

The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXVIII--NO. 28.

Every Subscription Paid in Advance

ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 9, 1913.

Subscription Price, \$2.00 Per Annum.

SINGLE COPIES--THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

Published Every Thursday Morning



WALTER PHILIP BULLING

Advertisements without special directions will be inserted at the rate of 10 cents per line per week. All advertisements must be paid for in advance. The Acton Free Press is published every Thursday morning at 10 o'clock. The office is located at 100 Queen Street East, Acton, Ontario.

Business Directory

PHYSICIAN
W. H. MOORE, M.D., D.C.M., MCGILL.
Office—Frederick Street, Acton, Ont.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
DOUGLAS LAKE, M.D.
Office—100 Queen Street East, Acton, Ont.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
J. M. MCKINNON
Office—100 Queen Street East, Acton, Ont.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
R. J. McABB
Office—100 Queen Street East, Acton, Ont.

DENTIST
D. H. L. BENNETT, DENTIST
Office—100 Queen Street East, Acton, Ont.

MECHANIC
FRANCOIS NUNAN
Office—100 Queen Street East, Acton, Ont.

MECHANIC
MARRIAGE LICENSES
Office—100 Queen Street East, Acton, Ont.

MECHANIC
W. H. HARRISTON
Office—100 Queen Street East, Acton, Ont.

You Are Particularly INVITED

To see the collection of Watches, Clocks, All kinds of Jewellery, DIAMONDS, Brass Ware, Ebony Brushes, Mirrors and Brushes, Gold & Silver Mounted Umbrellas, Sterling Silver Goods.

Savage & Co.
JEWELLERS
Guelph Ont.

THANK YOU!

The People have shown that they appreciate our efforts to make our store not only Big in Size, but Big in Stock, Big in Service, Big in Brightness, Big in Everything that is connected with Successful Business.

We Thank You!

The BOND HARD A RE Co.
Limited
Retail Phone 97 - GUELPH

WE ARE SETTLED AGAIN
In our New Building, and have one of the Largest and Best Equipped Establishments of its kind in the Dominion.

A. D. Savage
Phone 627 - Guelph
"RIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE"

THE ULTIMATE VICTOR

The grocer stood in his little store; He had washed his windows and swept his floor. And he said "I wonder who'll make a row. On the coat of things this morning. No odds what's wrong, and no odds what's right. My load of silver is never light. For somebody comes in and wants to fight. On the coat of things each morning. "This white potato grew on a farm, It came in reach of a grocer's arm; He viewed the crop with intense alarm. And the price went up that morning. Two shipped, and sold and was shipped again— But my little store is a robber's den, From the way folks talk each evening. "These fresh-laid eggs, do you understand, Were bought and bargained for hand. And the price went up as the eggs went down. I am blamed for that this morning. This flour, this sugar, this bag of wheat. They come by routes which made prices vault. But the flour that I am at fault. For the cost of things this morning. "The people rage and the papers yell, The reformers shout and the voters growl. And the reformer's face wears a bitter smile. When he orders things each morning. Producer, railroad and middleman, Each makes the product pay all its cost. And folks put me in the roasting pan. For the cost of things this morning. "Select Family Reading

