The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXVI.---NO. 15. Every Subscription Paid in Advance ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 13, 1910. 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, 5 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 oftener 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. K. and J. Hardy & Co. will receive for us news subscriptions and advertisements, and where our readers can, free of charge, see our paper when in England.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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L. R. F. P. & S. GLASGOW.
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Apply at store opposite Lehman's Hotel, Acton, or Box 417, Georgetown.

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Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable.
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Special attention to sales in Acton and vicinity.

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For the counties of Wellington, Halton, Waterloo, Wentworth and the City of Guelph.
Sales conducted on reasonable terms and satisfaction guaranteed in every case.
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Cor. Norfolk and Woolwich Sts., GUELPH

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Mechanical skill has advanced to a marvellous degree in watch-making.

If you can think of an advantage that can be incorporated into a watch to make it a more reliable or more durable timepiece — some thing new — you can tell your idea for a fortune.

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G. T. R. Watch Inspectors
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Masonic Block, Upper Wyndham St.
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FINE POSITIONS are being offered our trained young men and women, in the business offices of the large manufacturing, merchandising, insurance, banking, mining, railway and other concerns.
NOW IS THE TIME to enter for a thorough course in our famous system of actual business training, including mercantile and corporation book-keeping, commercial law, stenography, typewriting, etc.
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Malcolm McCormick, B. A.
Principal.

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(FORMERLY RUN BY MR. LEE)
ROCKWOOD - ONTARIO

JAS. A. WATSON
Having secured Lee's Hotel will conduct it as a first-class up-to date hotel, at moderate rates.
The comfort and accommodation of the travelling public will be given the most careful attention.
Good Livery in Connection

Best of Everything for the Farm

When I took this Business over from Mr. Bennett in 1908, I took advantage of the fact, that there was no one else in the same lines here, to select from the various Canadian and American Manufacturers the most popular Machines for the Farm. The result is I have the sale of every Machine which I would care to handle and although my sales have been large I have not yet met with a single case of failure to produce the most satisfactory results. Among the most popular machines I may mention the following:—The Melotte Separator, the Climax Sow Thistle Killer, the Ball Bearing Disc Drill, the Crown Gang Plow, the New Disc Harrow without Pole and the Bell Roller. Remember especially the Climax Cultivator, the Disc Drill with Ball Bearing and the Matchless Melotte Separator. Call and get names of many delighted users of these machines.

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Buys all kinds of
JUNK
and
FOWL
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MAIN STREET, ACTON

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The House of HOBBERLIN
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Suits to measure only, $15.00 up

We save you from 20 per cent. to 35 per cent. on local prices. Hobberlin's are the Largest Tailors under the Sun, control the Biggest Mills in the world.

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"RIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE"

Wall Paper BARGAINS!

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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DRUGGIST and STATIONER
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HALF TONES
FOR ANY CLASS OF ENGRAVING FOR ADVERTISING PURPOSES, CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, &c
J. L. Jones & Co.

Our Goods consist of all kinds of grains and their products, hay, straw and salt.

Our Customers are amongst all classes of farmers and townsfolk.

Our Prices are based on the lowest possible profit.

Our Terms are cash.

Our Delivery is prompt.

R. NOBLE
ACTON FEED STORE

Slushy Weather
COMING PRETTY SOON

The season for wet walking, wet feet and pneumonia. That is, if you are not provided with slushy weather footwear. Be wise and secure a pair of our

WATER AND WEATHER-PROOF SHOES

They are not the big and clumsy kind you have been used to seeing. They are snug, warm and watertight, and yet are smart enough in appearance to wear in any kind of weather.

W. WILLIAMS
Mill Street Acton.

Poetry.

THEIR LOOKS

A young Alexandrian miss
Was asked by her beau for a kiss;
Demurely contented,
She sweetly assented,
And their lips looked exactly like this:

But her pa interrupted the bliss,
And said, "Who's this young fellow, sis?"
And without more ado
The young fellow flew,
And his eyes looked exactly like this:

Select Family Reading

HOW THOMAS GOT HIS RIGHTS

By Harriet Lummis Smith

"THOMAS is late again."

