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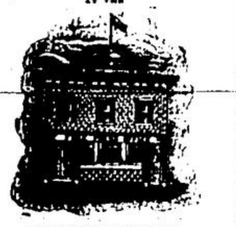

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All accounts collected monthly.

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Hardware, Paints, and Oils, Roofing and Siding, Cement and Mortar Stain, Tools and Mill Supplies, Linoleum, Oilcloth and Matting.

"We Have What You Want"

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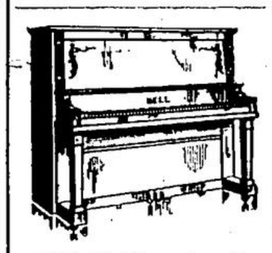

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JOHN WILLIAMS
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Fall & Winter
SHOES

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 shown 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.

TOWSER

I don't care for fishin' now.
Since Towser's gone.
Keep thinkin' how we'd dig for bait
Over by the garden gate,
But now I have to dig alone,—
Because he's gone.

'N I don't want to swim no more
Since Towser's gone
He allus tried t' swim with me,
The ev'ry man'n no dog could swim like he
Could swim 'nd dive,
But now he's gone.

'N I just hate t' get the cows
Since Towser's gone,
A great big lump come in my throat,
'Nd it don't matter how I choke,
For it just stays,—
Now Towser's gone.

'N' when I go to bed at night,
Since Towser's gone,
Somehow I get thinking too,
Of all them things we used to do,
An' O, how I just wish 'nd wish
He hadn't gone!

—Ada L. Below.

Select Family Reading

The Heroism of Mary Ann

BY GERTRUDE LEASON

THE big can of gasoline for use in the automobile had been set in the back yard just about the time Mrs. Carroll was ready to leave the house. She stood in the doorway, regarding it anxiously, while Mary Ann looked her over with admiration. What the Louvre is to picture lovers, Mrs. Carroll was to Mary Ann. She was proud to think she had washed and ironed the white dress Mrs. Carroll wore. It was almost like helping to paint a picture.

"I hate to leave all that gasoline out in the yard," sighed Mrs. Carroll. For all that she could look like a picture on occasion, she was a very practical little lady and a very anxious mother. "you'll be careful about it, won't you, Mary Ann?"

"Sure, I will that. But what can it do, anyhow?" demanded Mary Ann, eyeing the big can with interest. In her opinion it looked very harmless.

"Why it might explode, Mary Ann. If fire were brought near it, you know. And then the house might blow up and the children too." Mrs. Carroll actually turned pale as she enumerated the possible disasters which might result from bringing fire near this innocent looking can.

"To think, now, 'twould be that wicked!" exclaimed Mary Ann, much impressed. "I'll see that no fire gets near it, ma'am."

Mrs. Carroll having reached the front door, came back for a last caution. A young mother leaving the two loveliest children in the world in the care of an incompetent little Irish girl is likely to find a good many last words that need saying.

"Mary Ann, I expect to be home about ten o'clock. But when one is in an automobile one cannot be exactly sure. If I am not here by ten you may go to bed, if you are certain you will hear the children if they should cry."

"I will that, ma'am," said Mary Ann as solemnly as if she were taking her oath in court, and Mrs. Carroll believed her. For though this little maid was ignorant and inexperienced she had one quality which is not always found in high priced "help." She was faithfulness itself. Next to Mrs. Carroll she loved the Carroll children, blue-eyed Frank and baby Ethel. She would have given her life before she would let harm come to them, while under her charge. And though she said nothing of all this, there was a ring in her voice as she answered Mrs. Carroll, which sent that little, lady away quite at ease.

The rest of the day passed very quietly at the Carroll cottage—a very modest cottage in spite of the automobile. This was supplied Mr. Carroll by his employers, and as a rule was used strictly for business. To-night was to be an exception, for the Carrolls had been invited to the house of some friends living in the country some twenty miles out, and they had resolved to make their gala time still more festive by enjoying a long ride in addition. Little Frank was old enough to inquire frequently as to the whereabouts of his mother, but he was fond of Mary Ann, and when supper time came, ate his bread and butter without a whimper. At half past seven both children went to sleep.

Mary Ann sat down in the kitchen to write to her mother in Ireland. Her mother could not read it, to be sure, but someone would read it to her. It had been very hard on the mother having her baby go away from home. And it had been hard on Mary Ann, too. In spite of her big, well-developed body she was only sixteen.

