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This rivalry is good for you It lets you possess the most accurate watches that can be made at the lowest possible prices.

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And the money-saving everlasting
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At LOW PRICES are the cause.

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TO REDUCE our stock and to make room for next season's papers we offer the balance of our stock at greatly reduced prices.

Some specially good values in remnants.

Bring the measure of the room and let us see what we can do towards decorating it.

Papers from 4c a roll up.

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Good Pay Weekly. Outfit Free Exclusive Territory.
600 ACRES
under cultivation. We guarantee to deliver stock in good condition and up to contract grade. We can show that there is good money in representing a well-known reliable firm at this time.
Established over 30 years.
Write for particulars.
Pelham Nursery Co.
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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.

JUST A LITTLE MOTHER

She's just a little mother in a cabin far away;
Since I kissed her in the gloaming 'tis forever and a day.
In my dreams she calling, calling! "Come ye back—to—Ballyshannon, Katy dear, come back to me."

She's standing in the doorway, filling up the little space,
With the kerchief o'er her bosom and the frills around her face;
She is smiling as Our Lady smiles above the Holy Child,
And my heart runs forth to meet her, o'er the waste of waters wild.

Do you know our Ballyshannon, where the very winds are sweet
With the saltness of the sea-foam and the tang of smouldering peat?
Do you know our mists that fold us in a blanket soft and gray,
Do you know our Ballyshannon in the red rose dawn of day?

Then you've seen the little mother, just herself, so small and old,
With a look I'm sure would warm you were you shivering with the cold.
Oh, so mirthful and so patient, she whose work is never done.
Oh, so ready with her laughter, at the rise and set of sun.

In the great house where I'm carving, folks are very kind to me.
But they do not guess my yearning for the cabin o'er the sea.
Wage I earn and wage I send her. Yet I cannot longer bide,
I must seek my little mother, I must nestle at her side.

She's just a little mother in a cabin far away;
Since I kissed her in the gloaming 'tis forever and a day.
In my dreams she calling, calling! "Mother, darling, you, I'll come. I'll go back to Ballyshannon, to my mother and my home."

—Margaret E. Sangster in Woman's Home Companion.

Select Family Reading

The Pevenseys

By Evelyn Orchard

IT had always been a beneficent rule, and there was not one in the village or in the county who would honestly have wished it changed.

The Arundel Pevenseys could count their forbears back to the Conquest, but if they were proud of the fact they never betrayed it.

Perfect unconsciousness of self and complete simplicity of life were the outstanding traits in the family history.

It has been a troubled history, because centuries rolling by must bring drastic changes in their train. If the stone images lying with hands so meekly clasped on the grey old family tombs could have spoken, how wonderfully they might have added to the rich sum of human experience.

There was Dame Alicia, whose husband died in the wars. What wars? The delightful vagueness of the term is fragrant of the days when peace was the exception, not the rule, and when men preserved their homes as well as their kingdoms literally at the point of the sword.

The record of Dame Alicia's virtues was so long as to be wearisome, and her portrait on the great staircase was more suggestive of rigid piety and hard self-righteousness than of sweet womanly virtues.

So thought the modern Alicia Pevensey, her descendant and namesake, as she paused on the staircase one mellow autumn afternoon. She had been hidden study the pregnant record of Dame Alicia's life, and learn how she had not spared herself for the family honor and the family good.

Self-sacrifice and self-repression had doubtless given that long hard line to the mouth and the inscrutable sadness to the eyes.

But the hot Pevensey blood flowed riotously in the young Alicia's veins, and sacrifice does not come naturally to the young.

The Pevenseys had fallen upon evil times. The old feudal days when they had held the greater part of a county in their grip and exercised undisputed sway over their vassals were gone for ever. The village people were still loyal in a sense,—being bound to their house by ties of gratitude and devotion, but undoubtedly the times had sadly changed, from the Pevensey point of view. Their people now claimed rights undreamed of by their ancestors, the right to think not and live as seemed best in their own sight.

The causes which have contributed to the unrest of our national life had sapped the springs of the feudal system in Hope Pevensey, as elsewhere in England, and everywhere amongst the younger set there were lively signs of revolt against the Pevensey rule.

The young men grew up, and disdaining the frugal narrow country life, went forth into the great world from whence they would return from time to time laden with strange and treasonable ideas which made for discontent. Agricultural depression, foreign competition, and, it must be added, the crass wickedness and extravagance of certain cadets of Arundel, had brought the Pevenseys very near ruin. And unless a miracle should happen, they said, the day must come, and that speedily, when they would be torn root and branch from the old place which would know them no more.

