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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

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We are adding almost daily to our usual large stock.

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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New Footwear!

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.

Drop in any time and inspect this complete stock of high class Summer Footwear.

W. WILLIAMS
Mill Street Acton.

Poetry.

A SONG OF HARVEST TIME

Come to the meadows with me, dearie—
Come to the meadows and see, dearie—
The little green leaves have all turned red;
The autumn is here and the summer is dead;
The goldenrod's in the rose's stead—
And the harvest's for thee and for me, dearie.

Run to the orchard and stay, dearie—
The blossoms that bloomed in May, dearie—
The magic of fall
Has turned them all
Into fruit to be gathered away, dearie.

The birds have flown to the never, dearie—
The frogs have been robbed of their leaves, dearie—
The seed that was sown
Has grown and grown,
And the grain has been piled into sheaves, dearie.

Come gather it, all you can hold, dearie—
The harvest's grain is God's gold, dearie—
The squirrel has stored his nuts in the tree—
And someone is coming—oh, who can it be?
The little wind told me—I'll tell it to thee—
'Tis winter—he's bringing the cold, dearie.

—Frank H. Sweet, in The Interior.

Select Family Reading

DONALD'S HALF CHANCE

BY ROBERT E. WAKEFIELD

WHEN Donald Weir fell and broke his leg, there were few who did not sincerely pity the boy. With a weak father, older brothers far from steady, and a delicate, overworked mother, it was small wonder that Donald could never remember his home as other than a forsaken, unhappy place. His dreams were all of the days when he would lift more than his share of responsibility and become to his mother the real man of the house.

And now just when he was eagerly preparing for entrance to the high-school, there came this wretched upset of all his plans. Donald was cast down and well-nigh discouraged, and Miss Laing, his teacher, was not long in laying her finger upon the sore spot.

"Donald," she said, quietly, as she sat by his couch, "do you know that I have often admired your courage? You have been a real hero, and I don't want you to lower your flag now."

"I guess I'm not going to," Donald said slowly, "but, Miss Laing, I have never had more than half a chance, and a fellow in my place can't make much of life."

For answer, Miss Laing took from her bag a book called "The Keen Joy of Living." "Donald," she said, "there is a story in here of a small boy who, with a tiny stub of a pencil, drew on the back of an old advertisement the picture of a vessel. When he eagerly showed his handiwork to an older friend, he asked, 'Do you think it is any good? I did it with these,' displaying the tiny pencil and the old advertisement sheet. Now the man who writes this book suggests that when we all stand before our Father, showing our life pictures, he will remember the kind of material we had to work with, and yet he will expect something worth while from each one of us. He will expect something creditable, Donald, even from a boy with only half a life chance."

For answer, Donald said thoughtfully:

"Well, Miss Laing, what do you want me to do?"

"For one thing," replied Miss Laing, "I want you to surely pass that examination this summer."

Donald stared. How could a boy with a broken leg go to school? But Miss Laing had a way of carrying her points, and the very next day, after school, she gave Donald his first shut-in lesson. Three months later, when the list of successful pupils in the fourth form was published, not far from the top appeared the name of Donald Weir. People said approvingly, "He is a sharp lad, and if he only had a real chance, he would amount to something." But Donald said quietly to himself, "A boy can do something with only half a chance."

The factories in the town seemed the only chance to speedily earn money, and because his mother and the younger children sorely needed his help, Donald reluctantly tucked away his books, and applied at the great Winsey mills for work."

"Why, my lad," said the manager, Mr. Gray, "you look sick. You haven't got a good enough body for this kind of work."

"I'm not sick, sir, but I have been laid up for a while," Donald answered steadily; and then he added, "You know, sir, a boy sometimes has to work, even if he hasn't got a good body."

"That is so," Mr. Gray replied with a curious little smile; and then he asked the name of this philosophic young applicant, and when Donald told him, he said gravely:

"We have a long waiting list of boys. Should Malcolm Weir's son be given an equal chance with others? His father and brothers have been discharged more than once from this mill."