THE OBTUSING THAT WAS HARD

"There, that's done." Clifford snapped about his English history text, and laid it on the table with his Latin grammar, then with a sigh picked up his algebra. "If only algebra was as plain to me as history and Latin, I'd get along easy," he reflected. "But whatever I get in mathematics I have to dig for, and dig hard. I wonder if it's worth while. He made a grimace of dissatisfaction as he opened his algebra and began to wrestle with the b, h, and x, y, z's that marched through its problems. He was in a frame of mind to sympathize with the boy who answered in examination, "Algebra symbols are used when you don't know what you're talking about." Clifford had been struggling with the algebra lesson for half an hour when a well known whistle sounded outside, and throwing down his book, he went to the door to find Jack (John) waiting by the gate. "Come on out, Cliff. It's a fine night to go canoeing." "Can't! I've got my algebra lesson yet, and you know as well as I do that I'll be called on to recite to-morrow. I haven't been on the floor for three days now, and I can't escape another day. So there's nothing for me to do tonight but dig." "Oh, come!" laughed Jack. "You take it too hard, Cliff. Come along, and when we get back I'll stop in at the house and get you my algebra key. That'll fix you all right. It has all the problems worked out for you." "All the problems worked out for you?" "Can anybody do one?" "They're not very easy to get, but maybe I can manage it. I got mine from a fellow I know who works for one of the book companies down town, and I'll see if he will get one for you." "That is how it happened that two or three days later Clifford was supplied with a key to his algebra problems, and read it over the night before he went to the school with the key. He was with the a, b, c, and x, y, z. Clifford would have been surprised to find a "pony" in connection with his Latin lesson, and there were times when he felt a bit uncomfortable at the thought of his algebra key. But he satisfied himself with the thought that it was his own affair, and if there was anything dishonest about it, he was cheating himself and not his teacher. "I don't know how I'll use this key of mathematics after I get to work, but it's an argument, and if I'm satisfied, I don't know why anybody else should complain." And so he made his way through algebra and geometry with as little effort as possible. After he and Jack graduated from high school, they saw little of each other for two or three years, for Jack found a position that kept him out of town a good deal of the time. One evening Jack came face to face with an imposing looking building, and laughed as he read the name over the entrance. "I say, Cliff," he was greeting, "have you got through going to school yet?" "What are you studying now?" "You'll never guess," was the amused answer, "so I'll tell you. Algebra and geometry. And if I thought I had a really good case against you, I'd pitch into you here and now and pounce you for introducing me to that algebra key. I know that I didn't have to use it, though, even if you did introduce me, so I'll let you off this time." "Algebra and geometry! Well, that certainly is a joke on you, Cliff! What line are you in? All right, now, you think you wouldn't need anything in mathematics so fancy as algebra." "I'm studying architectural engineering," was Clifford's answer, "and when I get to work I'll need something more fancy than plain arithmetic. I work all day in the office and go to school three nights in the week, and I tell you, Jack, it's no joke. And when I think that I could have had my algebra and geometry without any trouble if I had been willing to do a little hard work, I say uncomplimentary things to myself. Everything else came easy to me, and I wasn't willing to work for the one thing that was hard." "No, I haven't yielded it up against you, Jack, for I was a willing victim. But if you come across another fellow who wants to get along by using a key to tell him the way to do it, I'll depend on hard digging. It will pay him a lot better in the long run." "Here are some riddles with which to puzzle your friends!" "What gives a cold, cures a cold and pays the doctor's bill?—A draft. (laughter.) "What relation is a doorman to a doorman?—A doorman's wife." "What are the most uncomplimentary things in the country?—Mile stones for you never see two together. "Why is a pretty girl like a locomotive?—Because she pulls the train. "Which travels slower, heat or cold?—Cold, you can catch it. "Why is a cat playing with his tail like a horse?—Because he makes both ends meet. "Why is a baker very improvident?—He is continually selling what he kneads himself. "Spell essay in three letters.—N. M. "When is coffee like the earth?—When it's ground. "What is sharper than a razor?—Its edge. "Why is a politician like a book?—Because he has a cover. "Why does a doorman eat thistles?—Because he's an ass. "Why is a joke like a candle?—Because the longer it burns the less it shines." "I'll give you a riddle," answered the man. "I never eat pork and beans." "Dinner is over, then, sir," said the waiter as he hurried away.

