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All accounts collected monthly.

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For the Counties of Wellington, Halton, Peel and Dufferin, and the city of Guelph.
Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter or telephone to Mimico P.O., or Cheltenham, will receive immediate attention.
Farms to Sell on Easy Terms.

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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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Sales may be arranged at Free Press office, Acton.

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And we are ready to supply you with the best in the land. We have made improvements, and will be in better position to serve you in our Cafe.

We will also be prepared to fill all orders—large or small—in bulk or bricks.

You will find our store complete with best Confectionery, choice and fresh.

Pineapples, Oranges, Bananas and Lemons at right prices, quality considered.

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GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE
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for now he is earning and enjoying a yearly salary of FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

It Will Pay any energetic young man or women to get a thorough business education at this famous institution; for it brings within reach much the Golden Opportunity, and fits and qualifies you to profit by it.

We Educate for large and honorable posts. No better time to enter for a course than NOW. Come direct to the college office, 137 Upper Wyndham Street, or address

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37 Years Experience
GOOD WORKMANSHIP
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Granite and Marble Dealers

We are Headquarters for Granite and Marble work. We hold direct to you from factory at wholesale prices. Our Prices are right and our workmanship the best. We have the largest assortment of the only monument in the Dominion, which we can show you. Second hand tools for sale. We also have a few second hand monuments for sale cheap. Our Prices are Reasonable, Quality of our monuments is guaranteed and our prices are lower than the lowest. We have the largest and best stock of Granite to be found in the Western Ontario. Every Stone Guaranteed. Prices are the lowest and quality the best. We are Prepared to do any work in our line, and do not intend to be undersold by dealers not prepared to furnish satisfactory workmanship and duty considered.

HAMILTON & SONS
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Garden Tools
Ask to See Them

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The Imperial Lawn Edge Trimmer. With one of these you can clean up your walks and edges just like a professional.

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The Eureka Cultivator, for breaking up the ground and getting rid of weeds. 5 adjustable blades.

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Ask to see them.

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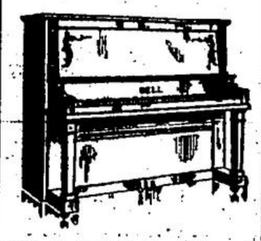

The BELL Piano

"BUILT TO LAST A LIFETIME!"

The Bell Piano is from the factory of the master builder... The particular work that goes into a "Bell" is made appreciable in the good tone that comes out of it.

You are invited to inspect them for yourself.

Chas. W. Kelly
113 Upper Wyndham St. GUELPH

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Everybody Plants
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We sell it.

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Spring & Summer
SHOES

Choose your shoes from our superb stock where you have so many shapes and sizes. Take a look at the shoes in our windows and get acquainted with the new styles. In our windows we can show but a few of our latest, but those shoes will give you an idea of what our stock is like. We now have a large assortment of high grade shoes.

W. WILLIAMS
"The Home of Good Shoes"
Mill Street Acton.

Poetry.

A TOUCH OF KINDNESS

"If you were toiling up a weary hill,
Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear,
Straining each nerve untiringly, and still
Stumbling and losing foothold here and there,
And each one passing by would not so much
As give one upward lift and go their way,
Would not the slight reiterated touch
Of help and kindness lighten all the day?

If you were breasting a keen wind, which teased
And buffeted and chilled you as you strove,
Till, baffled and bewildered quite, you lost
The power to see the way and aim and move,
And one, if only for a moment's space,
Gave you a shelter from the bitter blast,
Would you not find it easier to face
The stores again when the brief rest was past?

There is so little and there is so much;
We weigh and measure and define in vain.
A look, a word, a light responsive touch
Can be the ministers of joy to pain.
A man can die of hunger walled in gold,
A crumb may quicken hope to strongest breath.
And every day we give or we withhold
Some little thing which tells for life or death."

—Coolidge.

Select Family Reading

The Night Before College

By Frederick Stoll

IT was striking midnight as Grandison ran up the steps. He had not realised it was so late and as he locked the door and turned out the light in the hallway he was hoping his father had not sat up for him. Really, as both of them well knew, there was no sort of need of it, but for all that, his father had a way of doing it. He passed through the big living room and took the back stairway thinking that thus there would be less likelihood of awaking him if he were already asleep, but, as he reached the landing he noted the gleam from the library door and turned in that direction instead of toward his own room.