Mrs. Wynne's voice was hard as she made the statement. Claudia looked at the clock and shook her head.

"It's no use waiting, mother. He may be here in fifteen minutes, or perhaps he won't come till nine o'clock. I haven't any patience with it."

"I don't know where he gets it from," sighed Mrs. Wynne, beginning to dish up the dinner. "I was never one to let myself be walked on, and your father, too, stood up for his rights like a man. But Thomas is so easy-going that everyone takes it for granted that it's safe to impose on him."

Thomas Wynne was not an assertive young man. The matter of his rights seemed to cause him surprisingly little uneasiness. To his mother and sister his attitude seemed an acknowledgment of weakness.

"Turn yourself into a door-mat and you'll be walked on," the mother would say.

That evening the return of Thomas was delayed a good two hours beyond the usual time. When at last he entered, a little breathless from rapid walking, there was company in the living-room — a young man not far from his own age. Jasper Pitts greeted Thomas with a rather surprised smile.

"Hello, Tom! Don't mean to say that you're just getting home?"

Thomas nodded in an off-hand fashion. Jasper and himself were employed by the same firm, though in different departments, so that their meetings were too frequent to call for much formality.

"We were two men short to-day. Jenkins was sent into the country to attend to a little matter up there, and Newberry's home sick."

"And so you do the work of both, besides your own!" exclaimed Claudia. "And of course your firm pays you for three days' work, instead of one! They're so generous."

"Oh, I don't know. You remember when I had the pneumonia that spring how my salary came every week regularly, and it was more than a month—"

"Thomas will never forget that attack of pneumonia," Mrs. Wynne said pensively to the visitor. "In his opinion that gives the firm a right to impose on him for the rest of his life."

"Oh, no, mother!" Tom remonstrated. "There's no imposition about it. Our office force is big enough to do the work under ordinary conditions, and when emergencies come, of course, I'm ready to step into the breach. You know I owe a good deal to Burgess & Sons."

Mrs. Wynne lifted her hands in protest. "Haven't you earned every cent they ever paid?" she demanded.

"Yes, and no. I owe them for my business education, you must remember. When I went in there, a green little chap fresh from the eighth grade, what I didn't know about business was something to make your hair rise. I've been going to school the last few years, and getting paid for it, instead of paying tuition."

"I guess you'd better go into the kitchen and get your dinner, Thomas," said Mrs. Wynne, in a tone of one whose patience has reached its limit. As the door closed behind her son, she turned appealingly to the other young man. "Did you ever hear anything like it? And it's always the same story. He does any kind of work he's asked to do, and stays till the work is finished, even if it's midnight, and still it's all right."

"As far as I'm concerned," said young Pitts, "I stay till half-past five, and then I leave. If the work isn't finished, so much the worse for the work." He smiled, and caressed a budding moustache, as he added: "Of course I'm only a clerk on salary, but I mean to have my rights, just the same as if I was old Burgess himself."

"That's the way I like to hear a young man talk!" Mrs. Wynne exclaimed, approvingly. "I only wish poor Thomas had more of your spirit. But he's let himself be imposed on till it's got to be a habit, and I suppose it'll keep up as long as he lives."

But in spite of this forboding, Mrs. Wynne did not cease her efforts in behalf of her unfortunate son. Morning by morning she reproached him for his tame submission. Evening after evening she held up Jasper's example for his emulation. And Jasper, who was not averse to posing as a young man of spirit, occupied the time of his frequent calls by giving illustrations of this admirable quality.

"It's all nonsense being so particular about trifles," Jasper would declare. "Why, last summer, when I was away on my vacation, I found that to be back Monday morning I would have to leave Saturday afternoon at three. Well, you know some fellows would have done it, and missed all the Saturday night's fun, just to be on time to a minute."

"Thomas would, I know," said Mrs. Wynne, with a reproachful glance at her son.

"Well, I didn't. I took the train on Monday morning and got to the office Tuesday morning. Stilson grumbled a little of course, but he didn't fire me. I dare say he respected me all the more for showing that I was going to have all that belonged to me."

