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Editor and Proprietor.

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at Sportsmen's Prices
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Funeral and Wedding Orders Specialty.
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The Best Quality of
Manitoba
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.
Cash for Wheat and Oats.
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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.
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Poetry.

CAMPING OUT

It's go for water,
Clean the fish;
Who left soap
Upon this dish?
Where's the bread?
Oh, pass the corn
Some one blow
The dinner horn.

Rush and worry,
Fret and toil;
Some one now
Must go for oil.
Get the ice,
And hurry up!
Where, O where's
The drinking cup?

Now comes down
The gentle night,
Gracious how
The skeeters bite.
Start a smudge
And choke to death;
Close the tent
And pant for breath.

Come a wind storm
O'er the bay;
Now the tent
Is blown away.
Hurts a cloud
Just overhead;
Almost drowned
Although in bed.

Worn and weary
Home we come;
Every camper
Looking glum.
Sick at heart
And sore at friends;
This is how
It sometimes ends.

Select Family Reading

Mrs. Perkins' Mince-Meat

BY ELIZABETH PRICE

"THEY want you, Amandy, over at Brother Jacob's. The little baby's terrible low and it's mother's about give out." Mr. Perkins looked uneasily over his spectacles as he slowly folded the sheet of paper he held, adding, "It's a telegraph, Amandy. It must be pretty bad."

His wife laid down her lead-pencil and frowned. "If that ain't enough to try Job's patience threadbare!" she exclaimed. "I've just got done writing out my list for my mince-meat things. I was going to ask you to drive over and get them this afternoon, so I could make it early tomorrow. And here comes along another interruption."

"Couldn't it wait a little longer, Amandy?"

"I suppose it could, seeing it's likely to have to. In all the years I've been housekeeping I've never failed before to make my mince-meat the first week in November, and here it is December already, and likely to be Christmas, if not New Year's, before this family gets a taste of mince pie. You certainly have got sickly relations, Obed."

"I dunno as they can help it, Amandy. Maybe they oughtn't to be blamed." Mr. Perkins spoke apologetically. His wife picked up pencil and paper and laid them away as she said, "Well, it seems queer to me that as many of them as there is, nobody but me can nurse them. Just home from a siege with Maria's typhoid, and now out again to Jacob's baby. Oh, yes, I'll go, of course. I wouldn't be human to let the child die for lack of sensible nursing, which is likely half that ails it already. Put this list in your wallet, Obed. If so be the baby isn't much sick we may get back in a day or two, and we can get the things on our way home."

"Did you count in an extra pound or two for Maggie's folks?" Mr. Perkins asked as he stowed away the bit of paper. His wife replied sharply, "Indeed I didn't. If Maggie wants mince-meat let her get it the same way as I do. If she was capable, like she ought to be, she could do mine on shares. But do you suppose I'd trust her? Never. She'd be fussing over it for a week and likely spoil it in the end. No. I can do and do for others, but when I need help it ain't there."

"But, Mandy, she ain't strong, and there's all the children, and—"

"Obed, it's no use arguing. We could get rid of every penny we've got if we wanted to. Good mince-meat ain't to be made for nothing, and we positively can't afford to buy expensive materials and give them away. We'd be on the county if things were left for you to dispose of."

Mr. Perkins wisely changed the subject, and shortly left the room, announcing his intention to "hook up."

His wife stepped into the hall and called briskly, "Hattie, come down." A young girl answered the summons promptly, and Mrs. Perkins' snapping black eyes softened as they rested on her only daughter's sweet face. "What is it, mother?"

"Same old story. Your Uncle Jacob's sent for me to nurse the baby back to life. No telling when I'll be home again. It needn't make any difference with your visit, though. Your things are all ready. Stay with Nellie to-night, and don't miss your train to-morrow."

"But who'll take care of father?" asked Hattie, adding slowly, "I can stay at home if it's necessary, though I would hate to miss all the good times Aunt Mary has planned."