THE TRAINING THAT PAYS

The football season was over, and the time was at hand when every boy in the school had played. Half a dozen of the boys that were on the team were talking over the story of their triumph on Saturday afternoon in the little room in the church which they had fitted up for the use of the Okeana Club. "I tell you, fellows," declared Harry Langford earnestly, "we need to take too much credit to ourselves. It was old Langley Lawson's training that does it, positive and negative. You need a good team work, not let up when we were winning right along, no cigarettes, no wine, no overeating, no late hours for you're truly—that's what did the business!" "Why! but some of the fellows have made up for it since the season was over," said Charley Watson, "and I think I won't be quite so strict myself for a bit." "Why not?" It was the deep, clear-toned voice of Oscar Brown, the big six-footed man of the team, that asked the question. "Oh, just for a little fun," laughed Charley. "Oscar straightened himself up the time and, pointing a big finger at Charley, he continued: "Charley Watson, stand up! Stand up straight on both feet!" Charley obeyed with a grin. "Now take that!" approved Oscar. "Now take an account of debt. There you are, take a whole lot of breath—what could you do six months ago when we began training? Feel your lungs, thump yourself all over, and compare yourselves with what you were last summer. Did it pay, now, that training?" "You can make a note that it did," answered Charley emphatically. "Well, then," continued Oscar, "drawing himself up to his full six feet, "what are you going to quit it for?" "Oh," laughed Charley, "I don't know that I am, for good and all, but—"

THE MARCH OF CHELSEA

One day Carlyle was walking with a friend near the Marble Arch end of Hyde Park and had stopped to listen to the question of the franchise. Suddenly a rough haw worthy detached himself from a group and without word of greeting or other preamble addressed himself to Carlyle in a broad Annapolis accent. "Well, now, ye'll be Tam, Carlyle frae Kilmichael?" The great man nodded, his eyes twinkling. "An' ye do, ye the Sage o' Chelsea?" "They do, pair boddies! (this in the same vernacular.) "Weel," said the man scornfully, "ye've heard of the word apply in connection wi' a barrel o' iron, but never afore with a self-respecting man!" "One of the most cheering, joyful thoughts in that success will come to all who live true to the highest, ideal, Lowell declares:— "And for success I ask no more than this: To bear unflinching witness to the truth. All who men succeed for what is worth Success's name unless it be thought, Although it be the gallows or the block." "The only falsehood that doth ever prosper, is the one that is told to the world." "These outward shows of glad to bolster up."

SOME DISTINCTION

Private Secretary—"I want enough salary to pay for my hat and my coat." "R. H. President—"What you ask is impossible, but I'll give you enough money to marry you."

HARD LUCK

Alfred—"Your wife has a private fortune." "Friend Parker—"Very private! I've never positively been acquainted with it."

BROWN'S NURSERIES

Are famous for their fine Peach, Apple, Plum and Cherry trees. They have the best nursery soil in Canada and are the largest growers of trees in the Dominion. All trees are guaranteed to be true to name and to be in full bearing when planted. They have a large stock of plants and trees for sale at all times. They also have a large stock of plants and trees for sale at all times. They also have a large stock of plants and trees for sale at all times.

Green Grocer

AND FRUIT MERCHANT
E. K. COOK
Is receiving daily Fresh Vegetables and Fruits and sells them at reasonable prices.
FOREIGN FRUITS A SPECIALTY
FRESH FISH TUESDAYS & FRIDAYS
TRY OUR FISHMAN HANDS
GUELPH DELIVERED
MILL STREET ACTON

AGENT WANTED

For Acton "The Old Reliable" FORTNELL'S NURSERIES
Under new management for spring delivery. 1000 Plants for sale. We have a large stock of plants and trees for sale at all times. They also have a large stock of plants and trees for sale at all times.

Waters Bros.

Guelph
HEADQUARTERS FOR
O. A. C.
AND
School Supplies
FOR
NATURE STUDY
BOTANICAL
DRAWING
PAINTING
41 Wyndham Street
Phone 350

PAPER MAKERS

BOOK, NEWS AND COLORED PAPERS
BARBER PAPER & COATING MILLS LIMITED
GROHSTOWN - ONTARIO

EDUCATION FOR SUCCESS

A Large Business Office in a Great Ontario City has determined to give instruction in the art of selling. The course is a practical one, and is designed to give the student a thorough knowledge of the art of selling. The course is a practical one, and is designed to give the student a thorough knowledge of the art of selling. The course is a practical one, and is designed to give the student a thorough knowledge of the art of selling.