In Alicia Pevensey's fair hands rested the power to work that miracle. It had just been laid before her in the family conclave, but there was high revolt in her soul. She hung upon the balustrade and studied intently the hard face of her ancestress, who had a long pointed body disappearing into the mysteries of crinoline, while a great ruff rose from her bosom, accentuating the slender column of her throat and rendering very pointedly fine the outline of her face.

"I wish you would speak, you old fossil," quoth the modern Alicia irreverently. "If it is true that you embodied and practised all these impossible virtues, at least, you don't look as if you had enjoyed it."

She sighed a little as she mounted the stairs to her own room, where she quickly changed into a riding habit and stole from the house.

As she passed the closed doors of the great library she imagined she heard the voices discussing and deciding her fate.

Once in the saddle the cool wind of the autumn soothed her, and the cloud swept from both heart and face. She was a true child of nature, and to the young all things are possible. She rode by devious ways through the lordly deer park, and came out upon the road by a woodman's gate close to the village of Hope Pevensey. Here her place of call was the Almshouses, designed and erected by good Dame Alicia of pious memory, and which had been faithfully sustained and tended by all her successors.

Fastening her obedient steed loosely to a gate-post she sped up the path betwixt the tall hollyhocks and entered the first door without knocking. An old woman in a blue cotton frock, white mob cap, and fichu folded softly on her breast, looked up joyfully from her knitting at sight of her blithe young face.

"No, don't rise, Pruey. I absolutely forbid it. And don't even speak a word. It is I who wish to speak. I am in sad trouble, Pruey, and you must comfort me."

She knelt on the spotless floor by her old nurse's side, and folded her hands on her knee.

"Great, great trouble, Pruey, for, look you, they are going to marry me against my will."

"Which the Lord forbid, my lamb," said the old woman fervently.

"The Lord? Do you think He cares? He has forgotten Arundel and all the Pevenseys long since," she said, wistfully. "It has come to this, Pruey, that either I have to marry where the hateful money is, or we go out of Arundel."

"Which the good Lord forbid," repeated the old dame, and a tear started in her eye.

"It's between the devil and the deep sea I am, Pruey," pursued the sweet young creature ruefully. "And, please, what is it I am to do?"

She laid her hot cheek on the old woman's cool, soft palm and heaved an exceeding bitter sigh.

"There ain't any hurry, be there, honey? Wait and see. "It's wonderful what 'appens time and again, an' what the Lord kin do when we waits an' keeps quiet.- That's what to do."

"Wait and keep quiet," repeated Alicia as she rose to her feet with a pondering look on her face.

"Pevenseys go out of Arundel! Never, never! Why the place would go right down. And who is the gentleman, anyone in these parts?" Prue asked eagerly.

"No, no, if it were I'd swallow him whole whatever the consequences," she cried in her exaggerated way. "I've never even seen him. He has nothing in the wide world I am sure, by the way they speak, except the hateful money."

"But if he has never seen you how can he wish to marry you, honey?"

Ask me another," cried the girl, and tossed her pretty head. "It's what is called an arrangement between business men, and I happen to be the chief item in the bill of sale, that's all. Well, I will wait and keep quiet. I never thought of that. After all, I needn't see him till Christmas. It seems he's out of the country at present, probably, I should say, for the country's good. Good-bye."

She rode hard for another hour, and when she returned to Arundel some unexpected visitors had arrived. She had heard their names only casually mentioned, and understood that they were political friends of her father's, to whom it was not necessary that she should pay much attention.

They were still lingering by the tea-table in the great hall, when she entered it, and she was immediately struck by the look of the younger man—by his strikingly clever face and his quiet, assured manner. The older man's short, squat figure, with a prosperous air, looked like a successful business man. They were introduced to her as Mr. Lydgate and Mr. Francis Lydgate, and though her father seemed deeply interested at the introduction, she was piqued by the cool air of the son, who played his part in the greeting as formally as he could without actual rudeness.

"Who are these people, mummy?" she asked, in her high imperious voice, as she ran into her mother's dressing-room a little later.

"I can hardly answer you, darling. They are friends of your father, or, at least, people in whom he is interested. They come from the Midlands, and your father says the young man is going to be the chief hope of the party some day. I daresay you could hear that he could speak for himself."

"No, mummy, I didn't. I thought him very stupid; but he has certainly an interesting face. Shall I sit next him at dinner?"