"No need of it. Your father'll stay at Jacob's. His rheumatism is so bad he can't do much, and he needs a rest anyway. Your Uncle Josh can do the chores and take the milk home. The only thing that's rushing is the mince-meat, and you couldn't do that if it never got made."

"Why couldn't I, mother? I've helped you lots of times?"

"Because you haven't got judgment enough. There's be chunks in it the size of a walnut and it wouldn't be fit to eat. To be sure I could have done it at your age, but girls ain't capable like they used to be—more's the pity. Just lock up good and tight and leave the keys at your Aunt Maggie's."

"Oh, Hattie, put away my mince-meat rule. I've left it laying out, and I wouldn't lose it for ten dollars, though it does look like I'm fated not to get to use it this year.

Hattie watched her parents set out on their four-hour drive. "It's too bad," she murmured. "Mother's heart was just set on making her mince-meat to-morrow. As if all the pies in the world were equal to the dear little baby's life. But I hate to have her disappoint'ed so often." She picked up the precious recipe and looked it over. "I don't see why I couldn't make it," she said aloud. "It never seems so difficult when mother does it. She'd be so surprised and pleased, too, after it's all done. I could go Thursday as well as Wednesday, and send a card to Aunt Mary not to meet me till then. What if I do miss a little of the good time? Mother's always giving up things she wants to do because somebody needs her help.

"I'll do it! I can make the list of things I'd need from this recipe, and get Nellie Gresham to drive me down to the store this afternoon. I'll make it to-morrow—Nellie'll help. I know."

Full of excitement, Hattie proceeded to carry out her plans. The Greshams were neighbors and intimate friends, and Nellie lent willing assistance to Hattie's undertaking. Mr. Gresham cashed the check which was to cover the expense of Hattie's little trip, "and there's enough to spare for the mince things," declared Hattie. "I'll pay for them myself, then if I should make a failure—which I shan't—nobody else will be the loser."

At dusk the two girls returned from the village store (the bed of the buggy well filled with a savory heap of "sugar and spice and all things nice," as Hattie sang, while they unloaded and stowed away their purchases.

They were at it bright and early the next morning, two youthful but earnest cooks, paring, chopping, measuring and weighing, with frequent references to the time-yellowed "rule" which they had pinned out of harm's way on the shelf paper under the clock.

"I don't want one human being to know it," declared Hattie gleefully, as she stirred. "I wouldn't have mother's surprise spoiled for anything. She always puts it in one particular jar on a special shelf in the cellar. She brings up that jar before she begins her mince-meat, and sums it while she works. This time when she goes down for her jar she'll find it full, and won't she be pleased?"

"I'd love to be a fly on the wall and hear what she says," laughed Nellie. "I'll watch as close as I can, and write you all about it. Hattie, this is simply perfect. I never tasted better."

"It is good, isn't it, for a first attempt? Now it's ready to be put away, and it only six o'clock. I think we've done pretty well. Don't you?

Brother Jacob's little baby proved to be a very sick child, and it was several days before his Aunt Amanda felt justified in leaving him to other care than her own. "Do exactly as the doctor tells you, Myra, and don't take any liberties," was her parting injunction. "I don't want to be sent for to undo anybody elses carelessness. Oh, you're welcome, as far as that's concerned. Only I'm going to make my mince-meat to-morrow, if the whole tribe gets sick. But Myra, who would never forget the gentleness of her baby's nurse, and brother Jacob, who remembered that he owed his child's life to his sister-in-law, kissed her good-bye affectionately and thanked her from full hearts.

"Let's stop in Westminster and get that order filled," said Mrs. Perkins as they neared that village.

"It's pretty late, Amandy," her husband reminded her.

"I don't care if it's pitch dark, Obed. I'm going to have those things before I sleep to-night."

"Won't Cap Dennis think strange of us trading in Westminster, instead of at our own store?"