What Will This Year Bring You?

WHY NOT A PIANO?
Certainly there is nothing you could buy that would give you as much enjoyment. A piano adds a touch of refinement to any home and there is no excuse why your home should be without one when you can buy such really good instruments on such easy terms as we are willing to make.

"Ole Bell"

Is the Piano of to-day and to-morrow. Not only is the tone rich and full, touch sensitive, case beautiful, but it has many individual features which mark "Ole Bell" Canada's leading Piano.

The Flour & Feed Store

We beg to thank our many friends and customers for their patience and patronage during the removal and alterations in the Feed Store and to invite all to visit the new site and inspect the improvements. We solicit your continued patronage and promise as prompt service as possible.

R. NOBLE

MERCHANT MILLER
N. F. Moore - Manager

ACTON LIVERY

BUS LING
A comfortable bus meets all the requirements of the public, and informs them that well equipped and comfortable buses can always be secured at the stable.

Fall & Winter SHOES

Take your shoes from our superb stock when you have no more shapes and sizes. Take a look at the shoes in our window and get acquainted with the new styles. In our windows we can show but a few of our latest, but those shown will give you an idea of what our stock is like. We now have a large assortment of high grade shoes.

The Call that Came to Harold

BY MARK DRACON HANSON
SHORTLY after Harold Winterbottom was graduated from High School, he found employment in the law shop of Clarke & Stewart. Mr. Clarke engaged Harold when the latter presented himself on a certain Monday morning in August, stating that Professor David, of the Washington High School, had sent him in answer to the firm's request for a boy.

MANY JOHN COLLINGS

In the long quarrel between the two Kingston girls (Miss Richard Cartwright and Miss John A. Macdonald), it is often forgotten that Cartwright was by no means always the aggressor. The difference was that whereas Macdonald poured out flouts and jeers with a twinkle in the eye, and a jaunty tone of the head, and would banter perfectly willing next day to swap stories or have a drink with the antagonist of the night before, Cartwright blazed through his teeth, with more than a touch of Berenice. Yet his most famous quip was usually good-natured. A certain J. Collins, who had written a biography of Mr. John, had received as part of his reward, some work in a Government office, and the matter was brought up in the House. "It is a happy occasion," said Sir Richard, "and a well-merited one." "And a well-merited one," said Sir Richard, "and a well-merited one."

PERMITS RIDDLES

Here are some riddles with which to puzzle your friends!
"What gives a cold, cures a cold and pays the doctor's bill?—A draft. (laughter.) "What relation is a doorman to a doorman?—A doorman's wife." "What are the most uncomplimentary things in the country?—Mile stones for you never see two together. "Why is a pretty girl like a locomotive?—Because she pulls the train. "Which travels slower, heat or cold?—Cold, you can catch it. "Why is a cat playing with his tail like a horse?—Because he makes both ends meet. "Why is a baker very improvident?—He is continually selling what he kneads himself. "Spell essay in three letters.—N. M. "When is coffee like the earth?—When it's ground. "What is sharper than a razor?—Its edge. "Why is a politician like a book?—Because he has a cover. "Why does a doorman eat thistles?—Because he's an ass. "Why is a joke like a candle?—Because the longer it burns the less it shines."

MEMOR'S CHOICE

An Eastern man who was on a business trip through the West stopped at the small hotel in a country town one day. He entered the dining room and was shown to a table by a waiter. "Will you have some pork and beans, or would you prefer to be brought the customary glass of water." "No, I don't care for them," answered the man. "I never eat pork and beans." "Dinner is over, then, sir," said the waiter as he hurried away.