In twenty minutes Mary Ann had written half a page. Then she rose, feeling very hot and tired, and went to the door to cool off. And then with a cry of dismay, she seized a dish towel and ran into the back yard shrieking, "Get out of this and bad cess to ye."

All around the can of gasoline were little flitting lights, as if fairy automobiles were taking an evening spin, each with his lamp lighted. To poor Mary Ann their little glowing lights were as dangerous as a shower of sparks. Brandishing her dish towel, she soon cleared a space about the can. But in spite of her effort, she could not drive the fireflies far. The air was alive with them.

A sudden thought turned Mary Ann cold. What if in spite of her vigilance one of those sparks should fall upon the can of gasoline, and the explosion of which her mistress had spoken should result. "There'd be nothing of me left at all, at all," said Mary Ann. She began to think of the old mother in Ireland. She thought how pleasant it was to be alive, and how many nice things the future might hold for her, of which she as yet knew nothing. For a moment she was terribly tempted to run.

"Bad cess to the folkes o' you, to think ye can scare me off," said Mary Ann in a shaking voice. "I'll stay till the mistress come, divil ye fear."

That was half past eight. In an hour and a half if all had gone well, Mary would have been relieved. But all did not go well. In fact there was a long time that the automobile did not go at all. And Mr. Carroll had taken off his coat, lain on his back in the road and screwed and unscrewed things, and had grown quite hot and angry without the least effect, and finally it was necessary to go to a farmhouse and wake up a farmer, to ask him if he might use the telephone. And when he had called up an automobile house in the city and asked that a machine be sent at once to tow them home, another long wait was necessary before the rescuer arrived.

Instead of getting home at ten o'clock, it was very nearly two in the morning when Mr. and Mrs. Carroll got in. Mrs. Carroll's first thought was for the children. She rushed to their cribs and found both sleeping peacefully, and she kissed them a good many times to make up for the long hours in which there had been no kisses at all, and then called Mr. Carroll in to see how sweet they looked.

Mr. Carroll came in and admired as enthusiastically as was to be expected from so sleepy a father. "Mary Ann has left the light burning in the kitchen," he remarked, after the first important duty had been disposed of.

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed Mrs. Carroll, indignantly. "And I'm trying so hard to keep this month's gas bill down." She hurried into the kitchen and there received another shock, for the outside door was open. And then through the quiet of the night, she heard a rather hoarse and weary voice raised in a defiant shout, "Kape off thim. Sure ye might as well go home, for ye'll divil git nearer as sure as my name's Mary Ann."

Mr. Carroll, summoned by his wife's call of alarm, came in haste. Together they investigated. Mary Ann was standing guard over the can of gasoline as she had stood for over five long hours, the longest hours Mary Ann had ever known. Her arm, almost paralyzed by the weariness, still flopped the dish towel. Her voice, hoarse with oft repeated warnings, still hurled defiance at the foes, threatening the safety of her charges.

"Kape away now. 'Twill be a bad day for the man that comes close, I'll tell ye that."

It was not the easiest thing in the world to persuade Mary Ann that there was not and never had been any danger. But when at last the idea was impressed upon her, and she crept wearily upstairs to bed, Mr. Carroll sat down upon the steps and laughed until the tears came. "After this," he declared, "the boy who stood on the burning deck isn't in it with Mary Ann."

"Don't laugh, dear," said Mrs. Carroll, gently. "Of course there wasn't any danger, but Mary Ann didn't know that. And it seems to me she's just as much of a heroine as if she had really risked her life defending our children.

LUKE McLUKE SAYS

The world is getting better. Male sopranos and side whiskers are getting scarce.

—Women are dyeing far more than they used to do, and the high cost of living is held responsible.

The spring hats are to be plain. But if a woman can afford a Bird of Paradise she is going to wear it, style or no style.

No woman can hold up her dignity when she has a busted corset garter.

Chickens and eggs all look good on the surface.

Every wife keeps her husband's old love letters to prove that he was insane when she married him.

Before marriage He insists that he is a Devil and she insists that he is a Saint. After marriage she insists that He is a Devil and He insists that He is a Saint.

Another reason for the high cost of living is that too many expert farm hands have gone into vaudeville.

No matter how mannish a suffragette tries to be, a bargain sale will always get her goat.