But one evening Jasper had no such stories to tell for the entertainment of his listeners. He was pale and ill at ease. Thomas, too, was unusually grave, and the shadow that rested over the little circle was duplicated in hundreds of homes in the community. For the Gilsens' Bank, the largest banking institution in the city, had closed its doors, and if there was a tithe of truth in the prevailing rumour, a number of the leading business firms would be seriously crippled, if not forced into bankruptcy.

"Oh well, if I lose my position here, I'll get one some where else," declared Jasper, with a poor counterfeit of confidence. "This town is but a small corner of the earth."

Mrs. Wynne sighed. "Of course Tom will lose his position. He always has the hard end of everything. And how he's ever going to get another with no more push than he has, I'm sure I don't know."

"I wouldn't cross the bridge till I came to it, mother," Tom advised her cheerily. "I haven't lost my place yet."

"It's only a question of time," declared Mrs. Wynne, bitterly. Yet when a week went by without that event, her hopes began to revive. Then one evening Tom made his appearance with so downcast a face that both women felt sure that the worst had happened.

"Well, it's come, I suppose?" Mrs. Wynne's fingers tightened on the back of a chair as she asked the question.

Thomas nodded. "Yes, they cut down the force to-day. They lost so much money that it had to be. Poor Jasper was the first man out. He took it to heart more than I thought he would."

"Well, I'm sorry for him, I'm sure; but I'm sorrier for ourselves," Mrs. Wynne's voice broke suddenly. "I don't know what we're going to do."

Thomas looked up quickly. "Why, mother, we're all right! I haven't lost my position!"

His mother stared at the boy in surprise. "Why, you said—at least I thought—".

"Mr. Burgess talked to me very kindly." Thomas went on flushing; "he said that he'd appreciated that I'd always worked for the interests of the firm as if they'd been my own. He said—of course I wouldn't repeat this anywhere else, but he said, 'You're the sort of man we can't afford to let go, Wynne.' There's been considerable shifting around. Wilson is sent out to take charge of the Western branch, and I'm to be Mr. Stilson's assistant."

Claudia uttered a little cry. "Mr. Stilson's assistant! Why, Tom, then you're promoted!"

"Why, yes, I am. It's a position with a good deal of responsibility. I only hope I'll be equal to it," said the young man with a sudden accession of gravity.

Claudia's eyes were shining. "How much will they pay you, Tom?"

Her brother looked at her with a start. "Pay me, Claudia? Why, just what I was getting, of course. This isn't any time for raising salaries."

The girl drew back pettistantly. "I never saw anything like it! Here you are given a place with more responsibility, and more work, a place one of their best men has been filling, and yet you have just the same salary as before. Oh, Tom, I wonder if you'll ever learn not to let yourself be imposed on."

"It isn't the salary that I'm thinking about, Claudia," her brother said. "The great thing is getting the position and having a chance to show what's in me. If I can be equal to the position the raise of salary will come all in good time."

Claudia turned away with a scornful gesture which seemed to pronounce her brother hopeless, but for once Mrs. Wynne was not ready to rally herself on her daughter's side. As she looked at her son's face, and realized that the crisis which had brought destitution to many had advanced him, the theories of a lifetime were shaken. Perhaps a clamorous insistence of one's rights, claiming benefits as a matter of course, was not the surest path to advancement. Might it not be that persistence and modesty, hard work combined with the willingness to be of service, were as good a way as any of getting one's rights?

DOUGLAS STANBURY
CANADA'S GREAT BOY SINGER
Who appears in the Town Hall, Thursday, October 20th.

THE SCHOOL'S ROLL OF HONOR

Standing of Pupils in the Various Departments First Month After Vacation

EXAMINATIONS DURING MONTH

At the examinations in the High and Public Schools during the month the following pupils won places on the Roll of Honor:

HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

THE MIDDLE SCHOOL

SENIOR CLASS.

Class I—A. McDonald, D. Folster, E. Cole, M. Turnbull, A. Kenney, B. Mullin.

Class III—F. Mullin.

Class IV—N. Williams, H. Hurd.

Highest in Algebra—A. McDonald; in Latin Composition—A. McDonald.

JUNIOR CLASS

Class I—B. Brown, B. Cook.

Class II—M. Workman.

Class IV—F. Williams, M. Matthews.

