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All accounts collected monthly.

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We carry a large stock of fine diamond Rings, Brooches, Tie Pins, etc.

Our prices are moderate quality considered.

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Established 1846
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Neilson's Ice Cream and Soft drinks of all kinds served at our parlors and lawn.

Confectionery, nuts, etc. Fry's Chocolates always in stock.

Willow St. - Acton

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Is being recruited from the trained workers. It is the boy or girl without training that grows up a dependent, incompetent man or woman. Opportunity knocks at your door in vain, if not promptly welcomed with trained ability.

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BREAD - CAKES
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Best lines

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When You Want Woodenware Call at the Bond Store

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THAT ORGAN
Now

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These can only be had from

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Planing Mills

ARE you thinking of making a change in the arrangement of rooms in your residence, as the time for annual house-cleaning arrives?

Does it require repairs to plaster? If so, we have in stock Patent Hard Wall Plaster in sacks. This only requires the adding of water to make it ready to apply.

How about renewing the old pine floors with ¾ in. hardwood, making them sanitary and up-to-the-minute in styles? We have this flooring in Oak, Birch and Maple.

A Full Line of Building Supplies now in our Yards

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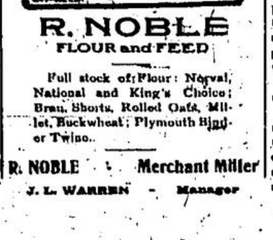
Contractor
Acton - Georgetown



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R. NOBLE - Merchant Miller
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Poetry.

THE DUEL

Blow low, blow low! The wild roses spread
Her petals to the sun
And thirstily he drained all
Her dew-cups, one by one.
Blow low, blow low, that none may know
What may be told to none!

Blow low, blow low! O whisp'ring breeze,
When vagrant on the lea
You gently touched her smiling lips.
You heard them swear to me.—
Blow low, blow low, that none may know
How frail an oath may be!

Blow low, blow low! Last night she wore,
His rose within her hair,
She wore a red rose on her breast—
His hand had placed it there!
Blow low, blow low, that none may know
Her smile and my despare!

Blow low, blow low! O gentle breeze,
The dawn had scarcely shone
Ere he and I stood, cold with hate,
Where now I stood alone.
Blow low, blow low, that none may know
How hate has claimed her own!

Blow low, blow low! The wild rose sheds
Her fragrant petals wide,
For, when the sun had drained her heart,
She drooped her head and died.
Blow low, blow low, that none may know
The death that death would hide!

—Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.

Select Family Reading

His Obligations

Mary A. P. Stansbury

IT WAS an afternoon of mid July, and suffocatingly hot as became that torrid season. The morning-glories clambering up the pillars of the porch had long since hung their heads, and over the lawn little shimmering waves of heat danced in the sunlight. Even the birds seemed asleep in the branches, an occasional low chirp sounding like the babble of dreams. Dandy, the curley cocker-spaniel, had discarded his beloved cushion and lay stretched uncomfortably upon the hardwood floor, uttering at intervals, a profound sigh as he vainly sought relief by change of position.

It was a day tempting to idle reclining in some shadily swung hammock with the latest "best seller" or the newest magazine for companionship, but a rhythmic thud-thud from the Maynard kitchen indicated a quite different sort of occupation for the elder daughter of the house.

Elsie Maynard would doubtless have declared that she "looked like a fright," but one peering through the open door might have expressed another opinion. The sweet face, bending over the ironing table was flushed, indeed, but the blue eyes under the dark lashes were deep and clear, and the damp gold-brown hair curled and crinkled charmingly about the smooth forehead and pearly ears. She had turned back her print gown at the throat, and rolled her sleeves above the elbows, while the round arms wielded the heavy iron with a strength and grace unusual for one only lately familiar with such tasks.

The whistle of a locomotive and the near rush of the suburban train tore the stillness into shreds of discordant sound, and a look of anxious expectation stole into the girl's face. Again and again, within the next few minutes, she gazed down the street which led from the railway station. At length the figure of a tall, young fellow appeared in sight. He was walking very leisurely and the girl's face fell at the sight.

"How slowly he is coming!" she said aloud. "I wonder—oh, I wonder!"

But by the time he had reached the gate, she had forced the smile back to her lips.

"Hello, sis!" called her brother. "Where are you? Is supper ready yet?"

"Not quite, Tom dear, but it will be very soon. You see, I wasn't certain by which train to look for you."