No woman ever drove a man to drink by keeping her mouth shut.

As a rule a man who has only one coat has enough dandruff for six coat collars.

A good fellow usually makes a bad husband.

Some women are so wrapped up in a Good Work that they haven't time to sew buttons on Hubby's clothes.

As a remedy for the divorce evil why not cut the words "love, honor and obey" out of the marriage ceremony and insert the word "support?"
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

KNEW A BULLY FROM A BULL

Once at Worcester, Eng., a case was tried about the soundness of a horse, in which a clergyman, not well versed in sporting matters, appeared as a witness. He was confused in giving his evidence, and a furious and bluntering barrister, who examined him, was at last tempted to exclaim: "Pray sir, do you know the difference between a horse and a cow?"

"I acknowledge my ignorance," replied the clergyman; "I hardly know the difference between a horse and a cow, or a bully from a bull, only a bull, I am told, has horns, and a bully," bowing respectfully to the barrister, "luckily for me, has none."

HOMELY HINTS

Always use soft water for washing purposes, when possible.

To keep a zinc-covered kitchen table bright, rub it occasionally with a cloth dipped in vinegar.

To take away the oily taste when using oil for frying, make the oil hot and then fry a piece of onion in it; when brown take it out.

To remove machine-oil stains, cover with lard for several hours and then wash with soap and water. When the lard is washed out the spots will have disappeared.

When darning stockings run a thread around each hole before beginning and draw until the edges lie flat. This makes the hole appear smaller and it will be easier to mend.

Pour scalding water over oranges that you wish to peel, and let them stand five minutes. The thick white skin that is usually so hard to remove will readily peel off with the outside peeling and the fruit will be ready to slice.

Tarnished silver is easily cleaned with powdered whiting mixed to a paste with ammonia and water.

Use chocolate creams for cake filling also place on top and then frost over all.

Frost cranberry pie instead of using an upper crust.

When a small hole appears in your umbrella, mend it with black court plaster. Never put umbrellas away damp.

If paint spots stick to window panes do not use a knife to loosen them. A cloth wet in hot vinegar will clean them perfectly.

In cold weather when it is so hard to keep the bread sponge warm enough to rise well, try making it up at night as warm as the yeast will allow and putting it in the fireless cooker or if you haven't a cooker, take a candy bucket, fill with fine hay, chaff or sawdust, leaving a hole in the middle for your vessel of sponge. Put your sponge in, put a cushion on top and throw a comforter over all and see how nice and light your sponge is next morning.

During the extremely cold weather if the clothes pins are put in a dripping pan and heated hot, the hanging out of clothes will be made much more comfortable. Do not carry out a full basket, or all the pins. A second trip will be more than repaid by the comfort.

Before cooking a ham take off all the "shaving," also the rind, and see how much nicer flavor your ham will be.

A bunch of coarse salt dropped in the trap of the kitchen sink will prevent the drain pipe from freezing over night.

Linings for cloths baskets insure the clothes being kept clean. These linings are of unbleached muslin, just the shape of the basket, and tied into place with tapes.

When hot clothes are needed, instead of wringing them out of boiling water, heat them in a steamer.

THE CURE

She was not an attractive girl in any way, and she knew it. She was restless and cross and unhappy and growing more unattractive in looks and manner as she became older. Then an aunt, visiting at her home after a long residence in a distant city, sized up the situation, and out of pity for both the girl and everybody with whom she came in contact undertook to prescribe the sure cure.

"Madeline, do you want to be a torment to yourself and everybody about you all your life?" was the blunt and astounding question she put to her niece one day.

"No, of course not," was the prompt and half frightened reply from the astonished girl.

"You'd rather be sweet and lovely and happy?" came the next question, and it brought a sincere affirmative this time. The aunt handed her a folded paper and smiled as she said, very kindly now: "Follow this magic prescription, and you will be what you want to be." And she was gone.

Medeline read: "Every time you want to frown, smile. Every time a cross thought comes, think a pleasant one. Every time something nice is done for you, do something nicer for some one else."

For a few minutes she was crosser than ever. Then common sense saved the day. She tried the cure, honestly, sincerely prayerfully; and to her lifelong joy, to say nothing of everybody else's, there was soon no happier, more attractive, more lovable girl in the place than she.—Onward.