THE LOWER SCHOOL

SENIOR CLASS

Class II—D. Nelson, M. McDonald, N. Kenney, P. Watson, L. Atkinson, I. Macpherson.

Class III—R. Cole, M. Brown, H. Mann.

Highest English Composition — D. Nelson; in Arithmetic—L. Atkinson.

JUNIOR CLASS

Class I—E. White, I. Anderson, E. Evans.

Class II—E. Brown, D. Harvey.

Class III—F. Smith, K. Gibbons, J. Gibbons, J. O'Brien, H. Warren, M. Macpherson, B. Clark.

Highest in English Composition—I. Anderson; in Arithmetic—E. White.

W. H. STEWART, Principal.
MISS B. ROWENA HUMPHRISS, Assistant.

PUBLIC SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

SR. IV—Pauline Saltz, 468; Nellie Anderson, 418; Lettie Scott, 390; Beatrice Graham, 371; Fred Bell, 369; Mervyn Kitching, 360.

JR. IV—Clara Brown, 406; Jessie Thompson, 402; Mae Smith, 390; Wilma Johnstone, 377; Alicia O'Brien, 376; Melfort Collier, 371. Total 475.

MISS M. Z. BENNETT, Teacher.

SR. III—Ella Campbell, 277; Velma Burt, 269; Clara Anderson, 262; Charlie McLeod, 253; Annie Abraham, 250; Ida Taylor, 242.

JR. III—Vera Harvey, 272; Jean Wilson, 271; Mary Shields, 269; Ida Starckman, 243; Lorna Kennedy 242; Margaret Wilson, 231. Total 310.

MISS D. NICKLIN, Teacher.

SR. II—Rose Starckman, 331; Myrtle Thomas, 314; Martin Clavel, 298; Henry Hunter, 291; Herbert Doughty, 283; Annie Cohen, 283; Hilda Tucker, 282; Mary Lehman, 282.

JR. II—Lulu Watson, 270; Olive Mowat, 259; Josie McLeod, 249; Lloyd Kenney, 239; George Caswell, 239; Johnny Cleary, 240; Sarah Cutten, 245; Elsie Stewart, 240. Total 300.

MISS ENA A. PEARSON, Teacher.

SR. I—Esther Cutting, 124; Lucy Edwards, 111; George Soper, 110; Johnnie Ritchie, 103; Wilfred Hall, 103; Constance Stewart, 95. Total 150.

JR. I—Mary Byrne, 133; Sabra Nelson, 123; Evelyn Lawler, 122; Willie Smith, 114; Stewart Morton, 112; Charlie Goldham, 100. Total 150.

SR. PRIMER—Ray Agnew, 91; Dorothy Lawler, 90; Delores Lawler, 81; Goldie Buckl, 81; Gladys Watson, 79; Marie Bell, 71. Total 180.

MISS REMY OLANE, Teacher.

SR. Primer—Eddie Oldham, Annie Goldstein, Margaret McNabb, Violet Goulette, Ernest Churchill, Edwin Huffman.

JR. PRIMER—Hattie Brewer, Doris Goldham, Gladys Elson, Elmer Henderson, Freddie Warren, Granville Masales.

MISS M. R. HOLMES, Teacher.

LEIGH HUNT'S GRAVE

In the serene silence of Kensal Green Cemetery, London, Leigh Hunt's body lies at rest. A visitor, reaching over the iron fence to part the fragrant shrubs that shadow the tombstone, read these words:

"Write me as one who loves his fellow men."

It was his own cheerful philosophy of life that Leigh Hunt expressed through the lips of his Abou Ben Adhem, and the sentiment is very touching coming upon us in this way.

Makes the Hair Beautiful

Dandruff is the root of all hair evils. At last a remedy has been discovered that will positively destroy this pest.

That Dandruff is caused by germs is accepted by every sensible person.

SALVIA will kill the dandruff germs and remove dandruff in ten days or money back. 50c a bottle.

