The Acton Free Press.

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All accounts collected monthly.

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Editor and Proprietor.

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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton apply left at the Free Press office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $300 and upwards.

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For the County of Wellington, Halton, Peel and Dufferin, and the city of Guelph.
Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Mimosa P. O., or Caledon telephone in residence in connection with the Bell, where arrangements as to dates and advertising can be made. Orders left at Free Press office or with W. J. Gordon, Harness Maker, Acton, will receive immediate attention. Special attention to sales in Acton and vicinity.
FARMS TO SELL ON HAND.

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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.
For terms, dates, etc., apply to Box 376, Guelph, or 17 Sydenham St., GUELPH, Ont. Telephone 187, Guelph.
Sales may be arranged at Free Press office, Acton.

The Old and Reliable Granite and Marble Dealers

WE are manufacturers and direct importers of all kinds of Monumental and Headstone work. We sell direct to our customers at whole sale prices, thus saving our customers 40 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only mechanics in the Dominion who can operate pneumatic tools properly. We can give references from hundreds of our customers in Toronto and other places, where others have to stand law suits in order to collect. We have the largest and best stock of Granite in the Dominion, or more than any three dealers in the West. We are legitimate dealers and employ no agents, and do not annoy or post squatters by sending out ignorant agents to solicit orders—we supply mechanics only and defy competition.

HAMILTON & SONS
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Savage & Co.
Established 1848
JEWELLERS - GUELPH

NOW ready for for the Christmas trade with the largest and best varied stock they ever had.

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WONDERLAND
Moving Picture Show

Owing to my opening a new Shop in Georgetown similar to the one I am conducting here on and after

Monday, December 1st

Wonderland will be open only three nights each week

Mondays, Fridays and Saturdays

Change of Pictures each and every night.

ADMISSION - - - 10c
CHILDREN (accompanied) - - 5c.
E. L. GREGORY, Proprietor

GOOD SALESMAN
WANTED

For every town and district where we are not represented.

Fruits are bringing high prices and Nursery Stock is in demand.

Make big money this Fall and Winter by taking an agency.

Experience not necessary. Free equipment. Exclusive territory. Highest commissions paid. Write for full particulars.

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"Foothill Nursery"
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—FOR THE—
Mechanic, Farmer, Gardener & Householder

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ALL OTHER SEASONABLE GOODS FOR HOME OR FARM

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Waters Bros.
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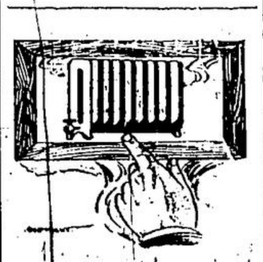

A Hot Point

is easily pointed out to you. Just have us instal your heating apparatus, and every "point" of your radiator will be a "hot point."

USE OUR PLUMBING on all jobs work, new or old, and you will be getting work that will last, and that you can recommend.

Good Plumbing done at Reasonable Prices.

STEVENSON & MALCOLM CO.
Plumbers, Steamfitters & Electricians
16 Wyndham St. - - Phone 145
GUELPH, ONT.

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More Stock
-More Display
-More Service
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This List Will Help You Cut it Out

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Sweeper Vacs	Ammunition
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Many other suitable lines for Christmas time.

It Will Pay You to Visit Us
Correspondence Invited

The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Retail Phone 97 - - GUELPH

Take Advantage
Of Special Rates to Guelph During Winter Fair Week-December 9th to 12th and have Your Eyes Properly Examined For Glasses

Best Equipped Optical Establishment in Western Ontario.

Fourteen Years' Experience in this most important work.

Lens Factory on the Premises.

SAVAGE— OPTOMETRIST OPTICIAN
"Right at the Post Office"
Phone 437K - - GUELPH

Music For

What is more appropriate or more appreciated at the Christmas season than good music or good musical instruments.

Kelly's take pride in the quality and reputation of instruments sold by them whether it is a small mouth organ or a beautiful full scale oak Bell Piano.

C. W. KELLY
133 Upper Wyndham St.
GUELPH - ONT.

THE JONES ENGRAVING Co
16 ADELAIDE ST. WEST
TORONTO CANADA

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS
PHOTOGRAPHS
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HILL'S BLOCK, ACTON

R. NOBLE
FLOUR and FEED

Flour
Norval, Pastry, King's Choice, Five Roses

Breakfast Foods
Rolled Wheat, Graham Flour, Wheatlets, Cracked Wheat, Rolled Oats, Oatmeal Cereal.

Bran, Shorts, Salt, Chopped and Rolled Oats.

Highest market price paid for all kinds of Grain.

J. L. WARREN - - Manager

Poetry.

WEARYIN' FOR YOU

Jest a-wearyin' for you,
All the time a-feelin' blue;
Wishin' for you, wondering when
You'll be coming home again;
Restless, don't know what to do,
Jest a-wearing for you.

Keep a-mopin' day by day,
Dull, in everybody's way.
Folks they smile and pass along
Wonderin' what on earth is wrong;
Wouldn't help 'em if they knew,
Jest a-wearin for you.