On the threshold he paused an instant. Save for one detail the room was as it had always been. There were mahogany shelves, lined with their dignified array of books, most of them in leather bindings; the deep-set, wide-armed, inviting chairs; the portraits on the wall, too dimly lit now to be recognizable; the rugs, for each of which his father had a story; all this he was accustomed to see; but instead of the severe order of the great library table, it was littered from end to end with letters, and his father, usually buried in a book, sat lost in silent contemplation of the fire. Not until Grandison dropped into a chair on the other side of the grate did he seem to notice him and then he started as one wakened from sleep.

"Hello, Grand!" he exclaimed. "Just in?"

"Yes, dad." And then with a hurried glance at the littered table, "What's doing? You haven't started your Life and Public Services?"

"No, son. You're going to do that you know. I've just been reading old letters. Did you ever——? But no, you're too young."

For a moment he relapsed into his reverie, and then, shaking it off with sudden resolution:

"I'm glad you stopped in, Grand. You know it's our last night for a good while. You best 'out among 'em!"

There was no reproach in his tone, but it brought a sudden twinge of conscience.

"I meant to get in earlier," exclaimed the boy, "but somehow I didn't make it. There were two or three call I thought I ought to get off my mind."

"For instance," suggested his father, smilingly.

"Well, there was Edna and Alice. They were really the only ones."

"And you called last on—?"

"Alice."

There was just a hint of banter in the question, but the boy did not smile as he answered, nor did his father. For a moment they sat in silence.

"She's a nice girl, they're both nice girls," mused the older man. "You stayed a little late, maybe, but—"

Again his voice lapsed into silence, and then, quite irrelevantly he broke out:

"You know, Grand, we've had some mighty good times together, you and I."

"You bet we have, dad."

"Two years now, isn't it, that we've gone somewhere every summer, not counting the things between times. We couldn't have done it without money; the balance bought, but I've never put money ahead of you—here I?"

"No, father. I guess you're always put me first."

"What was the best we ever did?" and with hands clasped behind the head he lay back and studied the boy's face.

"Well, you know you always said the three weeks we tramped in Switzerland, but I always stuck out for the time we wheeled it in the Yellowstone. You don't want to start that old row to-night? That summer in England was pretty good too, and Ireland was great, and we had a great time on the lakes, and then the time we went clear north there into Canada—Oh, I don't know which you would really call the best. You've been awful good to me dad."

"I guess you are going to pay dividends; and I don't mean money, you know; but the care and the worries and a lot of things you'll never know till you have a boy of your own and won't know then, I hope, not all of them. It's been a lot of fun though, and I've tried my best; I will say that. Your childhood had got to be a happy one, if I could make it so, and to be that it needed a lot of outdoors; that was one reason we moved here. It did me a world of good trying to make you happy: I can see that now. I don't know but I'd have gone to pieces those first years if it hadn't been for you. Then when you began to get older, I thought I saw that what boys needed most was something to take their energy out on; and I thought maybe, if I gave you mountains, and bicycles, and guns, and canoes, and ponies, and used them with you, you'd find it more interesting than mischief; and you see it has worked out pretty near that way. I tried my level best, only to-night Grand, I've been thinking of all the great world of things you've missed."

"Why, dad, you don't mean—?"

"I mean your mother."

A sudden lump sprang to the boy's throat and instinctively his eyes turned to the table. He knew the letters now, they had come from the leather trunk at the head of the attic stairs and, even in his most ardent stamp-collecting days, those envelopes had been sacred. When he had asked permission to cut the stamps off, his father had simply increased his allowance.

"But dad," exclaimed the boy, "you have been father and mother to me both. You—"

"No, you don't know, that's all. Don't I know! Haven't I noticed that the homes you always liked to go to best were the homes where there was a good mother? You don't know what you've missed, that's all; and worst of all it isn't over yet: you'll miss her clear to the end and never know. I used to think sometimes, at first, and sometimes people told me that I ought to marry again, just on your account; you were so little then they said you'd never know the difference. There was some reason in it. There are so many good women in the world that we might have found one who would have tried to make this home—what it used to be. Only it didn't seem right to marry just for you, you know; and for me it never could have been the same. So I had simply to go on the way I started, and do the best I could; but I've been sorry for you so many times; sorrier, I think sometimes, than I ever was for myself, for I had had a mother, and I had your mother and you had never known. A father who tried to be what no man could be—that was the best you ever knew."

"It was good enough for me," burst out the boy. "Why, dad—" Many had been their confidential talks but never before had his father thus laid bare to him his heart and it seemed to him that somehow he must find words to comfort this grief of years. Never before had he guessed how deep it was. But the very fervor of his feelings clogged his utterance and left him dumb. All he could find to say was: "Why, dad, nobody could have been better to me than you were."