"It don't make any difference what Cap Dennis thinks. His store's three miles the other side of our house, and I wouldn't get my order home before noon to-morrow, and by that time somebody'll have small-pox and want me to nurse 'em. It's now or never, Obed."

It was hardly dawn of the next morning when the work began. Mrs. Perkins frowned a little when she saw her "rule" still pinned to the clock-shelf. "If that's Hattie's idea of taking care of things, she didn't learn it from me," she remarked severely.

Her husband looked up from the apples he was paring. "She's young yet, Amandy, she's young," he reminded her. "Now the thing I'm thinking about is, how could I have been mistaken about the apples in that south bin? I was sure it was even full, but it ain't—not by considerable."

"Don't be a goose, Obed," Mrs. Perkins admonished him. "It's bound to be as full as you left it. There's been nobody around to meddle.

A little later she came up the cellar stairs with a big stone jar in her hands. "Some things do seem curious, Obed," she said. "I never keep that gray stone mince-meat jar only in one place when it's empty, and it ain't there. I'm certain sure I saw it the day we went away. No—it don't matter, only I hate to make changes after I get used to a thing. Out of apples? Here's another pan full.

"We ain't liable to interruptions to-day, thank goodness, because none of our neighbors know we're home, only Josh and Maggie. They won't be over before evening likely, and I'll get Josh to carry the mince-meat down cellar for me."

Josh and Maggie were a little late that night. The big kitchen was spotless and no sign of the day's occupation was visible except the big brown jar. "I left it for you to carry down for me, Josh," Mrs. Perkins explained. "Obed's shoulder is stiff yet from that spell of rheumatism he had. Put it on that three-cornered shelf in the northeast corner of the cellar—the one with the iron braces. There's the candle."

"Yes, I am tired, Maggie. Nursing's harder than housework, and it's played me out some. Then to-day I've made mince-meat."

"You have!" exclaimed her sister-in-law. "Why, I never supposed you'd get at it so soon. I—"

"When I have anything to do, Maggie, I don't loiter over it," said Mrs. Perkins, severely. "What's that, Josh? Not room? Why, man, that shelf's held a five-gallon jar of mince-meat every winter for twenty years. Wait. I'll bring a lamp. You must be in the wrong corner." Mrs. Perkins descended the narrow stairs, Maggie close at her heels. "Well, if there ain't my missing jar," was the first exclamation. "And another brown jar beside it. Somebody else did this. I never use this shelf for empty jars. Stand aside Josh, till I lift them down. My patience alive! They're full of something—heavy as lead. Let me get loose covers off. Mince-meat, both of 'em, as sure as I'm a living woman. Obed, there's some mighty mysterious things been happening around here."

"I don't know anything about the grey jar, sister Amanda. I supposed you had pickle in it. But I can explain about the brown jar. I made mince-meat in it for you." Maggie's voice wasn't very steady.

"Put that jar down, Josh, before your arms break off. Why, goodness sake, Maggie, how did you ever come to do that? It was very kind of you, but you know I'm not apt to relish other people's seasoning."

Maggie sat down on the lowest step. She wasn't very brave at best, and there were times when it needed courage to face sister Amanda. "After Hattie went away," she began, "I got uneasy for fear that there might have been some fire left in the house, Hattie being inexperienced, so I came over to see for myself. I noticed your mince-meat rule pinned up on the clock-shelf, and I remembered that you had been awful anxious to get your mince-meat done that week. So I just thought I'd do it."

"Well, it certainly was thoughtful, Maggie. Did you have the things charged at Dennis's or Taylor's? We don't want any bills running."

"I paid for them—all but the apples. I got those out of the south bin, knowing that was the kind you use. It was my own money. I wanted to do it, Sister Amanda. You and Obed have done a lot for us, and there's never any way for us to show that we appreciate it. There's lots of times I'd dearly love to help you if you only thought I could do things to suit you, but you don't; so I said to Josh, 'Here's my chance,' and he thought so too. And so, if it isn't good no one will be the loser only myself."

