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Our stock now includes: Norval Flour, three grades. The kinds you come back to after trying all others. Cornchop, Mixed Chop, Peachop, Oatchop, Bran, Gluten Meal, Shorts and Low Grade Flour.

All kinds of Grain bought and sold.

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We have just received a large shipment of the most up-to-date Footwear from the very latest American lasts—Footwear that will equally delight Men, Women and Children.

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W. WILLIAMS
Mill Street Acton.

Poetry.

A SONG OF SATURDAYS.

Sing a song of Saturdays;
Band of fifty-two,
Joining hands about the year,
What a merry crew!
How they make the hours dance!
How they shout with glee!
Yes, the happy Saturday
Is the day for me.

Sing a song of Saturdays;
Pearls upon a chain
Hung about a New Year's neck
When she comes again.
All among the other beads,
Pink and blue and gray,
How we love the golden gleam
Of a Saturday.

Sing a song of Saturdays;
Roses in a wreath,
Fifty-two so big and bright—
Who would look beneath?
Other days may be as green
Other blooms as fair,
Yet a single Saturday
We could never spare.

Sing a song of Saturdays;
Roads along a road.
Here we halt to take a breath,
Ease the weary load.
Ho! Another milestone passed,
Toward the goal we seek;
Then refreshed we travel on
For another week.

—Abbie Farwell Brown.

Select Family Reading

With Wit and Will

ANNA BURNHAM BRYANT

"Ho, Dan!"

The low back chamber under the eaves was dark as Egypt, and twelve-year-old Dan hugged the bedclothes up to his ears to shut out the sound of his "rising-bell." He didn't want to get up yet.

"Ho, Dan! Ho, Dan! Ho, Dan!" It came persistently, right through the bed-clothes. Dan's big brother Dave was the alarm-clock, and once he began he never got done striking.

"Ho, Dan! Ho, Dan! Ho, Dan!"

The alarm-clock was shaving now, and called as his occupation permitted.

"Oh, hold on!" cried a disgusted voice from the bed room, as Dan took the floor with a thump that showed both he and his temper were "rising."

"All right!" responded Dave, cheerfully. "When you begin saying 'Hold on!' I stop saying 'Ho, Dan!' But it's a hurry call, you know, this morning. This is the day you're starting out to seek your fortune."

"'N errand boy?"

"Bottle-washer—anything. You've got the chance to see what kind o' stuff you're made of, and if you're the right kind of a chap, you'll do it, too. The kind of work you do doesn't count—it's the way you do it. Got that? You're all right, young feller! You didn't steal the name you go by. Never was a Ringgold yet that didn't make good when he got a chance. Father was the best and trustiest man in the mill to the day he died. We boys have got to make good on that reputation—see? And, besides, while I'm all safe to make ends meet for mother and you and Molly for a while yet, still—if I should begin to sort o' droop and fade away, you know," suggested the big brother grinning cheerfully at his healthy six-foot reflection in the tilted twelve inch looking-glass.

"Humph!" grunted Dan jeeringly; but an uncomfortable lump suddenly swelled in his throat, and a stout, "I'll do it!" suddenly said itself in the heart he wouldn't show by daylight even to Dave or his mother.

"Black those shoes, Bub!" called Dave, as Dan was starting down the stairs. "My kit's out in the back shed—do a good job with it. Make a lot o' difference about being hired sometimes. And say, boy," clutching his shoulder as he stopped on the landing—"just remember, will you, that you're in training for the Man of the Family."

That was Dan Ringgold's "spoiling" from his big brother for the world of business. Fourteen is the age limit for leaving school, but Dan had special dispensation for that year to go and learn the hardware business, seeing that he was doing well enough in his school work to be ready for high school before the average age of entering. Dave favored it, and his mother had agreed when the boy came home and announced that he had "got a job, if his folks would let him!"

"Good-by, good boy!" was his mother's smiling send-off at the door-step, as she opened the door for him. She knew well enough what an eventful morning it was for him, and she saved up a hard word that he would remember. "Everybody ought to have a motto, Danny! did you know what father's was? I guess you were too little to remember. 'With wit and will'—that's it. He used to say that would carry you through anything. Don't forget it!"