"You think so but I know better. I read a quotapop just the other day. It was in an article on woman's suffrage, about a man who cared for his motherless child and did it well—for a man (as sometimes I thought I did.) But the child was still motherless; and that's what you've been. You don't even remember her, do you?"

He would have given much to be able to say yes, but he could answer only:

"I don't know father. Of course her picture has always hung there in my room and you've told me so much about her, I don't know whether it has all come that way or whether I do remember a little. Sometimes I think I do. I hope I do."

"It can't be much. You were too young, you know. But if you had had her all these years, it would have made—a difference. It would make such a difference now."

It was the hope of making his father smile which prompted him to ask:

"Why dad, you don't think after all your trouble, I'm going to the bad?"

"No," but the tone was grave. "No, it isn't that I'm afraid of. But now you're just where you need her most. We're pulling apart, you and I. Don't you see we are? But you wouldn't, you and she. You'd tell her things, or you wouldn't need to tell her, she would simply understand, and then she would tell me. That's the way things always go in families." I know. It was so with my mother."

The boy drew closer and laid his hand on the arm of his father's chair.

"I don't know just what you mean, dad," he said. His own voice became grave and it was plain that he was touching his heart and hurt perhaps a little. "Have I been acting any differently? I haven't felt any different. There never was a time, all the while from the beginning, when I have thought so much of you as right now. Before I didn't realize, I took it all for granted, sort of matter of course, you know, but now that I've seen other fellows' fathers and what they might do and didn't—why—maybe if I haven't told it as often as I ought to tell—"

"[illegible] almost [illegible]. "You're good boy and you don't need to tell me these things. It isn't that, but we are pulling apart. I've noticed it [illegible] and it will be more so, it can't be help[illegible] I don't know [illegible] I don't want it any different, [illegible]."

He stopped and the boy sat bewildered and puzzled.

"Only," he suddenly went on, "I've taken such a satisfaction in all the things we have been together. We have been to Ireland, and Canada, and Switzerland and all these other places together; and now, this last year, here comes a country that you are going into and I can't. I noticed it more your graduation week than any other time, and it's just the world of—girls.

"I haven't any place there. You would take me, I guess, if you could, only you can't, and—what do I know about the way you think of Alice Milford?"

The boy flushed suddenly and in his laugh there was both embarrassment and relief.

"Why father," he replied, "about Alice—why, I've known her all my life and we've been classmates all through high school and in the same church and Sunday School—you know all that. And we're good friends and its a mighty good thing for me to have known her, and probably we'll write to each other while I'm away. I'll write to Edna too, though, and I—I guess that's all."

"I wasn't asking you," said his father, "but you see, maybe, what I mean: and it's only the beginning. You are off to-morrow, and college is another place I can't go with you. Of course I could settle in the town, but that would not be good sense. You have known some nice girls here, Edna and Alice and the rest; they have done you good just as you say, and I want you to know a lot of other nice girls, but many a young fellow has been hurt by some girl, not a bad girl, but one whose ideals were just a little less high, her standards just a little less true than his—instead of higher and truer. And boys, every boy I think when he is serious, compares the best girls that he knows—perhaps he does it unconsciously, but he does it anyway—with his mother, and that's what you can't do. You have missed the breathing in every day of the atmosphere made by a good woman in the home, a mother there. That was what I was thinking of to-night when I got out those letters. I was wondering what your mother would tell you, if she were here, and I thought, maybe, reading those letters would help me to get at it—would take me back where I could see things the way she would. Did I ever tell you about our getting acquainted and all that?"

"Not all of it. You've told me little things about it different times."

It was a town where all of us knew everybody and when she and her mother moved there and she went into high school she was one of us right off. We had a lot of good times those days, the same sort you've been having these last years, but it didn't stay children's fun. I had not realized until I counted up, but I was just your age when I found out I couldn't be satisfied to have her for just a friend and told her so. Probably I ought not to have done that. I was so incredibly young, but anyway she wanted me for just a friend—she did then—so I went away to school and she went to teaching; but we wrote letters. Some of them I have been reading to-night. There never were any letters that made me quite so happy nor quite so miserable. I remember a little picture of her, taken on some class spree, and when she gave it to me she said she did not like the expression about the mouth and so she tied a thread across it. It's here that picture," he motioned to the table, "with the thread on yet, and I used to look at it every night before I went to bed and sometimes I guess I pretty nearly used to say my prayers to it. Mighty strange things young fellows get to do sometimes. Then in my junior year, her mother died and I went out there—they had moved west then—and when I came I found it was changed. She wanted me for more than a friend now; so I stopped college, she couldn't make me stay, and I went into business to make a home for her. She stayed on there alone, teaching for two years more and her first present to me after we were engaged was this."