Mrs. Perkins sat down on the vinegar keg.

"Was it your birthday money that Obed gave you for a hat?" she asked bluntly. Maggie's face flushed hotly, but her sister-in-law put the question again, relentlessly.

"Yes, but he said I should do as I pleased with it, and I pleased to do this." Maggie's voice was faint and guilty, but Mrs. Perkins only said briskly, "We'll see about this later," when a girlish voice called from overhead, "May I come down too? It's Nellie. I saw the house lighted and knew you must have come to day. How do you do, everybody? Oh, Mrs. Perkins, you've found Hattie's mince-meat. Wasn't it dear of her? She missed the biggest party of all to stay home and make it, and she paid for everything out of her own money that her father left her to go away with—all but the apples. She got those out of the south bin. She was so happy—said that was the only way she could share her good time with you, and she just loved to do it."

"My little girl made it? After all I said! Do you hear that Obed? And it's chopped as fine as mine and smells as good." That was Mrs. Perkins only reply to the breathless torrent of words, but she squeezed Nellie's hand tight as she said "Fifteen gallons of mince-meat! Come on upstairs, Josh, I hate to trouble you, but you may carry that jar back to the kitchen, and also home with you. Obed, go and write another check for Maggie, same size as the birthday one."

"Oh, no—please let me do this, Sister Amanda. I can do without a hat this winter very well."

Mrs. Perkins set the lamp on the kitchen table, then turned to put her hands on her sister-in-law's stooped shoulders. "It isn't that I don't appreciate it, Maggie, for I do. But we've got plenty and you haven't, and every mouthful of that mince-meat would choke if I had to feel all winter that I was slowly swallowing Maggie's hat, which she needs worse than I need pie, but which she'd likely never have got if she'd waited for her selfish old sister to provide it. I'll accept the work and the time and the strength you spent on it, and that's a good-sized present, considering it mean't double duty at home to make up for it, and I'll try not to be so crabbed hereafter that you have to own up to a piece of kindness like it was a penitentiary offence. There's no more to be said about it. Nellie, when did you hear from Hattie?"

It was after they went to bed that Mrs. Perkins said subduedly, "Obed, that ought to be the best mince-meat that any family ever ate, all ten gallons of it, for it's flavored through and through with love—," she hesitated, then with a voice that didn't sound like hers, "for a very undeserving woman."

A quarter of a mile away Maggie wiped tears of happiness from her eyes as she said, "Josh, I never had anybody pay me such a compliment in all my life as sister Amanda did when she gave us the mince-meat she'd made herself and kept mine instead."

THE LICENSED LIQUOR TRAFFIC

Blocks the path to the Kingdom of God to many of our very best men and boys. Every Christian man will get out of partnership with this soul destroying traffic by using his vote and influence against it, and its paltry revenue.

THE WELCOME MAN

There's a man in the world who is never turned down, wherever he chances to stray; he gets the glad hand in the populous town, or out where the farmers make hay; he's greeted with pleasure on deserts of sand, and deep in the aisles of the woods; wherever he goes there's the welcoming hand—he's the man who delivers the goods. The failures of life sit around and complain; the gods haven't treated them white; they've lost their umbrellas whenever there's rain, and they haven't their lanterns at night; men tire of the failures who fill with their sighs the air of their own neighborhoods; there's one who is greeted with love-lighted eyes—he's the man who delivers the goods. One fellow is lazy, and watches the clock, and waits for the whistle to blow; and one has a hammer, with which he will knock, and one tells a story of woe; and one, if requested to travel a mile, will measure the porches and roods; but one does his stunt with a whistle or smile he's the man who delivers the goods. One man is afraid that he'll labor too hard—the world isn't yearning for such; and one man is always alert, on his guard, lest he put in a minute too much; and one has a grouch or a temper that's bad, and one is a creature of moods; so it's hey for the joyous and rollicking lad—for the one who delivers the goods!—Walt. Mason.