"I hope you didn't expect me to stay in town any later on a day like this!" was the answer in a half-aggrieved tone. "It's positively unendurable! The walls and pavements fairly blaze! But, of course, out here you have no idea—" he stopped suddenly. "Ironing! Of all the crazy things! Couldn't you have found something a little hotter to make a martyr of yourself with?"

The deepening red on Elsie's cheeks was hardly due to heightened temperature. Without waiting for a reply her brother went on less satirically.

"It's a shame, puss! But we'll change that as soon as I get something to do."

Elsie looked up quickly with the heavy iron poised in her hand.

"Then you didn't take—"

"That place with Wood and Raymond? I should think not! Why, the absurd hours is enough to decide the question, even if there had been no other drawbacks, and there were plenty of them. I should be expected to be ready for duty at a quarter past seven, 'Fancy! That would mean getting you up in the small hours if I were to have any breakfast, and—"

"But, Tom dear, I wouldn't have minded."

"Well, I should! And I'm by no means willing to get up at such an unearthly time either. Then, the requirements were anything but desirable. It appeared that I was to be ready to dance attendance upon nearly everybody in the place. A regular menial position!"

"But, Tom—"

"There are no buts about it, Elsie! One would think that you wanted me to be somebody's slave!"

The boy spoke almost angrily.

"Oh, Tom! dear Tom, don't talk like that! You can't possibly think that I wish hardships for you. It's only that there has seemed to be something wrong about every position that has been considered, and—with father gone, dear mother so frail, and the twins to be taken care of—the need is so great! I don't understand, of course—I'm only a girl—but, Tom, are not all jobs hard at first?"

"Elsie," said Tom in a changed tone, "put down that horrid iron and let's talk this thing out. Of course, I'm not such a fool as not to know that we're all in a bad boat just at present, but I don't often put forward my own side of the case.

"It isn't a very small thing to be ready for college, entrance examinations all passed, even plans made for studying for a profession afterwards, and then have to give up everything—"

"Oh, Tom, I know—"

"Let me talk, Elsie! It has to be—I know that—and I've no intention of trying to get out of it. But if my life has to be changed through and through and all the things I've hoped for torn up by the roots, I do feel I should be allowed a little time to be able to choose my work without being thought unreasonable or lazy."

"Tom, I never said—"

"No, you never said, but you've thought all the same, and it just isn't fair to me. I'm keeping a keen lookout, but I don't know that I am blowing my own trumpet if I say that I think I'm fit for something a little higher up than a jack-of-all-work or an office-boy!"

"Forgive me, Tom. I never meant to hurt you. I am sure you want to do only what is right and best."

"Then we'll drop the subject, shall we, little sister, and think of something pleasanter? Just now that is supper. Hullo! here comes the twins!"

"And Edie will set the table for sister, while Ted brings a pitcher of fresh water," and Elsie turned hurriedly away, glad to hide her tell tale cheeks and misty eyes.

Three days later Tom Maynard, making his way along a thronged street in one of the business quarters of the city, noticed evidences of some unusual excitement at the entrance of a great department store. A mob of curious people were being exhorted by a stalwart policeman to "move on," while another, pushing through the press, half led and half carried a pale, disheveled girl to an ambulance in waiting at the curb.

At the same moment Tom caught sight of an elderly lady, whom he recognized as an old friend of his mother, hesitating upon the outer circle of the crowd as if fearful to attempt a passing. In a moment or two he had reached her side.

"Will you take my arm, Mrs. Hamilton?"

The lady's face lighted at sight of the tall, handsome lad.

"Yes, Tom, and thank you!" she answered warmly. "I am not so strong as once, and crowds frighten me. Fortune is kind to send me so gallant a squire. If you will help me to my car yonder, I shall be glad to take you wherever you are going and we can have a bit of visit by the way.

"The sight of that poor child has upset me dreadfully," she went on when they were comfortably seated in the tonneau.

"I did not understand what happened."

"It seems that there is a bargain sale to-day in the basement, and the press is terrific—women pushing and snatching like wild creatures. A floor walker explained to me that this girl lost her footing and was trampled. She fainted and her arm seems to be broken."

Tom uttered an exclamation.

"How can people behave like that?" he exclaimed.

"It is their frantic desire to get something for nothing, or at least for less than its real value," said Mrs. Hamilton. "And with all their mad struggle they have little success. Almost every so-called 'bargain,' when calmly examined at home, proves either damaged, soiled or imperfect enough to be worth no more than the reduced price paid for it. For my own part I distrust 'marked down' articles."

"I've heard my mother say the same thing."