"Give him half a chance—just any odd job, sir," Donald pleaded with unconscious eloquence.

There was a moment's silence, and then a new name was entered in the big book, and Donald was assigned to work in the great office department.

A few weeks later there came to him a season ticket, from Mr. Gray, for the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, and in a couple of months there followed an invitation to a splendid course of lectures on "Body Building."

Now Donald enjoyed these extras, every whit, but he was full of wonder as to how wretched home fare like his could ever build a decent body. And then one day there came a summons to go at once to the manager's office.

"Donald," said Mr. Gray, "I have been watching you, and you have made such good use of your half chance that I have decided to give you a lift. Hereafter you will take your dinner at the Central restaurant. It will be nearer for you, and I may need you here to go a message at noon sometimes. The tickets are paid for. And then as to your evenings—I have a fine library at my home, and you are welcome to take books from it any time."

Donald was speechless with surprise, and Mr. Gray said quietly:

"You know, my lad, I had only half a chance myself, but I decided to work up every shred of life material I owned, and somehow it grew as I used it, until I found I had woven what men call a successful life. And now, Donald, I'm thinking that you will do the same. There are lots of half-chance boys in the world, but they have no call to stay down among the under-dogs of life. Let them plant their half chance in the good soil of energy and honesty, and it will surely grow and multiply. My cousin, Miss Laing, has been telling me how disappointed you were about leaving school, but bless me, no boy need be ignorant these days. I closed my school books long before your age, Donald, but the first week's wages I ever earned I began to put aside something for my library. When other boys bought gum, and ice-cream, and cigarettes, I bought books; and when they laughed I said, 'Never mind, I am building for the future, and according to my reckoning nothing is more solid than good books.' So, Donald, my lad, no whining over that half chance of yours—your business is to make it grow."

One proof that Donald hearkened well to these wise words is the fact that that very night he found his way to Mr. Gray's splendid library, and thereafter there were no waste evenings on his programme. But perhaps a still more convincing proof is the further fact that from his first week's wages he carefully laid aside twenty-five cents for his library that was to be.

Now this boy who once upon a time bewailed his meagre half chance, is a man of affairs. His library is full of bid treasure, and never a boy so poor and friendless but he is free to dig and delve therein. Over the doorway of this treasure house are inscribed these words: "A half chance planted in good soil will surely grow and multiply."

THE CHRONIC GROUCH

Pity the man who is imbued with a chronic grouch; who goes through life growling his discontent. He is a mental pervert that spreads poison at every hand. Avoid him as you would a hideous monster. He is diseased in mind and body. He is his own worst enemy. You might say his entire life is spent in an endeavor on his part to take revenge against himself and against all mankind. Men and women of that type are committing a crime against themselves and against every one with whom they come in contact. If it is a crime to commit suicide, then they are criminals, for such people are already dead mentally. Their minds are living cemeteries; that is, they are filled with the accumulated corpses of the evidence of past sorrows. Such people ought to be protected from themselves, and others ought to be protected from them. If they cannot be cured then at least they ought to have a separate community where they could all "get together" and in the pleasure of exchanging sorrows find so much joy that ultimately they might be cured.

Do not nurse a grouch. Do not be crabbed. Let the sunshine in. Let it spread over you the wholesomeness of content.

Break the awful habit of clinging to unpleasant experiences and let every pleasant moment linger in your mind day after day on to life's very end. For you must remember that as you allow life's joys to impress and possess you their power over you increases day by day. They will change your personality. They will add to your mental and physical strength. They will often soften, and in some cases, beautify your features; therefore, let the sunshine in and allow life's joys to impress you.—Bernarr Macfadden, in Physical Culture.

IN THE CARPENTER SHOP

"Life's a hard grind," said the emery wheel.

"It's a perfect bore," returned the auger.

"It means nothing but hard knocks for me," sighed the nail.

"You haven't so much to go through as I have," put in the saw.

"I can barely scrape along," complained the plane.

"And I am constantly being sat upon," added the bench.