AN OPENING FOR AN ANGEL

One of Oscar Hammerstein's scene painters came to him at the Hammerstein London Opera House one day when Hammerstein was in the midst of his difficulties and said:

"Oh Mr. Hammerstein, I have just painted a beautiful scene, a most exquisite scene!"

"What is it?" demanded Hammerstein.

"It is a sylvan dell—a most charming landscape!"

"Bah!" shouted Hammerstein, "and what do I want with a sylvan dell? Paint me a banker! Paint me a banker!"—The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

THE OLD MAN'S HINT

Mother (at 11.30 p. m.)—What's the matter, John? You look disturbed.

Father—I thought I would give that young man calling on our daughter a vigorous hint that it was time to go, so I walked right into the parlor and deliberately turned out the gas.

Mother—Oh my, and did he get angry?

Father—Angry? The young jacknapes said, "Thank you."—Boston Transcript.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, April 20th, 1893

Brown's saw mills started the season's cut on the 19th.

Councillor Havill is having the old frame building on his Mill Street lot removed, preparatory to erecting his new brick store.

—Mr. Thos. O. Moore has purchased from Mr. Thos. Easton the lot on Lake Avenue, next the pound. He will probably build there this summer.

Mr. Thos. Perryman, Sr., is excavating for the foundation for his new brick front on Mill Street. He will remove the residence on the corner to the rear of the building to be erected.

Rev. Wm. Smythe, of Clinton, preached the annual sermons in connection with the Educational Society of the Methodist Church on Sunday. The givings were in advance of those of last year.

At the Municipal Council Messrs. W. Turton and H. Jeans made request for a grant of $50 for the purchase of music and an instrument or two for Acton Citizens' Band. Messrs. W. P. Campbell and Wm. Edmiston presented a petition signed by about 100 ratepayers asking for a bridge over the stream and the opening of Brock Street from Main to Cook's survey. Both matters had to be left over for consideration.

In the Public School Board an account of $32.45 for blinds for the new school was passed and the secretary was instructed to order a 28 inch 225 lb. "Blymer" bell from the Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co.

Editor Pirie, of the Dundas Banner, thinks it absurd for Hamilton to call itself a city "when it has tall gates right within the city limits. It is a wonder that it doesn't do away with street lights and let the citizens carry lanterns."

Mrs. Abram Stauffer, of Buffalo, is visiting at the home of her son here.

Mr. Arch. McNabb attended the Grand Camp of Sons of Scotland at Guelph this week.

Mr. Wm. Brown and family have removed from Esquesing to their new home here.

Mr. Chas. H. Taylor and Miss Annie Taylor attended a wedding at Elmira last week, Miss Taylor acting as bridesmaid.

Rev. J. Edge preached Sunday School sermons at Clinton on Sunday night; addressed a service there on Monday evening and gave his lecture "Take Home the Things you Borrow," at Clifford on Tuesday evening.

Miss McGibbon, of Sarnia, who was visiting here at the home of her uncle, Mr. D. Henderson, M. P., was almost distracted at the news of the sudden death of her father, Mr. Finlay McGibbon, on Saturday. Mrs. Henderson accompanied her home, and Mr. Henderson followed by next train.

Mr. W. J. Nicklin, who some years ago served his time as a printer in the FREE PRESS office, died last week in Gloversville, N. Y. His sister, Mrs. I. Francis has been with her brother for about a month. Mr. E. B. Nicklin, of Stewarttown, and Mr. Francis went over for the funeral.

Mr. J. W. Husband and family have removed from Nassagaweya, to their new home in Exeter.

DIED

STAFFORD—In Esquesing, on April 15th, David, youngest son of John Stafford, aged 8 years, 5 months and 16 days.

MIDNIGHT RACE DOWN A MOUNTAIN

It was no ghost train which chased the first section of the East Line East down a mountain side and into Altoona, Pa., one midnight a quarter of a century ago.

Plenty of wind, rain and fog that night. Moreover the first section had left the Union Depot in Philadelphia half an hour late. It was mostly a train of baggage and express cars, but on the end were two day coaches. The sleepers were left for a second section.

There had been a landslide near Allegrippus and three delayed coal trains had been hurried up the mountain after the delay, so the first section of the East Line found six helper engines waiting to follow down the slope when it should have passed the top.

"You want to keep a move on," called out a helper engineer. "We're going to chase you down into Altoona yard ahead of the second section."