He took it from the table and father and son bent together over the little portrait in its gilt frame. It needed no eyes of love to see the beauty of it, the full, round face, bent as in meditation, the brown hair, done high upon the head, the quaint, old-fashioned dress, cut low enough to show the rounded neck. It was a face of a woman to be trusted to the uttermost yet so girlish withal.

"You never saw it before?" and the boy in silence shook his head. "It does not look as much like her when we lost her as the picture in your room does, or that one," and he looked toward a framed photograph upon the table, "but this was the way I knew her then and it is perfect of her for that time. After she sent it, of course this was the picture I said good-night to, until I could say good-night to her and then—afterward I took to saying good-night to it again. It's always been with me since then."

They sat for a while silent, the eyes of both of them fixed upon the picture though both of them saw it mistily. Then the father went on:

"So to-night, looking at this and reading over some of the letters, it seemed to me maybe I could find out in a way what she would tell you. But I saw I couldn't do that: I'd have to keep on as I had begun, in my man's way, the best I could. And so," he took the gilt framed picture and laid it in the boy's hand, "and so I thought I would just give you this to take with you to-morrow, and if you happen to think of it you might get in the way of looking at it every night before you go to bed, until you find some other picture you would rather say good-night to. It somehow seemed to me that the other picture would be more apt to be the right kind, if you had been in the habit of saying good-night to this one."

From down stairs the stroke of the clock rendered their [illegible] the father took out his watch to verify it.

"I declare, Grand," he exclaimed "I had not meant to keep you so late. Good-night son."

"Good-night, father," the boy did not trust his voice to say more. But, bending over his father's chair he kissed him, as he used to do in knickerbocker days.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Items From Our Issue of Thursday June 30th, 1892

Strawberries are plentiful and cheap.

Five to seven cents is the price.

Deputy Reeve Warren has awarded contracts for stoning, gravelling and draining the road from the cross-road at the Roman Catholic Church on the first line as far north as the quarries. Alex. Waldie is Commissioner, and A. Swackhamer and Thos. Arthure have the contract.

Bloomsbury Patrons of Industry officers: President, Jas. Gordon; Vice-President, Nelson McLaughlin; Secretary, John McGregor; Treasurer, Thos. Wilson; Auditors, John Marks and M. McTavish; Guide, David Lockerbie; Sentinel, David Agnew; Minerva, Miss Sarah E. Wilson; Demeter, Miss Aggie Laird.

Thirteen candidates from Acton school went to the Entrance examination at Georgetown.

In the School Board it was found that it will be necessary to ask the Council for $1650 toward the $1808 requested for the regular expenditure of the school. Miss Cleveland having resigned her position as teacher, a resolution of appreciation of her zeal and ability as a teacher was passed. Arrangements were ordered to be made toward laying the corner-stone of the new school with appropriate ceremony.

CREWSON'S CORNERS

Rev. Mr. Kitching's departure from the Rockwood circuit is deeply regretted by the congregation at Crewsons Corners.

Mr. Hector McLean has resigned his situation as teacher at Leslie's school and will go to Knox College to prepare for the ministry.

Mr. David Williamson has his new house nearly completed. He has made fast time, but Dave is always known as a hustler.

IS IT FAIR?

This is a true story:

A farmer's daughter, twenty-one, was teaching school some distance from her home. She received word that her mother had broken down physically, and the doctors said she must have a long rest.

The daughter resigned her school work and went home to do the work of the household and nurse the mother.

She made a great sacrifice. The girl was saving her money in order to take a college course.

For three years this good girl has been the housemaker. She has nursed her mother back from the verge of the grave. Her service and sacrifice have required all the strength she could summon. She has labored on an average eighteen hours a day.

Well, the mother is much better but still is a semi invalid. It may be a long time before she is completely restored. On the one hand, the daughter feels she ought to stay longer on the other hand, she feels she would like to go.

Now—

There is a brother of twenty-one. In the three years since the daughter got home he has attended an agricultural college one year, has a bank account of nearly $1,000, and now the father has taken him into partnership, and hereafter he will get a full share of the farm's earnings.

The daughter has had nothing.

Having a pride in her own ability, she has purchased her clothes from her own little savings.

Is it fair?

Neither the father nor the brother appears to appreciate the girl's great self-abnegation. They take it for granted she should do what she has done willingly and without pay.

And—

Should the girl go away every one would explain at her "heartlessness and selfishness."

But is it fair?

Why should the girl be called upon to make all the sacrifice? Is it not enough that she should have given up for so long the realization of her cherished dreams?

And here is one of several such cases that have come under my personal attention

Is it fair?—Fresno Enterprise.