She did; and amused herself with attempting the complete subjugation of Francis Lydgate—no very difficult task, in spite of the hard, straight line of that baffling politicians mouth. There was a great deal of hard, dry parliamentary talk, and Alicia, keenly on the alert, feeling herself oddly uninterested in the young man, was quick to note the quiet brilliance of his replies, his evident mastery of most of the subjects touched upon. But above and beyond that, she noticed his deference and respect to his father, who was a plain man, expressing himself bluntly, yet with a rugged power. It is certain that that trait in Francis Lydgate's character impressed her most favorably of all, and predisposed her to be very kind to him. After dinner she walked with him on the terrace for a little while, showing herself to him at her best and sweetest, and sighing once or twice inwardly, thinking how easy her part of the contract for the salvation of Arundel would have been had Francis Lydgate been one of the contracting parties. It was very bad for Alicia's peace of mind, as well as detrimental to the cause her parents had in view to give Francis Lydgate the run of Arundel as they did. There were a few weeks when he did not present himself, and at last the inevitable happened. Alicia had gone down—by the merest chance, was it?—from the Almshouses to the station on a certain Friday, about the time Lydgate usually came out from town. She made no attempt to hide her pleasure at sight of him, and as for his eyes, they were eloquent of the passion of his soul. She knew that he would speak, and longed for him to do so, though such speech must be at once the beginning and ending of all things.

"Why did papa not come down with you to-day—we expected him?" she asked.

"He will come by the next train; but he hoped you would meet me."

"Did papa say so, Mr. Lydgate?" she asked with heightened color.

"He did. Is there anything wonderful about that?"

"To me it is very wonderful," was all she answered; then a silence fell upon them till they passed within the Woodman's Gate and the trees hid them from any chance or curious gaze.

"Do you know why I am here to-night? and do you remember what I said the last time we walked this way?"

"I remember," she answered very low. But don't—please don't! It isn't any good. You—you see I'm not free. Papa has been very cued. He ought to have told you."

"Why are you not free?" he pursued, and the tenderness and the strength of his gaze held her in a thrall that was delightful.

"Oh, I thought you knew,—you ought to have known!" she cried in distress. "Someone ought to have told you, and I can't think why none of them did, because I am sure they might have seen—"

"Might have seen what?"

She would not answer him; but the pink tip of her ear turned away betrayed her sweet confusion.

"I have to marry someone else—someone I have never seen," she went on dismally. "No, I don't care for him. How could I? Haven't I just told you I have never seen him? It is because things have happened, and we are frightfully poor, and unless I am sacrificed, as Dame Alicia was, for the good of many people, there will not be any more Pevenseys left in Arundel.

"And that would be very terrible; how terrible, one has to look at you to realize," he said quickly. Then he laid his hand on her arm and turned her to him with a gentle force. "Listen, Alicia. I know about it, all about it, and this has been my doing. I have two things to tell you; one is that I love you to the uttermost, and the other is that I am the man."

"What man?"

"The man you have just been speaking of, whom you are to marry at Christmas; and I hope that you won't refuse."

She stood still on the soft pine needles of the path, and her eyes, in which there was a vague terror, were uplifted to his face.

"You are the man! and—and does papa approve of you? I mean may I listen—" Her voice wavered and her eyes down dropped, and next moment her sweet face was hidden on his breast.

* * *

And that is how the great house was saved, and how the Lydgate-Pevenseys are still in Arundel, beloved and idolized as none of the family at the big house ever were before.—British Weekly.

THEN SHE SUBSIDED

"I tell you I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the boy in buttons who was conducting her. "I ain't a-going to pay my good money for a pig-sty with a measly little foldin' bed in it. If you think that just because I'm from the country——"

Profoundly disgusted, the boy cut her short.

"Get in, mum. Get in," he ordered. "This ain't yer room. This is the elevator."

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 tranquillizing 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

Selected From Our Issue of October 2nd, 1890

The members of the Municipal Council and the Park Committee visited the park on Monday to inspect the fences recently erected there, and pronounced them "under the circumstances very satisfactory."

Mr. Nelson Martin, of Vancouver, B. C., writing to the FREE PRESS, says himself and wife are in the best of health, and well satisfied with their home in the far west. Vancouver, he says, is rapidly going ahead and its future will undoubtedly be bright.