And the man at the express throttle laughed. The fast train was presently sliding down the mountain grade with the steam shut off. It was when the fog shifted off the patch of scenery lying between the two sides of the Horseshoe Bend that the engineer looked back and saw something at which he did not laugh.

Over across the valley a lone engine with headlight glaring and furnace door wide open, was thundering down the grade at terrific speed.

The express had been coasting under light brakes. Now the brakes were thrown off and steam crowded on. With a jerk and a jump the pursued train took on speed. Behind sounded the prolonged signal of an engine out of control. One of the helpers from the top of the hill had broken loose.

When the grade was passed and the express had clattered through the cut and out upon level ground the wild machine was a hundred yards behind.

In a moment more there was a crash, a thrill through the length of the East Line section, a pressure tremendous upon the vestibuled platform. Then the peril was over. The collision loosened the caught levers which had made the helper's engine helpless. Under control once more the big freighter stopped, panted heavily for breathing space, then slid away into the yards.

When a lawyer gets busy and works with a will he is almost sure to break it.

A man will never reach the top who is too lazy to move until he is pushed.

THE SUNNY STORY

A families of bunnies lived under a big stump,
They were merry and frisky and playful and plump;
All the evening they skipped by the light of the moon
And begged Mrs. Bunny to get dinner soon.
Mrs. Bunny brought onions and peas in the shell—
Where the tenderest radishes grew she knew well—
With a carrot or two on a cabbage leaf plate,
And the young bunnies chatted, and oh, how they ate!
They had napkins of lettuce leaves tucked snugly in,
That covered them up from their toes to their chin;
They nibbled the good things, and, wondrous to state,
They also devoured both their napkins and plate!
Said Mrs. Bunny: "Housekeeping I find,
Is a thing I can truthfully say I don't mind,
For my work is so light and my duties so few,
With no napkins to wash and no dishes to do."

—Selected.

GEORGE WON'T BE LONESOME WHILE HIS WIFE IS AWAY

"George!"

"Yes."

"Are you sure that you can make your bed?"

"Oh, yes, there's nothing to that."

"All right. And you can get your own breakfast? I ordered everything."

"Yes dear, I'll get my own breakfast."

"Now, promise me one thing, you'll wash the dishes, won't you? Don't pile the dishes in the sink."

"All right, I'll wash them."

"And be sure and close all the windows before you go away in the morning. It may rain, you know."

"Yes."

"And give the canary his bath every day."

"Aha."

"And water the rubber plant."

"Hm."

"And sweep the kitchen floor now and then."

"All right."

"O, yes, and be sure you don't forget to put out the milk bottles every night."

"I won't."

"O George, I owe the baker sixty cents. Drop in and pay that some day."

"I will if I think of it."

"But you must think of it. I promised him that he would get it last Monday."

"All right."

"And don't forget to feed the cat."

"No."

"And remember the pan under the ice box has to be emptied twice every day."

"Twice a day for the pan."

"And whatever you do, when you take a bath don't go away and leave the heater going."

"I won't."

"Put the laundry on the back steps every Tuesday."

"All right."

"Now, dear, kiss me good-bye. The train is about to leave. You won't be lonely, dear, will you?"

"No, my dear, it doesn't look as though I will."

OFTEN THE GATEWAY INTO SUCCESS

A successful man once said that he found his opportunity washing the windows in the store where he was employed. Young people are very likely to think of opportunity as making a dramatic entrance, flashing on the view in brilliant array. Instead it may come to your door as humbly as a street pedlar, and in as poor a guise. The chance to show yourself reliable, painstaking and efficient may come through very ordinary work, but such a chance is often the gateway into splendid success.

ROOM FOR A LAUGH EACH DAY

It is an unusual day that has not room for a good laugh in it. The hour which affords no opportunity for an uplifting thought is an anomaly among its brothers and sisters. And when the hours go by, and you see no chance for doing a little kindness to somebody it is pretty plain that you need a pair of spectacles.

DOING A THING BY HALVES

Nothing is worth doing by halves. If it is worth attempting, put some earnestness into it, so as to make it splendidly successful, and if not worth whole-hearted effort, leave it strictly alone. To do a thing by halves is an insult to the enterprise that is worth while, and to attempt anything into which you cannot put your heart is an insult to yourself.

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.