He had to make a dash for the car, for the hardware store was a good two miles away, and it opened early.

"When I'm out o' bad time enough, I can walk," he said to himself, "but not if I'd be late. Wonder what they'll set me doing first?"

He did not have to wonder long. There was an instant call for a boy of his size and appearance the minute he had his cap and coat off. The calls kept up all the forenoon, and what puzzled him the most was that they seemed, most of them, to have little or nothing to do with the hardware business. Were broken boxes hardware? He had to move a big pile of those from one basement to the other, and then clean up the floor that was covered with chips and excelsior. He had to clean and scrub a showcase, and oil the woodwork, and shine it up with a silk handkerchief and elbow-grease. He had to do a good many other things which seemed to have a very remote connection with "the business." But he had no objections. He said to himself very sensibly that wasn't what he was hired for—to make objections.

"Where's the young shaver we took on this morning?" he heard the "boss" saying irritably on the floor above him, as he was tugging away about noon over his broken boxes. "I want that box of brass screws sorted out, and I want 'em quick!"

"Well, you won't get 'em quick!" retorted the head clerk laughingly. "The boy that upset the little pin tacks into 'em worked half a day at it till I told him he'd better go where he could work by the job at so much a lifetime; and I guess I've put about fourteen hours into it off and on. Might as well sell that box for what it will fetch for old junk. Never'll get 'em separated."

"Set him at it!" said the "boss," briefly. This was hardworkin' "A little bit of it—fifty million little bits of it!" Dan said to himself, grimly, after he had worked a while, picking out the tiny pin-tacks that stuck in his finger-ends, so that he had no trouble in finding them, but was able to pick them out laboriously, one by one, setting the brass screws in another pile as he picked them out.

"My! but it'll take me a-year!" he said to himself, wiping his forehead, which was wet and glowing in his effort to make haste and do what the others had failed on. "I'll do it, too, if it does take it," he said, doggedly, remembering father's motto—"With wit and will"—"that was what mother said. He never gave up, and I won't. I will do it—I will, see if I don't.

And he fell to work again. Suddenly he stopped, stuck his head on one side, and whistled softly.

"See here, sonny, that don't get the screws out!" admonished the head clerk, and Dan took his hands out of his pockets, blushing deeply. But he only stepped over to a counter where he had even some magnets, and picked out a good-sized "horseshoe." Then he came back and deliberately poured out the boxful upon a big sheet of brown paper on top of the show case. Then he began digging with his new tack-finder. The tiny tacks jumped at it as he dragged it slowly through the brass-and-iron junk heap. He draw it out fringed with thick clusters of them. He brushed them off with his hands into an empty box and set the magnet to work again. The tack-box filled quickly, and soon there began to be a shining heap of brass screws ready for the other box.

Dan couldn't help whistling at his success.

"There was another part to that motto," he said to himself. "'Tisn't all wit; you've got to use your wits and it's lucky I thought of you, you beauty!"

The whistle, however, drew the attention of the clerk again, and he looked up in temper, thinking he should find the boy dawdling. They had an order for those screws, and wanted them badly. The thing he saw made him come over to Dan to see what he was up to.

"Well, you've got a head on you!" he exclaimed, admiringly. "Here, give me that pile you've got clear; will you? Right in this box; I want 'em."

He took the boxful, and stepped to the door of the inner office.

"Here's your screws—part of 'em; and the rest will be done in half an hour. That boy of yours has got a head-piece that's worth money. Took a magnet, and did in half an hour what I'd been half a day about. He's in on trial, but I guess you'll say he's worth keeping."

The "boss" did say it. He came out and leaned on the counter and watched Dan finishing up his job, and chuckled softly to see how do it! He did not say much to Dan, beyond "Good work!" and a word or two of that sort. But to the head clerk, who also was spending valuable time watching the performance, he remarked in a low voice: "Guess we can do better than waste him on piling up kindling wood. Shove him along as fast as he'll go naturally. I'll make a place for him!"

"'Twas father's motto did it!" said Dan, joyously, telling mother and Dave about it that night at supper.

CAN YOU PASS THE TEST?