It ain't so lonesome, with your chair
Empty by the fireplace there;
Jest can't stand the sight of it;
Go outdoors and roam a bit,
But the woods is lonesome too,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Comes the wind with soft caress
Like the rustlin' of your dress;
Blossoms fallin' to the ground
Softly like your footsteps sound;
Violets like your eyes so blue,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Mornin' comes: the birds awake
(Used to sing so for your sake,)
But there's sadness in the notes
That come thrillin' from their throats!
Seems to feel your absence, too,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Evenin' falls; I miss you more—
When the dark gloom's in the door;
Seems just like you orter be
There to open it for me!
Latch goes tinkling, thrills me through
Gets me wearyin' for you.

Jest a-wearyin' for you!
All the time a-feelin' blue!
Wishin' for you, wondering when
You'll be coming home agen:
Restless, don't what to do,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

F. L. Staunton.

Select Family Reading

TRAVELLER'S JOY

By Mary Bowles Jarvis

BIG, bronzed and prosperous looking, yet with a strangely wistful expression in his dark eyes, Jack Westering stood under a bower of clematis, at the entrance to a Devon woodland. Behind him was the old school room, where Joyce Neale's father had painfully imparted all the education he had known as a boy. Brought up by his uncle on a small and impoverished farm near the moor, and left alone in the world at twenty-one, Jack had resolved to go out to Australia to seek his fortune. He was thirty-three now but he remembered vividly the autumn evening when he had stood here with Joyce, to say good-bye. There was no engagement between them, for Joyce's mother was ambitious for her only girl and frowned sternly upon their friendship. 'Give me a bit of Traveller's Joy, to go with me Joyce,' the young man had pleaded. "It is your flower, you know. I'll keep it always till I can bring it back to you, and ask for all the welcome you can give me." And Joyce, a slender girl of nineteen, with eyes of Devon blue and a heart of gold, had given him a feathery spray and then said good-bye hurriedly at an impatient call from her mother.

Jack had roughed it out in the bush for three years, and then with his hard won savings and the small nest-egg left by his uncle, he had pushed on to Tasmania, and bought a stretch of rich, uncultivated land. There, under sunny skies, he had cleared and planted fruit trees of the best, and built a charming bungalow where the view was finest. Already in that precocious climate his orchards were bearing, and he was taking his first holiday in ten years, with a well-lined pocket book.

But he was very lonely, and he looked down the woodland arches with bitterness in his heart. Years ago, when success had first seemed within his reach he had written to Joyce a simple, manly letter of love, enclosing the sprig of clematis, and offering to come back at once if she would send him one word of hope. And the only answer had been a curt letter from her mother, saying that Joyce was to be married in a week's time to the curate of the parish. From that day all the heart seemed gone from his work though he had toiled strenuously for forgetfulness.

Down the woodland path came an old woman bearing a bundle of broken sticks on her head.

In answer to his question she said, "The Neales? Law, no sir, they've been gone from here this five years. When Mr. Neale died sudden and things came to be looked into, there was next to nothing for Miss Joyce and her mother. They went to live down Combe way, and folks did say they were going to let lodgings. And that's a hard way to earn a living—got to most kill yourself to keep alive."

"Married, Miss Joyce? Not as ever I heard tell on. You knew 'em, maybe," gazing shrewdly at the stranger.

"Come to look at you, sir, you do favor young Master Westering, at the Moor Farm. Many's the day's work I have had there, stone picking and turnip hoeing. But he was a lean strip of a lad, and you do look the picture of robustness."

Jack Westering laughed more blithely than he had laughed for years, as he slipped a crown piece into her withered and work worn hand.

"You've guessed rightly, Betsy," he said, "and that's for old sake's sake."

The bewildered joy in the old woman's face, as she fingered the plump coin, was as nothing to the tumult of feeling her listener felt as he turned away.

Not married, and letting lodgings! Perhaps Joyce had cared after all and there had been some cruel mistake. In two hour's time he was searching the rocky watering place, hunting up directories, and hunting post offices, and making enquiries at every likely spot, but all in vain—the Neales were quite unknown. Back again in his native place he searched, but could only learn that Mrs. Neal had owned a house not far from Combe. So he went forth on a pilgrimage, resolved to seek them in every highway and byway, if need be, in Devon.

One golden afternoon, when St. Martin's summer brooded over the land, he was walking down a deep green lane, where scarlet berries and gorgeous bramble leaves lingered among the fading bracken.

Suddenly he turned a corner, and paused hopefully before a cottage gate. The house was long and low, with diamond paned windows and a thatched roof that looked centuries old.

A painted board above the gate had the words, "Apartments—Teas Provided," painted on it in neat, white letters but Jack scarcely saw it in his intense interest, for over the rustic arches that spanned the gravel path, and hanging in feathery wreaths from the sombre old yew tree on the lawn, and garlanding the ancient summer house, everywhere the wild clematis opened its fluffy treasures to the sun.

As he gazed the door opened and a woman in a dark blue frock came running down the path. She was very pale, and there were dark shadows round her eyes, but he knew her in a moment.