The sudden death from lockjaw of Miss Ettie Bingham, daughter of Mr. Robt. Bingham, has caused feelings of general gloom. Four or five weeks ago a rusty nail pierced her slipper, but in a few days the wound healed. Three weeks ago Monday she was taken very ill, and unmistakeable evidences of lockjaw were discovered. She was thought to be favorably progressing under the best known treatment for the mysterious disease. At noon on Saturday she took hearty nourishment, but in an hour or so passed peacefully away. A bright and intelligent girl just budding into womanhood, she was a comfort to her parents, beloved by her associates, and a humble and consistent Christian.

A Pink and White Tea, the first entertainment under the auspices of the newly organized Epworth League, was held in the Methodist School Room on Tuesday evening. Decorations of the colors named mingled with evergreens and flowers gave a touch of beauty, while the appetizing lunch was served on napkins of the same colors. Mr. H. P. Moore, President, presented the programme, which was introduced by the doxology and prayer by Rev. Mr. Rae. An orchestra consisting of Miss Moore and Messrs. Hill, Moorehead and Brown, gave several numbers, Miss McKnown recited, "My Boys"; N. F. gave a reading, "Flash, the Fireman's Horse"; and Miss Cleveland recited, "Bingen on the Rhine"; Miss Lottie Henstreet sang "The Gates of the West"; Miss Moore sang "The Cobbler", and both young ladies gave a duett, "Music on the Wave"; Rev. Dr. Gifford sang "Throw out the Life-line" accompanied by a chorus, and the chairman read "Thanksgiving Ann." The proceedings closed with the anthem "When the Lord Shall Build up Zion," and benediction by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Gifford.

Mr. H. P. Moore returned from the General Conference at Montreal on Saturday.

Mr. Moses Smith visited friends in Lowell, Mich., last week.

Mr. J. A. Henderson, of Toronto, spent Sunday at his parental home.

Miss Lena Dorland, of Nelson, has has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. Henderson the past week.

Mr. I. Francis visited Woodstock during the week and heard part of the Birchall trial.

Miss Nellie Quantic arrived on Friday from London, Eng., on a visit to her brother, Mr. Jas. Quantic.

Mr. C. O. Henderson, son of Mr. D. Henderson, left on Tuesday to take an Arts course at Toronto University.

BORN—In Acton, on October 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. John Fortune, a son.

BORN—In Erin, on Sept. 29th, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McArthur, a daughter.

BORN—In Nassagaweya, on Sept. 28th, to Mr. and Mrs. Fyfe Somerville, a son.

BORN—In Acton, on Sept. 26th, to Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Holmes, agent G. T. R., a son.

MARRIED—In the Baptist Church, Georgetown, on Sept. 30th, by Rev. W. T. Topscott, Brampton, assisted by Rev W. E. Norton, Mr. T. E. M. Secord, of Acton, to Miss Fanny Powell, daughter of Mr. S. Powell, of Guelph.

DIED—In Acton, on Sept. 27th, Etta, second daughter of Mr. Robt. Bingham, aged 15 years and 8 months.

JOHNSON'S NEIGHBORS

Some of the "best blood" of New York are considerably worked up by the rumor that the negro pugilist, Johnson, is purchasing a "brown stone mansion" and is coming to live in their midst. It is one of the ironies of fate that this son of a black slave should, through the "manly sport" no doubt encouraged by these metropolitan high-flyers, sit down and rub elbows with them. Not that his color matters a particle for he may be a great deal better man inside, but the whole thing illustrates the fact that although birds of a feather flock together, those of strange plumage often mix from a similarity of instinct or occupation. It certainly is most amusing to find this black man, who seems to be more animal than anything else, setting up his palatial establishment in the very centre of Gotham's foremost and most exclusive citizens. We hope both he and they will enjoy this result of the "levelling" tendency of modern "sport."—Baker and Confectioner.

THE QUEEN'S OWN

There can be no doubt that the loyalty of many a British subject is strengthened by such incidents as the one recently recounted in the London Athenaeum: One day, toward the end of Queen Victoria's life, the Queen was passing through a naval hospital and paused at the bedside of a dying sailor. With tears in her eyes, she asked him if she could do anything for him.

"No, your Majesty," was the reply, "I am past that; but will you thank the nurse who has been so kind to me?"

Upon the instant her Majesty turned to the wondering nurse, and raising her voice, that all the ward might hear, said, "I thank you very much for your kindness to my son."

A PARENT'S PLEA

My little boy is eight years old,
He goes to school each day:
He doesn't mind the tasks they set—
They seem to him but play.
He leads his class at raffia work,
And also takes the lead
At making dinky paper boats—
But I wish that he could read.