W. WILLIAMS

"The Home of Good Shoes"
Mill Street Acton

THE ULTIMATE VICTOR

The grocer stood in his little store; He had washed his windows and swept his floor. And he said "I wonder who'll make a row. On the coat of things this morning. No odds what's wrong, and no odds what's right. My load of silver is never light. For somebody comes in and wants to fight. On the coat of things each morning. "This white potato grew on a farm, It came in reach of a grocer's arm; He viewed the crop with intense alarm. And the price went up that morning. Two shipped, and sold and was shipped again— But my little store is a robber's den, From the way folks talk each evening. "These fresh-laid eggs, do you understand, Were bought and bargained for hand. And the price went up as the eggs went down. I am blamed for that this morning. This flour, this sugar, this bag of wheat. They come by routes which made prices vault. But the flour that I am at fault. For the cost of things this morning. "The people rage and the papers yell, The reformers shout and the voters growl. And the reformer's face wears a bitter smile. When he orders things each morning. Producer, railroad and middleman, Each makes the product pay all its cost. And folks put me in the roasting pan. For the cost of things this morning. "Select Family Reading

THE OBTUSING THAT WAS HARD

"There, that's done." Clifford snapped about his English history text, and laid it on the table with his Latin grammar, then with a sigh picked up his algebra. "If only algebra was as plain to me as history and Latin, I'd get along easy," he reflected. "But whatever I get in mathematics I have to dig for, and dig hard. I wonder if it's worth while. He made a grimace of dissatisfaction as he opened his algebra and began to wrestle with the b, h, and x, y, z's that marched through its problems. He was in a frame of mind to sympathize with the boy who answered in examination, "Algebra symbols are used when you don't know what you're talking about." Clifford had been struggling with the algebra lesson for half an hour when a well known whistle sounded outside, and throwing down his book, he went to the door to find Jack (John) waiting by the gate. "Come on out, Cliff. It's a fine night to go canoeing." "Can't! I've got my algebra lesson yet, and you know as well as I do that I'll be called on to recite to-morrow. I haven't been on the floor for three days now, and I can't escape another day. So there's nothing for me to do tonight but dig." "Oh, come!" laughed Jack. "You take it too hard, Cliff. Come along, and when we get back I'll stop in at the house and get you my algebra key. That'll fix you all right. It has all the problems worked out for you." "All the problems worked out for you?" "Can anybody do one?" "They're not very easy to get, but maybe I can manage it. I got mine from a fellow I know who works for one of the book companies down town, and I'll see if he will get one for you." "That is how it happened that two or three days later Clifford was supplied with a key to his algebra problems, and read it over the night before he went to the school with the key. He was with the a, b, c, and x, y, z. Clifford would have been surprised to find a "pony" in connection with his Latin lesson, and there were times when he felt a bit uncomfortable at the thought of his algebra key. But he satisfied himself with the thought that it was his own affair, and if there was anything dishonest about it, he was cheating himself and not his teacher. "I don't know how I'll use this key of mathematics after I get to work, but it's an argument, and if I'm satisfied, I don't know why anybody else should complain." And so he made his way through algebra and geometry with as little effort as possible. After he and Jack graduated from high school, they saw little of each other for two or three years, for Jack found a position that kept him out of town a good deal of the time. One evening Jack came face to face with an imposing looking building, and laughed as he read the name over the entrance. "I say, Cliff," he was greeting, "have you got through going to school yet?" "What are you studying now?" "You'll never guess," was the amused answer, "so I'll tell you. Algebra and geometry. And if I thought I had a really good case against you, I'd pitch into you here and now and pounce you for introducing me to that algebra key. I know that I didn't have to use it, though, even if you did introduce me, so I'll let you off this time." "Algebra and geometry! Well, that certainly is a joke on you, Cliff! What line are you in? All right, now, you think you wouldn't need anything in mathematics so fancy as algebra." "I'm studying architectural engineering," was Clifford's answer, "and when I get to work I'll need something more fancy than plain arithmetic. I work all day in the office and go to school three nights in the week, and I tell you, Jack, it's no joke. And when I think that I could have had my algebra and geometry without any trouble if I had been willing to do a little hard work, I say uncomplimentary things to myself. Everything else came easy to me, and I wasn't willing to work for the one thing that was hard." "No, I haven't yielded it up against you, Jack, for I was a willing victim. But if you come across another fellow who wants to get along by using a key to tell him the way to do it, I'll depend on hard digging. It will pay him a lot better in the long run." "Here are some riddles with which to puzzle your friends!" "What gives a cold, cures a cold and pays the doctor's bill?—A draft. (laughter.) "What relation is a doorman to a doorman?—A doorman's wife." "What are the most uncomplimentary things in the country?—Mile stones for you never see two together. "Why is a pretty girl like a locomotive?—Because she pulls the train. "Which travels slower, heat or cold?—Cold, you can catch it. "Why is a cat playing with his tail like a horse?—Because he makes both ends meet. "Why is a baker very improvident?—He is continually selling what he kneads himself. "Spell essay in three letters.—N. M. "When is coffee like the earth?—When it's ground. "What is sharper than a razor?—Its edge. "Why is a politician like a book?—Because he has a cover. "Why does a doorman eat thistles?—Because he's an ass. "Why is a joke like a candle?—Because the longer it burns the less it shines."