A Simple Treatment that will Make Hair Grow now Sold in Canada

Every up-to-date women should have radiant hair.

There are thousands of women with harsh, faded, characterless hair, who do not try to improve it.

In England and Paris women take pride in having beautiful hair. Every Canadian woman can have lustrous and luxuriant hair by using SALVIA, the Great American Sage Hair Tonic.

Every reader of the FREE PRESS can have an attractive head-of-hair in a few weeks by using SALVIA.

R. J. Hassard sells a large bottle for 50 cents, and guarantees it to banish Dandruff, stop falling hair and itching scalp in ten days or money back.

SALVIA is a beautiful, pleasant, non-sticky Hair Tonic.

HOW LONG CAN HE STAND IT?

This is Mrs. Archer-Robertson Hale's latest suffrage story:

"A negro woman was arguing and arguing with her husband and when she had finished, he said, 'Dinah, yo' talk don' affect me no mo' than a flea bite'."

"'Well, niggah,' she answered, 'I'm gwine keep yo' scratchin'!'"

I WOULDN'T BE CROSS

I wouldn't be cross, dear, it's never worth while,
Disarm the vexation by wearing a smile,
Let hap a disaster, a trouble, a loss,
Just meet the thing boldly and never be cross.

I wouldn't be cross with people at home,
They love you so fondly: whatever may come,
You may count on the kinsfolk around you to stand!
O! loyally true is a brotherly hand!
So, since the fine gold far excelleth the dross,
I wouldn't be cross, dear, I wouldn't be cross.

I wouldn't be cross with a stranger—ah! no!
To the stranger we meet on the life-path we owe
This kindness: to give them good cheer as they pass,
To clear out the flint stone and plant the soft grass;
No, dear, with a stranger, in trial or loss,
I perchance might be silent; I wouldn't be cross.

No bitterness sweetens, no sharpness may heal
The wound which the soul is too proud to reveal.
No envy hath peace; by a fret and a jar
The beautiful work of our hands we may mar.
Let happen what may, dear, of trouble and loss,
I wouldn't be cross, dear, I wouldn't be cross.

POISON IN PENNY SODA-WATER

In an article in the July Woman's Home Companion, entitled "The Fatal Penny," Mary Heaton Vorse shows how with one cent a child may buy candy that will bring with it actual poison and sickness. Following is an extract from the article:

"One way of spending the fatal cent that is more open to children in cities or large towns than in the country, is the penny soda-water. In the country towns it is very rare to find drinks of this sort, and the soda fountains are for the most part sanitary and honest. In the city in the summer months our newspapers have an occasional notice like this: 'The poisoning of two children traced to a penny soda-stand on Hooker Street.' All the minor illnesses from similar causes—those children who merely have acute gastritis or nausea—are not reported.

"At the fairs in our little towns and in the amusement parks, orangeade and lemonade—long and cooling drinks for the price—are always in evidence. Before you let your children drink such things ask yourself if you like them to drink a mixture of water made sour with an acid and a chemical flavoring then sweetened with a little sugar and ornamented on the top with a few slices of orange or lemon; for this is what constitutes these drinks. An ingenious powder is bought from which an enterprising young man can make a whole gallon or more of orangeade for ten cents or less. It is a profitable business for him—and for the doctor."

PAT AT SEA

Pat was strolling along the quayside as a big ship was about to sail. "Sure" said Pat to the captain, "could you find me a job?" "Just the man I want," said the captain, and so Pat joined a ship for the first time in his life. It was a fine night and they were in mid-ocean. The captain all at once noticed a man fall overboard and shouted to Pat: "Throw a buoy overboard." Pat seized a bright-eyed boy standing by and threw him into the sea. "I did not mean that boy; I meant a cork buoy." "Sure" said Pat how do I know whether he comes from Cork or Tipperary?"

WHY HE LIKED CHESS

"You play chess a great deal?"

"Yes," replied the profound student. "Chess is a great game."

"But does it rest the mind?"

"Of course; that's the beauty of it. You can take a nice nap while you are waiting for your opponent to figure out his next move."

SOME FLY DOSES

Don't allow flies in your house.

Don't permit them near your food, especially milk.

Don't buy foodstuffs where flies are tolerated.

Don't have feeding places where flies can load themselves with dejections from typhoid or dysenteric patients.

Don't allow your fruits and confections to be exposed to the swarms of flies.

Don't let flies crawl over the baby's mouth and swarm upon the nipple of its nursing bottle.

Don't live in your house without door and window screens.

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 feblest 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. North rop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine. By the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any ds ITS market. All druggists sell it.