They teach him physiology,
And, O! it chills our hearts
To hear our prattling innocent
Mix up his inward parts.
He also learns astronomy,
And names the stars by night—
Of course he's very up-to-date,
But I wish that he could write.

They teach him things botanical,
They teach him how to draw,
He babbles of mythology,
And gravitation's law;
Thus science's discoveries
With him are quite a fad.
They tell me he's a clever boy,
But I wish that he could add.

THE BOY WITH THE TELEGRAM

"Oh, dear!" Myra started to her feet, as the ringing of the door-bell woke the echoes for the second time. "I do wish Mary would be a little more prompt about answering the bell. It just sets my nerves on edge when they keep ringing that way." She hurried through the hall and flung open the door, her face anything but agreeable.

"Don't you know better than to ring the bell so hard?" she said sharply. "Oh, it's a telegram, is it? Well, come inside while I sign."

The boy obeyed. He was a cheerful youngster, and her reproof had not impressed him to the point of lowering his spirits. Not impertinently, but with the air of one who knows his ground, he explained himself:

"It makes a fellow feel kind of in a hurry when it's raining thaway, I s'pose."

Myra looked at him. The boy was wet. He had a bright face, and a pair of eyes that, though mischievous, were perfectly frank. She could not help noticing that he looked tired. "It must be nearly time for you to stop work, isn't it?" she asked.

"Stop work!" the boy exclaimed. "Why, I didn't go on till two this afternoon: I work till four in the morning."

Myra gasped. "I've made thirteen and a half cents," the little fellow continued. "Some days are better and some aren't so good. But it's a steady job, and that's the main thing. You see," he explained, waxing confidential, "I've got to hurry up and take care of my mother. She sews so much that she's tired all the time. Once we used to go for a walk on Sundays, but now she's too tired."

For a moment his bright face clouded over. Then his native optimism asserted itself.

"She'll get rested all right when I'm a little bigger," he declared. "Maybe some day she can keep a hired girl. Wouldn't that be great? Good-by."

"Good-by!" Myra said gently. When she recalled how she had frowned at this plucky little knight because he had rung the bell a second time, the shamed color rose in her cheeks. Though he had betrayed no resentment, she could not quite forgive herself. For surely such a boy deserved all the help he could get, rather than frowns.

THE SENTENCE COMPLETED

One of our dashing comedians was endeavoring to dazzle the wordly manager of a North London music-hall the other day by the alleged magnificence of the prospects offered by his forthcoming engagement in Canada.

"Yes," he said, with all the enthusiasm of a man who wants his hearers to believe what he is extremely doubtful about himself, "I'm to have ten thousand dollars per—per——"

"Perhaps," interrupted the wordly manager.

DEATH AFTER A SCRATCH

Morris Quatzam, an eleven-year-old Windsor boy, fell off his bicycle and scratched his wrist. He thought nothing of the injury, but blood poison set in and he is dead.

Such incidents as these — by no means infrequent — ought to make people realize the danger that may lie even in the smallest flesh wound.

Take a simple illustration. When a knife, a rusty needle, a splinter of dirty wood, a barbed wire fence, or a thorn scratches the hand, the latter is inoculated with germs, of which the air about us is full. Directly these germs are introduced through the breach in the skin, a battle royal ensues between them and certain organisms in our blood.

The way to avoid serious results is to cleanse the wound and apply Zam-Buk. Zam-Buk is a powerful, yet painless germ-killer, and when applied to the broken skin is absorbed into the tissue, instantly destroying the germs that spread disease and inflammation.

As soon as applied to a sore or a cut Zam-Buk stops the pain and smarting. That is why it is so popular with children.

The flesh thus soothed and purified, the wound is made perfectly healthy, and all poison and cause of festering removed. Having done this, Zam-Buk then proceeds to heal the wound or sore, and new healthy tissue is built up in a quick, painless and perfect manner.

Zam-Buk must not be confused with ordinary ointments. Zam-Buk is a unique preparation, possessing antiseptic, soothing and healing qualities that are not to be found together in any other preparation. It is not only a unique healing balm, but it is also a skin foodt For all skin diseases and injuries—cuts, bruises, burns, eczema, chafing, ulcers, ringworm, etc., it is without equal. It is also used widely for piles, for which it may be regarded as a specific. All druggists and stores sell at 50 cents a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Harmful imitations should be always refused.