked, but there is no excuse for adopting the opposite traits as characteristic. If it is your "way" to wound and annoy or inconvience others, it is a more serious matter than if now and then you erred in such respects. The very excuse you offer is your severest condemnation. The best of us fall often to live up to the high standard set before us in Christ's life, but the saddest possible mistake is to accept this failure as the normal condition, and contentedly rest there.

MORE IMPORTANT THAN EYES

The pretty young teacher was struggling to impart spelling-book lore to a small Italian boy. "Chief" was the word under consideration. "C-h-e-f," spelled Tony, laboriously.

"Oh, now, Tony," she said, "you've left out one letter. Can't you think what it is?" Tony shook his shiny black head. "It's name is just the same as something you have," she went on, looking straight into his eyes. "I can see them looking at me this minute, right out of your head—two, big brown ones."

"Bugs!" shouted Tony triumphantly.—The Delineator.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Pages of the Free Press of September 26th, 1889

St. Alban's Church looks well in its new coat of paint—stone color, with terra-cotta facings.

Mrs. H. Reid, Nassagaweya, has purchased the new brick house on Mill St., from Mr. W. J. Gibbons for $1,010.

The brick chimney at the new tannery is gradually rising skyward. It will be 120 ft. high, the highest in the county.

Dr. McClarvin is enlarging his drug store, and is adding the shop fixtures, drugs and stationery of his Listowel business. Mr. J. V. Kannawin will return to Acton and take his old place in the drug store.

A new engine and boiler for power and heating has been put in at the buckskin tannery of W. H. Storey & Son. The tannery is now turning out great quantities of buckskin and antelope glove leather to replace those formerly imported. Hides come from South Africa and West Indies.

The Royal Templars' picnic, the first public gathering in the park since its acquisition by the Corporation, was a great success in every respect. Games in abundance, and a peculiarly attractive tea. A base ball game, for which the word "amusing" is no name, was captained by Dr. Lowry and Mr. John Lawson, composed of the following teams:—

DR. LOWRY'S	MR. LAWSON'S
Miss Kate Lawson	Miss Rebecca Anderson
" Minnie Adams	" Bella Hanshaw
" Annie Anderson	" Lucy Kennedy
" Stella Johnston	" Aggie Anderson
" Aggie Ramsay	" Sarah Ferguson
" Annie Williams	" Mattie Moore
" Hattie Thurston	" Fannie Moore
Mr. W. W. Johnston	Mr. Jos. Peters
" A. T. Mann	" L. Williams
" Geo. Thurston	" J. M. Warren
" John Ramsay	" Rev. Dr. Gifford
Score 13.	Score 9.

Mr. Donald McPhedran, who, it is said, has lived about 70 years in Nassagaweya, died on Sunday, and was buried at Ebenezer.

At Rockwood, on Wednesday last, Messrs. Bell Bros., of Acton, threshed for Squire Strange 500 bush. of barley and 940 of oats in one day.

Two cases of choked cows but week in Acton: one of Mr. Thomas McLam's and one of Mr. Thomas Bingham's.

The Municipal Council fixed the rate of assessment at 10 mills, on the assessment of $220,323, which will raise by taxation $5,214.15. This will be $500 or $600 of a better financial position than last year. All outstanding debts will be paid, and the Council of 1890 commence with the unusual experience. The estimated expenditure is: Public Schools $1785; Current Loan $900; Streets and Walks 800; Salaries $500; Town Hall, Deb. and Int. $474.40; County Rate $183.35; Printing and Advertising $120.00; Cemetery and Caretaker $100.00; Interest on Cemetery lot and deb. $60.00; Insurance $70.00; Board of Health $50.00; Charities $50.00; Interest $41.20; Town Hall $25.00; Contingencies $55.20. Total $5214.15.

The Park By-law vote resulted in a majority for purchase of the property for $3600 for land, about 12 acres, and building: For 63, against 3, maj. for 60.

"One who will help," writes suggesting that now, that the park is bought, while the water is low, would be a good time to clear out the stumps and logs from the pond, and thereby beautify the property.

Mrs. John Speight is visiting in Berlin.

Mr. L. G. Matthews left on Friday to visit friends in Detroit and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Coleman, of Strabane, visited in this vicinity during the week.

Miss Ethel Foster who has been visiting here for several weeks returned home on Saturday.

TOO LATE NOW

Sometimes the small boy who has defied authority and abused patience, till the limit of the latter is reached, begins to cry, "I'll be good," just as he is marched away to receive the chastisement he deserves. We are reminded of his pat penitence by the attitude of some of the associations of liquor dealers, who are impressing on their members the enormity of selling to minors or to confirmed drunkards. Some of these associations are urging that the photograph of the drunkards of a community be displayed prominently in every bar, so as to diminish the charges that such persons can buy liquor. But this penitence is very evidently intended to divert the punishment which a long catalogue of sins has brought upon their heads, and the answer they receive is quite like that the small boy hears under similar circumstances: "You should have thought of that before. It's too late now."