A professor in the University of Chicago told his pupils that he should consider them educated in the best sense of the word when they could say yes to every one of the questions that he should put to them. Here they are: Has education given you sympathy with all good causes and made you espouse them? Has it made you public spirited? Has it made you a brother to the weak? Have you learned how to make friends and keep them? Do you know what it is to be a friend yourself? Do you see anything to love in a little child? Will a lonely dog follow you in the street? Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn as compatible with high thinking as piano-playing or golf? Are you good for anything to yourself? Can you be happy alone? Can you look out on the world and see anything except dollars and cents? Can you look into the sky at night and see beyond the stars? Can your soul claim relationship with the Creator?

TAKES TIME TO SETTLE

Landlord to tenant: "Good morning, sir! fine day, sir. Just called round to see if it would be convenient to settle your quarter's rent?" "Do you know, landlord, that none of the doors in this house will shut?" "Now house, sir! new house, you know! takes time to settle." "Ah, then there is a pair of us! I'm a new tenant; it takes time for me to settle, too. Good morning. Call again!

FACTS FOR SWIMMERS AND LAND-LUBBERS

In an article on swimming in the August Woman's Home Companion, the author records a great deal of information that is just as interesting to land-lubbers as it is helpful to young swimmers. Following is a brief extract:

"It may surprise some new swimmers to know that one can both see and hear under the water. Seeing is not difficult, when once you have the idea firmly planted in your mind that water will not hurt your eyes. Particularly is this true of sea-water, the salt in which is soothing, rather than irritating. But never open your eyes to see under water before you are under the water; never dive with the eyes open, or go from surface to underneath, or vice versa, with the eyes open. The water at the surface seems to have an actual edge, which stings the eye.

"Learn to swim with three limbs, to dispense with either arm or either leg. You may need an arm to bring ashore some one who needs help, you may have a cramp some time and have to do without one of your "propellers." The trick is easy, it is merely more tiresome to swim without one arm or leg, but not much harder than to swim with all.

"As the very strongest man in the world is a weakling in the grasp of a good-sized comber, such waves must be outwitted, not outwrested. And to be at home in the breakers, even beyond your depth, it is only necessary to know what a wave really is and where it is weak. Many people believe their eyes, and are sure that a wave travels. The water moves up and down and the motion moves forward, but the water doesn't travel. Consequently, if you get beyond the breakers, the waves will go up and down and carry you with them, but won't sweep you forward.

"Near the shore the waves behave differently; they curl over and break, and there the water, as well as the motion, travels. And, if you are just at the curling-point, the water will pick you up and sweep you in, and you can literally 'ride the waves,' than which there is no finer sport in the sea. But woe unto you if you get a bit ahead of the curling wave-front, for then you will be turned over and twisted around and flung to the bottom.

"Hence, it is wise to experiment with little waves first and learn just where they do break and just where they actually commence to exert a forward movement on your body before testing your swimming powers in the surf."

ELEPHANT STEALING

It would seem that an elephant would be about the last thing in the world a man would be able to steal. Yet in Siam one must keep a careful eye on such elephants as he may own, no matter what their size, lest they be stolen from him.

Elephant stealing in Siam has always been more or less prevalent, and for some time past has been a source of much anxiety to the officials. Regulations were drawn up about twelve years ago by the British and Siamese authorities, with a view to the suppression of this offence. Later these were supplemented by additional regulations, embodying definite rules for the purchase and sale of elephants, and imposing penalties on all persons in possession of elephants who are not provided with sale papers properly executed before the local authorities. Notwithstanding all these precautions, elephant stealing continues in Siam; and in one year alone fifty elephants were stolen from British foresters, representing a loss of some $15,000.

THE LAIRD'S PICTURES

Some years ago a Scotch laird found on succeeding to his estates that the house contained two portraits of a distinguished member of the family who had flourished during the reign of George III, one by Reynolds and the other by Raeburn. He knew no more of pictures than a Newfoundland dog, and he decided that the two portraits of the same individual need not be kept. The Reynolds was retained, while the Raeburn was presented to a public gallery. The worthy man was struck with consternation some time afterward when he found that his gift had been valued at 5,000 guineas, and probably the picture would now fetch double that sum.