"Let's strike," said the hammer.

"Cut it out!" ordered the chisel, "here comes the boss."

And all was silence.

AT THE MERCY OF THE LAST OPINION

Do not be one of the miserable beings who are always at the mercy of the last opinion. Such an individual reminds one of a tennis ball, batted back and forth by the energy of two opposing opinions. If you find that your mind tends to reflect the stand of the last article you read, or the last person you talked with, start out to achieve originality.

FROM A FATHER'S VIEWPOINT

A certain lawyer who had previously been so preoccupied that he held his children somewhat at arm's length, found that his only son was getting beyond the control of his mother, and fearing that if longer deferred counsel would be too late, he resolved to "get acquainted" with his own boy, aged fifteen, by taking him as a travelling companion on a business trip. He did not treat him as a boy to be watched, however, but as the wise man afterward said in the hearing of the writer:

"I treated him as an honored guest, and I was surprised, as the habitual restraint wore off, to find how many good points my own son had and how companionable he could be withal. After we had been together almost constantly for days I was surprised as well to feel the years slipping away from me and to find myself living over my half-forgotten boyhood.

"I had not premeditated reaching the heart of my boy by that means, however," continued the man, who was well along in years before he had a child, and who had grown grey as a jurist, "but my confidence had that effect, for after I had told of the pranks of my youth and how I had once narrowly escaped being led into what would have ruined my character, my son who had listened with incredulity as well as relief written on his face, cried: 'O, dad, I'm so glad, so glad you haven't forgotten how boys feel and what they have to fight against, for now you'll understand!'

"Then freely as if taking to a chum, my boy told me of his own temptations and how they had nearly mastered him, because feeling that his mother could not see from the viewpoint of a boy, he would not confide in her. And judging as well that my youth had been faultless, he had naturally come to the conclusion that I could have no sympathy with his fight against harmful temptations.

"'But,' cried my boy, as he looked me full in the face, after bringing to view what had been a heart-break to bear alone, 'I feel as if I can face anything now. But say, why didn't you tell me sooner, dad? For it would have saved me more than one fall-down if I could have made a clean breast of everything as I will now that I see you'll understand.'

"That was five years ago," added the lawyer with glistening eyes, "and never since that day has the boy given his parents an anxious hour. Far no matter how pressing have been legal duties, I have always taken time to strengthen the growing confidence on the part of my son. Consequently, he comes to me fearlessly, knowing that sympathy as well as counsel awaits him under all conditions."

The conversation then turned to lack of confidence between fathers and sons in general, but nothing said along that line was so to the point as the further remarks of the learned man:

"I should be slow to condemn in others what I was so long guilty of myself, but I am firm in the belief that had I not won the confidence of my son just in the nick of time, he would soon have drifted beyond my influence. So experience has convinced me that fathers make a grave mistake in giving their sons to understand that perfection is expected of them, or that like as a father pitieth his children' does not apply to this age."

A UNIQUE EXHIBITION

The authorities of Central Park, New York, have opened one of the most unique exhibitions in the world—a menagerie of the lower forms of life in the park, especially destructive insects. They are shown on leaves and tree trunks in a life-like manner. Nearby is a garden, in which is every conceivable plant that destructive insects and bugs feed on, so that their ways may be watched and means devised for exterminating them. The work is in charge of Dr. Southwick, the park entomologist.

A well-equipped photographic studio is a part of the experiment station equipment. Here carefully pictured records are kept of the progress of thousands of insects. Hundreds of plates have been developed, thus forming a sort of rogues gallery of the undesirable citizens of the bug and worm world, caught in the act of destroying valuable trees and plants. Dr. Southwick also watches the development of over 3,000 different kinds of flowers and shrubs.

GENEROUS GIVER

Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, the eloquent New York clergyman, at a recent banquet said of charity:

"Too many of us perhaps, misinterpret the meaning of charity as the master misinterpreted the Scriptural text. This master, a pillar of a Western church, entered in his journal:

"'The Scripture ordains that, "If a man take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." To-day, having caught the heater stealing my potatoes, I have given him the sack.'"