"But if bargain sales were all it would not matter so much. The same point makes mischief elsewhere. People are wild for more than they are ready to work and wait for. They are unwilling to accept the principal of 'value received.' My husband says 'that when he was young'—you see we are both growing old enough to be fond of that phrase—what was wanted was a chance to work, but now it is the privilege of 'drawing wages.' It was the 'easy job' that used often to go begging but now nothing else seems good enough for anything but a 'dago.' But in the long run, he says it's 'nothing give, nothing have,' whether in time, labor or money. Possibly he is a little pessimistic, but you know, his business brings him into contact with all sorts of people.

"But I want to ask for your mother, Tom. I hope that she is improving."

"Thank you, Mrs. Hamilton. She seems a little stronger, we think."

"And your sister? Busy as a bee when I last saw her?"

"Elsie is mother's mainstay," Tom's face had sobered strangely. "It's I that am the ne'er-do-well, Mrs. Hamilton!" The words seemed forced from him without his will.

"Tom! Your mother tells a very different story!"

"I know—mothers are prejudiced. But it's been true all the same. It isn't be any longer. Mrs. Hamilton you have preached me a sermon without knowing it. I've wanted work, to be sure, but pleasant work, something that wouldn't soil my hands—a bargain job!

"I thank you more than I can tell for what you said, and now, if you will let your man set me down in the next block at Wood and Raymond's, I'll see if I can still have the chance I turned down the other day because I wasn't willing to pay the price of beginning at the foot of the ladder."

The lady's gentle eyes filled with tears as she took the boy's right hand in both her slender palms.

"Tom," she said, "I remember your father perfectly when he was no older than you. You are his image. No son of his could permanently shirk his obligations. I do not fear for you. With God's blessing you will honour his name and memory!"

"SOMEBODY'S GRANDFATHER"

Who does not love the boy who respects old age? Recently, in one of the waiting-rooms in the depot of a large city, there entered a bright-faced boy, leading by the arm a man with snow-white hair. The latter was old and trembling and looked around him almost fearfully.

The boy escorted him to a seat, placed the basket and bundle he had been carrying on the floor beside him, then with a word or two went away. He returned presently with a porter, to whom he spoke some words about the one sitting down. Then, with a hearty hand-shake accompanying a bright smile, he started in the direction of the door. A gentleman going out at the same time, who had witnessed the advent of the boy and the old man, said as the door was reached:

"Your grandfather, I suppose? Going on a journey?"

"Not mine, but somebody's grandfather," was the reply given with a little laugh. "Poor old gentleman! I found him on the corner as I was going to school. He'd lost his way to the depot and was all of a tremble. He's tremble. He's going to his daughter's in the suburbs. I wish I had had time to put him on his train, but I should have been late for school if I had waited, so I gave him into the porter's hands."

"That was very right and kind of you," the gentleman said with an appreciative look that made the hot blood surge to the boy's face, but the latter only said:

"Thank you, sir."

WHAT A BOY DID

Jamie Pettigrew was the smartest boy in the class. Willie Hunter was a real good fellow, too, and Willie and Jamie used to run neck and neck for the prizes. Either the one or the other was always at the top of the class.

Examination day came round, and we were asked such a lot of puzzling questions that, one by one, we all dropped off till, just as we expected the first prize lay between Jamie and Willie.

I shall never forget how astonished we were when question after question was answered by Willie, while Jamie was silent; and Willie took the prize.

I went home with Jamie that afternoon, for our roads lay together, but instead of being cast down at losing the prize, he seemed rather to be mightily glad. I couldn't understand it.

"Why, Jamie, 'you could have answered some of those questions; I know you could."

"Of course I could," he said with a light laugh.

"Then why didn't you?" I asked.

He wouldn't answer for a while, but I kept pressing and pressing him till he turned round with such a strange kind look in his bonnie brown eyes.

"Look here," he said, "how could I help it? There's poor Willie. His mother died last week; and if it had not been examination day, he would not have been at school. Do you think I was going to be so mean as to take a prize from a fellow who had just lost his mother?"

LOST—A BOY

Not kidnapped by bandits and hidden in a cave to weep and starve and rouse a nation to frenzied searching; if that were the case, one hundred thousand men would rise to the rescue if need be. Unfortunately the losing of the lad is without any dramatic excitement, though very sad and very real. The fact is, his father lost him. Being too busy to sit with him at the fireside and answer trivial questions during the years when fathers are the great and only heroes of boys, and let go his hold upon him. Yes, his mother lost him! Being much engrossed in her teas, dinners and club programmes, she let the maid hear the boy say his prayers and thus her grip slipped and the boy was lost to the home. Aye, his church lost him! Being so much occupied with sermons for the wise and elderly who pay the bills, and having good care for dignity the minister and elder were unmindful of the human feelings of the boy in the pew, and made no provision in sermon or song or manly sport for his boyishness, and so the church and many sad-hearted parents are now looking earnestly for the lost boy.