A STONE MASON WHO BECAME A PREMIER

"The Honorable Thomas Price," people called him, but he hadn't always had this big, high-sounding name. Once upon a time, more than fifty years ago, he was just a poor little lad known to everybody as "Tom Price." That was away off in the home town of Brynbo, in the Welsh North Country. Later on, Tom went to school in the busy, bustling city of Liverpool. I don't mean a boarding school, or a splendid up-to-date public school, such as you and I know about, but just a penny school for poor boys and girls.

But all the while Tom wasn't reckoning on being one of the world's nobodies. He had dreams, and I believe he saw visions of a day when he was to climb far up the ladder of honor and usefulness. He was wise enough, though, to know that only sturdy climbers reach the far up, splendid goal. And so he learned to work faithfully and intelligently. By and by the day came when, with the hope and courage of youth, he set sail for far-away Australia. There, in that free, untrammeled land, he would surely find a wide-open door of opportunity. And sure enough, he did, but I want you to listen with both ears while I tell the plain, unvarnished truth—the door wasn't wide open till, with two strong hands of energy and perseverance, Tom Price pushed it open.

He stood, just a plain young chap, with Australia's three million square miles looking him straight in the face. Should he win in this, to him, the land of promise, a place of honor and respect, or should he just move along with the crowd—"one in a thousand?"

There was no uncertainty in the reply of his life. He went to work to win. There was nothing very fancy or professional about his calling, for he was by trade a plain stonecutter. But do you know, I like to think that his occupation bespoke the solid, enduring qualities of the man. As I see this lusty young Welshman cutting away at the great blocks of stone, and trimming off the rough edges, I think of two others of the world's great men who began their life work among stones and bricks and mortar.

Bishop Robert McIntyre is said to carry in his pocket a bricklayer's card, for in the days before he became a silver-tongued preacher, he was just a good, straight bricklayer. I say "straight," for while no one ever told me that Bishop McIntyre laid his bricks straight, I feel sure that a man with such an eagle eye and such a sturdy, clean grip of life, could never do slipshod work.

And then there was the Honorable Alexander Mackenzie. He came as a lad from Scotland to Canada, and in the town of Kingston worked for years at his trade as a stone mason, helping to build that great waterway of commerce, the old Welland Canal. Of course he wasn't "the Honorable" then, but, step by step, he won his way, till one day he woke up to find himself Prime Minister of Canada.

You say he had genius, and I agree. But I pray you never to forget that Alexander Mackenzie's genius was the kind that, when analyzed, was found in no small degree to be made up of "a capacity for hard work."

But we must not lose sight of Tom Price, for he has one or two decidedly interesting things to report.

When the Parliament Buildings in Adelaide, Australia, were built, he was employed to work upon the stone, and wouldn't he have stared had some prophet of destiny whispered in his ear that in the coming days he would, as Prime Minister of South Australia, sit in these very Legislative Halls? People said it was "so romantic" and "extraordinary." But, while I grant that it was romantic, it seems to me very like the working of cause and effect. Tom Price did not come to his own by chance. It is a far call from the stonecutter's tools to the Prime Minister's seat, but this young stonecutter had the qualities that could safely bridge such a gap. To begin with, he had energy and pluck and perseverance, and following close upon the heels of these came a clear brain and an eloquent tongue. A fine bunch of capital stock, surely, but these things alone could never have spelled success.

To the young Welshman there came that which alone can purify and glorify life—I mean a vision of service. Because he loved his God he just had to love his brother man, and this led him to go boldly into the Parliamentary arena, and there contend for wider, freer rights for the people. Perhaps he wasn't always right. But he was honest and true, and a worker that needed not to be ashamed.

Some time ago he laid aside his burdens of office, and when I tell you that he was Minister of Education, and Commissioner of Public Works, and Prime Minister, all in one, you will know what a busy life he led; but he slipped away from it all, and people said in the old familiar fashion, "Tom Price is dead."

Perhaps, in a sense, they were right. But I'd rather think of him as doing business for the King up yonder. And, of course, I'm wondering who among our boys and girls will catch his mantle.

It was Addison, wasn't it, who said: "'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more—we'll deserve it."

And I don't like to disagree with Addison, but don't you think we may venture to change it, and say that people with qualities of head and heart and hand like Tom Price can both deserve and command success?