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 never disappointing 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 10th September, 1891

Carpenters and bricklayers have during the week been adding another story to the Arnold glove factory on Mill Street.

It is hoped that interest in the public reading room will be revived this this season. A good selection of daily and weekly papers will be found there.

The arrest of an Arabian peddler was made in Acton post office on Saturday by Chief Randall, of Guelph, and Deputy-Sheriff Kenney, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., on a charge of murder believed to have been committed in New York State. Two Arabian brothers were found, through a letter sent to some Arabians said to be in Guelph, upon whom suspicion rested, and one was traced to Acton, the other on foot, was arrested on the way to Rockwood. They were taken to Niagara Falls.

A little lad, son of Mr. Lachlan Currie, 2nd line, Erin, was riding a carpenter's saw-horse in play, when the horse tipping over, carried him with it, and falling on his thigh, broke his leg midway between the knee and hip.

Miss Rose Cornwall, an aunt of Rev. G. H. Cooke, who has resided with him for many years, and who was greatly beloved by her friends, died on Sunday evening. Rev. Canon Belt, Guelph, officiated at the funeral on Tuesday.

Mrs. Christopher Masales, who has been a life-long resident of Acton and vicinity died on Thursday from consumption. She was a daughter of the late Samuel Wordon, Sr., and was born on the old homestead, 5th line, in 1822. Rev. Mr. Campbell, who conducted the special services last spring in the Disciples' Church, of which deceased was a member, officiated at the funeral on Sunday.

St. Alban's Harvest Festival was held on Friday evening. The church was beautifully decorated with various productions of nature's bounty and man's industry. Rev. Canon Mockridge, of Toronto, was the preacher and gave an earnest and practical discourse on Sunday, when Rev. Mr. Cooke, incumbent, preached excellent sermons.

In the Municipal Council the Streets and Walks Committee reported the near completion of their work, and that no new contracts would be let. The turnpiking of Queen Street from Hugh Mann's gate to Young Street is the last under way. .....Mr. Angus Lawson requested a street lamp at the corner of Frederick and Agnes Streets. Reeve Lowry received considerable banter as to being the author of the request, but of course disowned it..... Upwards of $1,000 has been received by Treasurer T. T. Moore on first instalment of taxes.

Miss Hulla Stephenson left on Saturday to visit friends in Guelph.

Mr. Wm. Masales, of Mitchell, was home attending his mother's funeral.

Mr. McIntyre, of Toronto, visited at the home of Mr. D. Henderson, M. P.

Mrs. Wiswell and Mrs. Matthews, Guelph, attended Mrs. Masales' funeral.

Mrs. Chas. Taylor and Willie have returned from a pleasant visit with friends in Georgetown and vicinity.

Miss Ida Hacking, of Winnipeg, has been renewing old friendships in Acton. It is twelve years since the family left Acton.

Miss Emma Holmes, of Goderich, has been visiting her brother, Mr. H. S. Holmes, of the G. T. R.

BEST ENGLISH

The first essential toward the accurate use of English is to know the real meanings of words, and then to choose the right one to express the idea. Whatever is expressed to English-speaking people should be in the English tongue, with no foreign phrases introduced. It is always better form to use the familiar names of familiar things and ideas, to use simple Anglo-Saxon words, that belong less to literary language than to living speech, and are more readily understood than the longer words of foreign origin. A short word saves time for both writer and reader, and our ordinary speech should not be burdened with high-sounding words necessary for the treatment of most subjects remote from ordinary events and simple feelings.

Let us, therefore, "read" the morning paper, and let the prudent "peruse" it. Let us "see" the beauties of sea and sky and not "discern" or "witness" a sunset. Let us "build" a "house" and make it a "home" allowing a crown prince to "erect" a "residence." Let us "oversee" our household, not "supervise" it. Why should we drop so hearty a word as "kinsman," adopting the vague and misty substitutes of "relation" and "connection," forced upon us by elegant people? Nothing is gained and much is lost, for the latter are both general terms. Men have relations of various kinds, and connections are of still wider distribution, wherever a man's kinsmen are only those of his own blood.—New York Times.