He must be found. He can be found—found just where those two careless but pious parents en route from Jerusalem found their boy: in that particular spot in the church where interested men were willing to meet him and answer in simple fashion the direct questions of his awakening manhood concerning the realities of life and duty. Here is where the lost boy will be found by men who are willing to look for him!—Men at Work.

Jealousy is the offspring of distrust.

Treat people kindly and you will find them easier to work.

Many a man has married in haste and paid alimony at leisure.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, August 3rd, 1893

A union pic-nic for the scholars of the Presbyterian and Methodist Sunday Schools is being arranged for the last week of August.

Messrs. Robertson Bros. and David Williamson have shipped a car or two of hay which goes to the English market.

There is too much whiskey business being done in the hotels of this town on Sunday. There is trouble in store for the sellers who thus persist in defying the law.

Mrs. Donald Campbell, one of the earliest settlers in Esquesing, died this week at the home of her nephew, Mr. Peter McLaren, in Puslinch.

Last week at the Salvation Army barracks, Capt. Jayiwanti L. Orchard gave an address on Salvation Army work in India.

The recent County Convention here of Young People's Societies has led to the formation of two new local societies in the Baptist and Disciples Churches. The Baptist young people have organized with twelve members, with these officers: Hon. Pres.—Rev. A. K. de St. Dalmas; Pres.—J. L. Warren; Vice-Pres.—Miss Susan Mann; Secretary—Miss Mabel Inmond; Cor. Sec.—Miss Barbara Warren; Treas.—Miss Kate Massies. The Disciples have eleven members, and their officers: Pres.—Robt. Stewart; Vice-Pres.—Lewis Orr; Secretary—Miss Bella Hill; Treasurer—Miss Aggie Tovell. There are now over a hundred members of the young peoples' societies in Acton churches.

A garden party was held last week in connection with Crewsons Corners Methodist Sunday School at the home of Mr. N. Forbes, Jr.

Sodom Presbyterian Church was reopened on Sunday. The church would not nearly hold the crowd that went to hear Rev. Mr. Neil in the morning, and was filled also at night.

Lightning struck and burned a sheaf of wheat in Mr. Dick's field, near Ashgrove, on Tuesday night. The sheaf was not far from the barn.

Rain was falling and the skies were black on Friday evening when the members of Acton Temperance Union, decorated with their neat badges, marched to the park for their pic-nic led by the band and accompanied by sympathising citizens. Between four and five hundred were present and the weather conditions were better than anticipated.

Mr. John Stewart, the leader of the men who marched from the Scotch Block, Esquesing, to assist Mackenzie in 1837 to capture the fortified seat of Government, died at Palatay, about a week ago, aged 85.

Rev. and Mrs. W. S. McTavish, B. D., of St. George, visited friends here this week.

Rev. C. A. Cook, of Bloomfield, N. J., is visiting at the home of his father Rev. R. B. Cook.

Mrs. Joseph Peters is visiting Acton friends prior to removing from Milton to Gloversville, N. Y.

Mrs. P. C. Maddock and children, of London, are at Postmaster Matthews'.

Miss Tena Blair, of Kilbride, is visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Strauser, of Milton, visited friends here this week.

Mrs. T. A. Swackhamer, of Hanover, visited friends in this vicinity this week.

Acton pupils who passed at the entrance examination: Mabel Grant, Will Gurney, John McGill, Nellie Kelly, James Tovell.

BORN

ALLAN—In Erie, on July 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. William Allan, a son.

BRYERS—In Toronto, on July 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred T. Bryers, a son.

MARRIED

STARR-VICKERMAN—At Campbellville, by Rev. J. W. Robinson, at the home of the bride's father, Samuel Singer, Esquesing, to Sarah Vickerman.

THE NEARSIGHTED ONE

"Yes, he was doing good work with us, and was on his way to a good and permanent position here, where he would have been better placed than most young fellows at his age. But he proved to be very near-sighted and so we had to let him go."

There was a moment of surprised silence from the listener, then:

"But surely that could have been remedied. Properly adjusted glasses would have corrected——" but the business man interrupted him with a kindly laugh.