EASY ENOUGH

Just Out From College—"The great trouble with you, dad, is that you can't say 'No'. Learn to say it and you will sleep better. By the way, dad, can you give me an advance?"

"No," said dad, with ease.

THE PASSING OF A KING

The gray old tide of London town
Winds slowly to the sea;
The grimy halls of commerce frown,
Holding a world in fee;
The wind blows chill from darkened sky;
A shadowy ship sets sail;
Oh, still as Death she passes by—
And the hearts of the landsmen fail.

For the form of one who goes by night
Waits calm on the royal pier,
While a nation cries with wild affright:
"Ho, helmsman pale, what cheer?"
But the traveller faces from London town
To where the dead kings be;
A Briton's soul of just renown
Goes out to the silent sea.

—H. O. N. Holford, in the Canadian Magazine.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Gleanings From Our Issue of October 16th, 1890

A taste of cold weather this week.

Mr. James Brown is busily engaged in getting his new sawmill completed.

Mr. Thos. Easton is improving the late "teacher's residence" with a coat of paint.

The Disciples' congregation are having their church improved by papering, kalsomining, etc.

Mr. A. L. Hemstreet has disposed of his dairy business to Mr. N. F. Moore. Mr. H. will remove to his farm in Trafalgar—the old homestead.

Principal Moore has about completed his new house, corner Mill and Young Streets, and has moved in. He has a comfortable and commodious residence.

A suggestion has been made by the FREE PRESS that farmers would effect a great convenience by having their names painted on the gate or fence in front of their homes. Who will make the start?

Mr. Eli Snyder, formerly of Acton, now of Toronto, has patented a stove-pipe collar. It has been highly recommended by twenty-nine leading architects in Toronto.

"Polly," the grey mare owned by Henry Sayers, Speyside, is now in her 32nd year. This lively little animal was brought from eastern Canada, nearly 25 years ago. James Oakes, Eramosa, owned her for a time from whom Duncan Sharp, Georgetown, bought her. Wm. Sharp, then lumberman living in Acton, secured her and drove her daily to his mill five miles below Acton, for three years. A year after, Smith and Moore got the mill. "Polly" went with it and for three and a half years John Moore, now manager of the Toronto Lime Co., Limehouse, drove her daily on her old course between Acton and the mill. About 1874 Messrs. P. & H. Sayers, Speyside, bought her by whom she was driven four years. Thirteen years ago the present owner took her into his stable and she has proved a prize. Last year she had a fine colt. She is still sound and healthy.

The Parkdale Times, whose editor was well acquainted with the late Dr. Winn, Nassagaweya, says, "The doctor was one of those bluff and hearty country parishioners whose very presence in the sick room would bring back the bloom of health and who was far too generous to accept any recompense from the poor and needy." The Dr. was married to a daughter of Mr. John Holgate, of Toronto, formerly of Acton. She is at present confined to her bed with nervous prostration.

Mr. George L. Beardmore, of Toronto, was a guest of his son, Mr. A. O. Beardmore, the past week.

Mrs. John Speight returned yesterday after a week's visit with friends in Berlin.

Mrs. Wm. Hemstreet returned last week after an enjoyable visit to Chesley and Owen Sound.

Messrs. Edward and A. E. Nicklin, W. Jeans and W. Stark left on Monday on a hunting expedition near Wharton.

Miss Bella Graham, who has spent the past two years in Michigan and Colorado, returned home on Monday.

Rev. J. E. Farmer, B. D., an old Acton boy, has been appointed by his conference to the First Methodist Church, Racine, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Hill have returned from their visit to friends in Michigan. They visited their sons at Detroit and Munroe, and Mr. Hill went on to Cleveland and Canton, Ohio, to spend a few days with friends there. Their trip was a pleasant one.

MARRIED—At Berlin, on Oct. 7th, by Rev. J. E. Howell, M. A., the Rev. R. Hobbs, of Tilsonburg, formerly of Acton, to Mrs. J. B. Fellman, of Berlin.

DIED—In Alexandria, N. W. T., on Oct. 2nd, Elizabeth Ellen Laing, wife of Thos. S. Drolman, aged 40 years. Deceased was daughter of Mr. Walter Laing, Eden Mills.

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.