WHAT AMUSED HIM

The attendant at a boy's club noticed that a small negro who was a regular visitor at the reading-room always asked for the same book, and always turned to the same place, at which he would look eagerly and then laugh heartily.

The attendant's curiosity was aroused by a performance so many times repeated, so he followed the little fellow one night, and, looking over his shoulder, saw that he had opened the book to a picture of a bull chasing a terrified negro across a field. He was just about to ask what the joke was, for the laugh had again come rippling up from him, when the boy looked around, grinning:

"Golly, he ain't ketched him yit!"

IN THE GRAY OF THE YEAR

In the gray of the year, the longing leaves
Glad quilt the silent earth in colours rare,
The sun dyeing in patches, unaware,
Yellow and red and russet brown, sad graves
O'er the fast-moving, miser winds—the thieves
Who rob the gold of autumn and ensnare
The singing birds and strip the meadows bare
Of everything of beauty life perceives.
The pray time of the year, and in the heart
The tenderness, the silence and the tears
That wake from our bitter yesterdays
Warm sunshines and bright flowers, and the start
Of Love's first summer—lilac-scented ways
That lead to heaven in those golden days.

—William J. Fisher, in the Canadian Magazine

MONEY.

I do not believe in the doctrine that if you want to make your wife happy all you have to do is to give her plenty of money. I do not believe that possession of money and happiness are synonymous. Women want love first of all if they are provided with the right instincts. The great problem of today is the making of money. It is unquestionably the occupation that engages the minds of the vast majority of people. But from what I have seen of life and those leading it when one has obtained a competency money is superfluous, just like an excess of what is not needed to round out the figure and give it a handsome appearance. Piling up wealth then becomes like piling on flesh and greatly hinders the enjoyment of the best things of this life.—John Burroughs.

JUST HIS LUCK

"You just come along with me," said the bobby cheerfully to the crestfallen burglar, Jim, the jaw-breaker.

"So I've copped you at last, have I?"

"Well mate," replied the captive, "I'll admit it. I'm done! But I gave you a good run for yer money, haven't I? Half a dozen houses in Ampstead, two in Park Lane, and ——There's just one thing I'm sorry for bobby."

"What's that?" inquired the hero of the blue uniform, expecting a confession.

"Why, bobby, I've been an' clean wasted threepence—thrown it away so ter speak," exclaimed the prisoner in dejected tones. I had me 'air cut last night."

AN ELECTRIC KITCHEN MAID

With the exception of scrubbing the floor, an electric cabinet described in the June Popular Mechanics' Magazine is designed to do practically every kitchen chore requiring that commodity commonly known as "elbow grease." In a special compartment, out of harm's way and protected from dust and dampness is a little motor somewhat more powerful than an average man, and so economical that if it were run two hours a day the cost for electric current would be only 13 cents a week, at the average city rate for electric power. This motor can be connected to run a large number of the ordinary kitchen utensils.

WHY HE STARED

"Can't understand that chap over there," said the conceited Roberts. "He's been staring at me for the last ten minutes. Look at him."

The man in question still continued to stare hard until Roberts grew so curious he could stand it no longer.

"Why do you stare at me like that?" he inquired. "Are you admiring my classical nose? Or do I remind you of some dear one who has departed from this life?"

"No. It's like this," replied the stranger. "My wife has always told me that I'm the ugliest man on earth, and, by Jove, if she could see you I bet she'd change her opinion."

HAPPILY WEDDED

Marshall P. Wilder, the humorist, heard the following conversation pass between two customers of the "Thieves Market" at Copenhagen field, East London, while he was attending the coronation. Says one old woman to another:

"An' 'ows yer daughter? Is she 'apply married?"

"She couldn't be 'appier. 'Er man is that scared of 'er 'e don't dare sys 'is soul's 'is own."

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.