THE TRAINING THAT PAYS

The football season was over, and the time was at hand when every boy in the school had played. Half a dozen of the boys that were on the team were talking over the story of their triumph on Saturday afternoon in the little room in the church which they had fitted up for the use of the Okeana Club. "I tell you, fellows," declared Harry Langford earnestly, "we need to take too much credit to ourselves. It was old Langley Lawson's training that does it, positive and negative. You need a good team work, not let up when we were winning right along, no cigarettes, no wine, no overeating, no late hours for you're truly—that's what did the business!" "Why! but some of the fellows have made up for it since the season was over," said Charley Watson, "and I think I won't be quite so strict myself for a bit." "Why not?" It was the deep, clear-toned voice of Oscar Brown, the big six-footed man of the team, that asked the question. "Oh, just for a little fun," laughed Charley. "Oscar straightened himself up the time and, pointing a big finger at Charley, he continued: "Charley Watson, stand up! Stand up straight on both feet!" Charley obeyed with a grin. "Now take that!" approved Oscar. "Now take an account of debt. There you are, take a whole lot of breath—what could you do six months ago when we began training? Feel your lungs, thump yourself all over, and compare yourselves with what you were last summer. Did it pay, now, that training?" "You can make a note that it did," answered Charley emphatically. "Well, then," continued Oscar, "drawing himself up to his full six feet, "what are you going to quit it for?" "Oh," laughed Charley, "I don't know that I am, for good and all, but—"

THE MARCH OF CHELSEA

One day Carlyle was walking with a friend near the Marble Arch end of Hyde Park and had stopped to listen to the question of the franchise. Suddenly a rough haw worthy detached himself from a group and without word of greeting or other preamble addressed himself to Carlyle in a broad Annapolis accent. "Well, now, ye'll be Tam, Carlyle frae Kilmichael?" The great man nodded, his eyes twinkling. "An' ye do, ye the Sage o' Chelsea?" "They do, pair boddies! (this in the same vernacular.) "Weel," said the man scornfully, "ye've heard of the word apply in connection wi' a barrel o' iron, but never afore with a self-respecting man!" "One of the most cheering, joyful thoughts in that success will come to all who live true to the highest, ideal, Lowell declares:— "And for success I ask no more than this: To bear unflinching witness to the truth. All who men succeed for what is worth Success's name unless it be thought, Although it be the gallows or the block." "The only falsehood that doth ever prosper, is the one that is told to the world." "These outward shows of glad to bolster up."

SOME DISTINCTION

Private Secretary—"I want enough salary to pay for my hat and my coat." "R. H. President—"What you ask is impossible, but I'll give you enough money to marry you."

HARD LUCK

Alfred—"Your wife has a private fortune." "Friend Parker—"Very private! I've never positively been acquainted with it."