"The glasses have not been invented to correct this kind of nearsightedness. I wish we could buy them. You see it was this way. He was working here in a rather humble way, but learning all the intricate ins and outs of this complicated business. All our men have begun in the same way. It is the only way that any one can ever hope to get into any of the higher places in this house. He was doing well; but another house offered him a little higher wages at once, yet with no prospect of reaching anything like what he would win here in a few years. He was nearsighted—he must have been—or he would not have taken the present slight advance at the expense of a future high position with us."

The question of success is not one that can be settled in a day or a year. The long look ahead is the wisest one, and if a nearby "raise obscures future advancement that could be won by waiting—by remaining with the work that gives the best training for the future—then there is a case of nearsightedness on hand that requires immediate attention.—Selected."

WISE DECISION

"What caused the rupture between you?"

"Oh, I told her I was unworthy of her, and she didn't seem disposed to argue it, so I decided that she didn't love me."

SMELLS FOR EVERY DAY

On Monday there's a sudsy smell,
Like soap and boiling clo'es;
On Tuesday there's a scorching smell,
From ironing, I suppose;
On Wednesday there's a smell of bread,
With little loaves for me;
On Thursday it sells very good,
When mother gets the tea;
On Friday there's the smell of dust
And polish for the floor,
Besides the stuff they use to shine,
The handle of the door;
On Saturday the smells are fine,
For that's the day we bake
All sorts of bread, and pie and things,
And yellow ginger cake;
But Sabbath has the strangest smells—
Sometimes it's like the pews,
And sometimes like the blackening
On Brother Harold's shoes.
It makes you feel so very still, the
Sabbath smell, and good;
You wouldn't run or climb a tree, not
even if you could.
Most every day has got a smell, some
good ones and some not.
The world is full of funny things, and
you can learn a lot!

—'Sunbeam.'

THE BALM OF SILENCE

The young woman beside whom Mrs. Lamson seated herself with a jounce smiled at the newcomer, but had no time to speak. "My land," said Mrs. Lamson, "if I wasn't thankful when I saw you as I came into this car! Thinks I, 'At least I'll have five minutes' peace'—that's all the time I ride in this car before I make my next change.

"It's perfectly ridiculous having to change, anyway, just to ride a few blocks. But goodness me! I've got my transfer, and I couldn't walk the distance, so I ought not to complain. My ankles won't bear me up on the sidewalks since I took on all this extra heft.

"The reason I was so glad to see you—of course I'm always glad—is because I've been riding with that Dobbs woman, and I declare I never heard such a talk in all my days! I couldn't get a word in edgewise. And if she said anything, 'twouldn't be so bad, but she doesn't. Just maunders on about the weather and her rheumatism.

"Now, we all know that the weather isn't anything we can help; we've just got to bear it, however bad 'tis, and as I tell Josiah, we've had a trial of our patience this year if ever we had. No spring, then jumping right into heat when we weren't ready. And rain! Well, there's no use dwelling on it as I say.

"And when you come to rheumatism it was real cheeky of her to tell me her symptoms,—that's what 'twas,—anybody that's endured what I have right in my own family! I wish you could see Josiah's knuckles. I tell him I don't see what he will do if they keep on. And he has it so in the back of his neck and his elbows. I've rubbed him and rubbed him till I've been about dead. And do you know, day before yesterday I had a sharp pain shoot right through my elbow, and I said to myself—Mercy, this is where I change! Good-by, dear! I'm really rested, just riding this little way with you. Good-by!"

HE IS MR. SHAW'S PARTNER NOW

"I knew a young man who commenced working at $10 a month. He was finally advanced to $50 a month and a little later he went to his employer and said: 'I think I ought to have an increase of salary.' His employer replied, 'No, you don't need an increase of salary. What you need is an increase of usefulness.' And then he went on to explain the opportunities that were before him. That man never asked for an increase of salary after that, but inside of twelve months he was getting, unasked, a hundred dollars a month. He is worth a very handsome fortune now. If his salary had been increased then, unearned, there would have been no fortune for him. What he needed was usefulness not salary. Salary takes care of itself as a rule."—Extract from Secretary Shaw's Speech in Philadelphia.

HOLY LAKE IS REFILLING

A quaint legend attaches to the tract of land about 15 acres in extent which has subsided in Westphalia, Germany. According to the old tale a convent stood on this wooded heath some centuries ago, and one night this building was suddenly swallowed up in a subsidence, which was followed by the formation of a lake to which was given the name of the Holy Lake. Gradually the waters dried up and finally disappeared, but even when the lake no longer existed the ground still bore the name of the Holy Lake. Now the lake has reappeared.

A sentimental girl is lost at a wedding without a dainty handkerchief.

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.