IN CHURCH

In front of my pew sits a maiden,
A little brown wing on her hat,
With its touches of tropical azure
And sheen of the sun upon that.

Through the rose-colored pane shines a glory
By which the vast shadows are stirred,
But I pine for the spirit and splendor
That painted the wing of the bird.

The organ rolls down its great anthem
With the soul of a song it is blest,
But for me, I am sick for the singing
Of one little song that is spent.

The voice of the curate is gentle,
"No sparrow shall fall to the ground,"
But the poor, broken wing on the maiden
Is thwacking the merciful sound.

Close and sweet is the breath of the lilies
Asleep on the altar of prayer,
But my soul is athirst for the fragrance
Far out on the bountiful air.

And I wonder if ever or never,
With pinions unbroken and furled,
I shall find the white spirit of pity
Abroad at the Heart of the World.

—Mrs. T. W. Brown.

SPARKLES

"Do you keep a diary?" "Yes. I've kept one for the first two weeks in January for the last seven years."

Jinks—"Mr. Manton says he never spoke a harsh word to his wife." "Yes," remarked a lady, "but was that due to kindness or caution? That's what I should like to know."

Local politician—"Of course, my dear, I suppose you sometimes quarrel with your husband?" Mrs. Newed—"Indeed, I don't; but he—or—sometimes quarrels with me."

Golfer—"You've caddied for me before. Will you give me some hints before we start?" Sandy—"Weel, if ye'll just no' dae what ye're gaein' to dae, ye'll no' dae sae bad!"

Mrs. Caller—"You surely don't always give your husband a necktie on his birthday?" Mrs. Athome—"Yes, I do, and the poor dear doesn't even know it's the same one each time."

A man hurried into a quick-lunch restaurant recently and called to the waiter, "Give me a ham sandwich." "Yes, sir," said the waiter, reaching for the sandwich; "will you eat it or take it with you?" "Both," was the unexpected but obvious reply.

Mamma—"Has Mr. Dorrance given you any reason to believe that he means business?" Clara—"Business! I should think he did mean business. I'm sick of the word business. All he has talked about the last three times he has been here was papa's business."

He was very deferential, but he was a deacon in the church, and he felt that he had a right to criticize.

"I hope you'll pardon me," he said, "if I suggest that your sermons are—ah——"

"Too prosy, I suppose," suggested the minister.

"Oh, no; not that. But too long."

"But you mustn't blame me for that," returned the minister, pleasantly. "If you know a little more I wouldn't have to tell you so much."

HOW TO LIVE A CENTURY

Sir James Sawyer, an English physician, has formulated the following nineteen rules for prolonging life to one hundred years:

1. Eight hours' sleep.
2. Sleep on your right side.
3. Keep your bedroom window open all night.
4. Have a mat at your bedroom door.
5. Do not have your bed against the wall.
6. No cold tub in the morning, but a bath at the temperature of the body.
7. Exercise before breakfast.
8. Eat little meat, and see that it is well cooked.
9. (For adults.) Drink no milk.
10. Eat plenty of fat to feed the cells which destroy disease germs.
11. Avoid intoxicants, which destroy those cells.
12. Daily exercise in the open air.
13. Allow no pet animals in your living rooms. They are apt to carry about disease germs.
14. Live in the country, if you can.
15. Watch the three D's—drinking water, damp, and drains.
16. Have a change of occupation.
17. Take frequent and short holidays.
18. Limit your ambitions; and
19. Keep your temper.

Success grows out of struggles to overcome difficulties. If there were no difficulties there would be no successes.

UNCONSCIOUS KINDNESS

A young woman who had passed through deep sorrows said to a friend one day: "I wish some people knew just how much their faces comfort me! I often ride down in the same street-car with your father, and it has been such a help to sit next to him! There is something so good and strong and kind about him; it has been a comfort just to feel he was beside me. Sometimes, when I have been utterly depressed and discouraged, he has seemed to know just the word to say to me; but if he didn't talk, why, I just looked at his face, and that helped me. He probably has not the least idea of it, either, for I know him so slightly, as I don't suppose people half realize how much they are helping or hindering others!"

There is a great deal of this unconscious kindness in the world. Moses wist not that his face shone. The best people are not aware of their goodness. According to the old legend, it was only when it fell behind him, where he could not see it, that the saintly man's shadow healed the sick. Goodness that is aware of itself has lost its charm. Kindnesses that are done unconsciously mean the most.—Selected.