SELLING POLICE CLOTHES

Much money is made out of cast-off police uniforms. Quantities are bought by African traders and exported to various parts of the "Dark Continent," where they are exchanged for palm-oil, ivory, skins, and other merchandise. It is by no means an uncommon sight to see a swarthy savage dressed in the uniform of a London policeman, and wearing the regulation helmet of the force.

Foundation Principles

First: When we undertake to fill your prescriptions, we give them our undivided attention and best care. The patient's welfare is our first consideration.

Second: We guarantee our drugs to be of full strength as well as pure and fresh.

Third: Our customers are supplied with just what they ask for; substituting is never allowed.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

If you are a sufferer from kidney disease, liver complaint, blood troubles rheumatism, neuralgia or nervous prostration, we confidently recommend the use of Paine's Celery Compound. This reliable and prayer dispelling medicine is a true disease banisher and system builder. We supply the genuine Paine's Celery Compound. A.T. Brown, Acton, Ont.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes From the Free Press of the 27th August, 1891

The Sangerfest at Hamilton has attracted quite a number of our citizens the past week.

Messrs. Wilson and Hill have commenced buying grain here.

Ratepayers have been notified of the amount of taxes for the year and dates of payment. No one has been excepted.

Acton Public Schools re-open on Monday. The several departments have been cleaned and renovated, and there will be no cleaner or healthier place in town for the boys and girls than the school room.

Knox Sunday School pic-nic in the park on Tuesday afternoon was much enjoyed.

In going out of the door of the late Mr. Stephens' house on Monday even- Mr. Wm. Smith, Sr., being unfamiliar with the surroundings, made a misstep and fell and bruised his head very severely, being unconscious for some time, and received an ugly gash in the face.

The Silver Trumpet is the name of a neat little paper published by Knox Church Sunday School and distributed last Sunday. Information of a local character is given—including references to the Jubilee—on several pages. The average attendance for the first six months of the year is 124, and the average collection $2.17. No mention is made of succeeding issues.

An enjoyable social was held by the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church on Friday evening. The band played on the lawn. Tea was served in the School Room. Solos and duetts were sung by Misses Hunstreet and Moore. Miss Lettie Speight and Messrs. R. E. Nelson and H. P. Moore gave readings and Rev. Mr. Edgar gave a spicy chairman's address.

The erection of the new cross on St. Joseph's Church was celebrated on Sunday by services of more than usual solemnity. Among the features of the service was an address by Rev. Father Dumortier, who until about four years ago had been pastor of the parish for thirty-four years, and who was instrumental in obtaining the present attractive church edifice.

Mr. Robt. Kennedy, lot 2, con. 1, Erin, of one of the oldest families of the community, died at his home on Sunday. He came from Inverness, Scotland, in 1832, being 15 years old, and his father settled on the farm vacated this spring by his other son, Alexander. Deceased was a member of the Presbyterian Church here, and a persistent student of the word of God. His wife was Miss Jane Hardy, one of the first teachers of Acton Public School. Their family was a son and daughter. Deceased was highly esteemed.

Knox Church Jubilee services were held on Sunday. Rev. W. J. Clark, of London, was preacher.

The horse of Dr. Dryden, of Rockwood, left him in Everton one day last week, having rubbed its bridle off, where it was tied in front of a house. Scarcely any harm was done to horse or rig, but the owner was disgusted.

Evangelistic services have been held at Rockwood, conducted by Miss Williams.

Mr. Briggs Nicklin has returned from the northwest.

Mr. Bows, of Milton, spent Sunday with friends in Acton.

Miss McDonald, of Toronto, has been visiting Miss Maggie Nicklin.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Nicklin and children spent a few days in Toronto with friends during the week.

Mr. J. C. Hill, the popular band leader, took in the best of everything of a musical character at the big Sangerfest in Hamilton.

BORN—In Acton, on August 13th, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Forbes, a son.

BORN—In Esquesing, on August 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. M. Cayley, a daughter.

BORN—In Esquesing, on August 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. James McEwen, a son.

BORN—In Acton, on August 24th, to Mr. and Mrs. Arch. McPherson, a son.

BORN—At North Toronto, on August 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Snyder, a son.

DIED—In Erin Township, on August 23rd, Robert Kennedy, aged 71 years.

DIED—In Acton, on August 24th, John Miller Stephens, aged 77 years.