THE BEST PROOF

Little Ted, seven years old, was sent to the bathroom for a "good scrub" before dinner, but returned so quickly that his mother declared he couldn't possibly have washed himself. He replied: "Truly, I did, mother, and if you don't believe it you can just go to the bathroom and look at the towel."

LET US BE MERRY.

We've but a little while to stay
Upon this whirling sphere,
So let's look up, and all be gay
The little while we're here.

We may as well, while here we rest—
We cannot linger long
Exchange a greeting and a jest
And sing a friendly song.

Chance sneers at prejudice and pride,
And though some churl off ends,
We cannot choose but bear a side,
So let us all be friends.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

A Readable Record of Rambling Reminiscences, Reduced from the Free Press of October 10th, 1889

About an inch of snow fell on Sunday. It had disappeared by noon.

Guelph's newly patched-up station has been opened to the public.

Mr. C. Moffat, 5th line, is building a new brick house on his farm above the cross-road.

Apples are quite scarce here this year.

Rev. Dr. Gifford has organized a Band of Hope in the Methodist Church. About 40 are members, in age varying from six to forty years.

The sidewalk extension at the G. T. R. hasn't been made yet. Girls, give the Streets and Walks Committee no peace until they comply with your reasonable demands.

1889 began with an eclipse of the sun on its first day, and will end with another of the sun on its last day.

It has been said that everything is playful: The lightning plays, the wind whistles, the thunder rolls, the snow flies, the waves leap and the fields smile. Even the trees shoot, and the rivers and streams run.

In a letter to the Georgetown Herald, Mr. Richard Graham, Reeve of Esquesing, says:—"Acton and Burlington are looking forward to the location of High Schools within their borders." Time will tell. It would indeed be a creditable thing to have a High-School here. [12 years later a commencement was made.—ED.]

By the falling of a pile of plank about which he was playing, Erastus, the six-year-old son of Mr. Zalman Hall, Penetanguishene, well-known to our readers, sustained a fracture of one leg above the knee, displacement of the knee cap, and had his foot badly crushed.

A delivery boy in Brampton had his eye cut into by the lash of his whip, which he had been cracking, destroying the sight. The saddest part is that the other eye has been almost sightless.

Judge Drew, of Guelph, has just sentenced three men found guilty of indecent assault to, each of them, one year and three hundred and sixty days in the Central Prison, Toronto, at hard labor; and to be thrice whipped with the cat-o'-nine-tails—ten lashes the first month, ten the second, and ten not less than ten days before coming out.

The Acton Union Exhibition was a complete success. About 2000 entries.

The FREE PRESS had a nicely equipped printing office in the building and fancy cards and sheets were distributed by the thousand, to the interest of crowds of delighted spectators.

To Mr. J. B. Pearson, who had charge of the hall, is due great credit for the splendid appearance of the exhibits there.

Not a single accident to mar the pleasure of management or visitors.

General satisfaction was expressed at the absence of running races. This prohibition was a wise thing.

"The best show in Halton," was the general expression of visitors.

Rockwood Show last week had several hours heavy downpour of rain, but the second day was more auspicious, and there was a very good show.

Miss Annie Boomer is visiting at Ashgrove.

Mrs. Wm. Moore is visiting friends at Parkdale.

Mr. Will Speight, of Berlin, is home for a few holidays.

Mrs. W. Carroll, of Toronto, visited friends here during the week.

Miss Emma M. Moore left last week on an extended visit to Toronto and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. James Firstbrook and Master Fred Storey, of Toronto have been guests at Sunderland Villa during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Craine and children, of Berlin, came on Saturday to visit Acton friends.

Mr. Geo. Beswick, of Erin, has just taken up his residence in the house purchased from Mr. John Chisholm.

Mrs. John Cameron has returned from Highgate, where she went several weeks ago to nurse her mother after her serious accident. Mrs. McMackon is slowly recovering.

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 grevious 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.