DO NOT BE AFRAID OF THE TRUTH

Do not be afraid of the truth. The queen who had lying mirrors made, which would not reveal to her eyes the ravages wrought by time, has hosts of successors. There are people who are old enough to know better who will not let their doctors tell them the truth about their physical condition so they may know in what respects they need to be on their guard. Thousands are terribly offended by a criticism, however kindly. Their faults may be glaring but they are not willing to hear the truth about them. They prefer to live on in a fool's paradise of unreality.

The truth seems harsh sometimes, but it works beneficiently in the long run. Do not try to dodge it or run away from it. Face it. Recognize it. Act upon it.

HE KNEW BETTER

A Scottish minister was startled by the original views of a not very skilful ploughman whom he had just engaged. Noticing that the furrows were far from straight he said, "John, yer drills are no straucht; that is no like Tammie's work"—Tammie being the man who had previously ploughed the field.

"Tammie didna ken his work," observed the man coolly as he turned his team about; "Ye see, when the drills is crookit the sun gets well in on a' sides, an' so ye can get early taties."

A DAILY THOUGHT

"The outer world is dark; my room is bright,
It is not fair that I should have the light
While others wander on in darkness still,
I'll place my lamp upon the window sill,
And keep it burning brightly that its ray
May cheer some traveller on his homeward way.

"The outer world is dark; my world is bright,
It is not fair that I should have the light,
My life be free from sorrow and from care,
While others faint with burdens I might share,
I'll keep my heart's lamp burning, that its ray
May cheer some soul upon his lonely way."

CRIMINALS.

The history of the nineteenth century is filled with the reforms which were directed not merely to the improvement of criminal codes and the mitigation of punishments for crime, but to the better care of the insane, of paupers and of prisoners, who had been treated in the eighteenth century far worse than animals. In some of our states and in many countries of Europe the death penalty has been abolished, even in cases of murder. Before the era of reform there was little or no public sympathy with the criminal. Today we seem almost to have reached the point where the sympathy is so strictly confined to the criminal that there is none left for the victim of the crime. The abolition of capital punishment does not appear to have brought about the condition postulated by Talleyrand, who, when he was urged to support the abolition of the death penalty, said he certainly would if the murderers would begin by giving up murder.—Henry Cabot Lodge.

HOW HE DID IT

"Teacher: "I told you last week that I wished each one of you would try to make at least one person happy during the week. Did you?"

Boy: "Yes, miss, I made grandma happy."

"That's noble. How did you do it?"

"I went to visit her, and she says she is always happy when she sees I've a good appetite."

WHICH WILL YOU BE?

If you are going to know just enough to earn a livelihood, you will have a hard time, for the reason that tens of thousands are in a like position. If, however, you train your judgment to the point of deciding difficult questions wisely, if you develop your will so that it holds inexorably to whatever it grasps, if you fit yourself to be a leader, rather than a follower, if you cultivate the capacity of arousing enthusiasm and maintaining confidence, the world will take off its hat, as it offers you a chair. In the first instance you would be one of the multitude who press their way to the manager's office when a sign appears "Help Wanted." In the latter case you would be one of the few for whom every profession and every business enterprise is continually on the lookout.

HOW TO RECOGNIZE MUSHROOMS

Never gather or eat fungi that grow in woods or that have white gills. Avoid all those that you cannot positively identify as the common or edible mushroom that is known to the scientists as agaricus campestris. In all parts of the world in which this fungi grows it is known and used as a food. If its characteristic and habitat are memorized there is little danger of its being confused with the poisonous growths. Its stalk is from two to six inches in height and never more than an inch in diameter. On the upper end of the stalk is an umbrella-shaped cap, the color and thickness of which varies. The cap may be white or cream color or running the gamut of shades down to deep brown. The stem is usually of a cream tint and has near the cap a ring of material sometimes called the annulus, which forms a protection for the delicate undersurface of the cap. On this undersurface are the gills or lamellae. In the early stages of the growth of the mushroom these gills are pink; later they turn brown or brownish black. The agaricus invariably grows in open fields and meadows. It is never found in woods or shaded places. If the casual visitor to the country will remember this, he can eliminate ninety per cent. of all danger.—Phytical Culture.

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.