With an eager, unseeing look, she cried, "Oh, please, help me. I want the doctor at once! My mother is very ill and I have no one to send. Will you—can you go?"

Then suddenly she recognized him, and a vivid flush crimsoned her cheeks, as he answered instantly, "Of course! I will will go, Joyce. Which way?" She pointed back along the lane, and he remembered a white house with a brass plate on the door that he had seen a few minutes before, and in an incredibly short time the doctor was examining the unconscious patient. "It is paralysis," he said. "I hope a slight attack only, but we must have nurse here at once."

Again Jack was the swift messenger and the village nurse, a capable, motherly woman, was soon returning with him to the cottage parlor, where Mrs. Neale had been placed on the couch. Joyce was helping the doctor to apply restoratives and struggling bravely for self-control.

After long efforts on their part the invalid stirred feebly and then opening her eyes she saw Jack and knew him instantly. There was a shrill cry as she said, "Take him away! Take him away! He has come to punish me because I kept back his letter and sent him a lie. Oh, Joyce, I did it for the best." Joyce, with a look of fear on her white face, stooped down and kissed her mother, and whispered loving words, for she thought her mind was wandering. But the doctor pushed Jack forward, saying, 'Speak to her soothingly, and then go, she must not be excited." And Jack said gently and clearly, "It is all right, Mrs. Neale, all past and forgotten, and I have come to take care of Joyce and you, if you will let me," and he held out his hand and touched hers gently and she groped for Joyce and tried to clasp their hands together.

"Forgive," she whispered once more and then sank back into unconsciousness and at sunset she died.

All the long years of love and longing were forgotten as Jack took his rightful place at Joyce's side, and, with tender pitifulness, the story of the intercepted letter was not mentioned between them.

"I always felt sure you would come back to me, Jack," she whispered, in their last walk under the clematis, "but it was so strange you should come just then! How did you find me?"

"By this," he answered, breaking off a sprig from the arch and giving it into her hand. "It is so rarely seen in a garden and it always seemed to link me with you."

"That was why I planted it," she answered shyly.

"We will take some to our home garden in Tasmania," he said joyfully, "and whether it thrives or not, I shall have my Traveller's Joy!"

Her Christmas Stocking

I'm specting such a lot of stuff,
My stocking won't be big enough,
And so before I go to bed
I'll just hang mamma's up instead.

DRAINAGE IN A DRY SEASON

Free Assistance in Drainage Again Offered by O. A. C.

During the exceptionally dry season of 1911 land that was underdrained produced on the average about $16.50 more per acre than land that was not drained, according to data collected by the Department of Physics at the Ontario Agricultural College.

Reports were received from a large number of farmers, of whom twenty-five were able to give definite figures on yields on drained and undrained land. Three of the number said they saw no difference, but all the others reported increases. Eleven counties were represented in the reports, from Durham, in the east, to Essex, in the west. The value of increases, including straw, was figured at October 1911 prices, and March 1912 prices. The former showed an average of $15.07 per acre and the latter $17.01, and both together an average of $16.54. The three who reported no increase were counted in obtaining the averages.

In wet seasons the results are even more marked, but even at $10.50 per acre drains more than pay for themselves in two years.

The O. A. C. is again renewing its effort of assistance to farmers in laying out their drainage systems. The Department of Physics has a special staff of Drainage Advisers for this work. There is no charge for the services of these men, the only outlay to the farmer being the travelling expenses, which are low. As the railway fare is only one cent a mile for this work, and as several surveys are always made on one trip the expenses are divided among the several parties concerned. Anyone wishing to have a drainage survey made should drop a card to the Department of Physics, O. A. C., Guelph, whereupon regular application form will be sent, and later one of the Department's Drainage Adviser's will make the survey.

ANGELIC INFLUENCE

Old Lady (offering policeman a tract)—"I often think you poor policemen run such a risk of becoming bad, being so constantly mixed up with crime."

Policeman: "You needn't fear, mum. It's the criminals wot runs the risk of becomin' saints, bein' mixt up with us!"

HIS CHANCE

Gardman—"Hold on there young feller. A dollar for the car!"

Studo—"Sold!"

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, December 14th, 1893

Mr. Wm. Gurney thinks that he has the best butter cow in these parts. He has made prime butter last week and 10; the week before and just completing the seventh month of milking.

La grippe is becoming quite prevalent in town and country.

Capt. M. Rees desires to thank the friends of the Salvation Army in Acton for their help in the Self-Denial offering. Eleven dollars were raised here.

Rev. W. Bryce has been in Wingham the past week.

Mr. Robt. Craine has so far recovered as to be able to return to his home in Toronto.

Rev. Mr. Edge has been suffering for a week past with a severe attack of lumbago, but with characteristic energy he performed all his duties on Sunday although physically unfit.

If Gen. Neal Dow, the Grand Old Man of the Prohibitionists, lives until March 20th he will be ninety years old, and a movement is on foot for a general celebration of the day by temperance societies throughout the world.

BORN

KYNES—In Erin, on December 7th to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Kyles, a son.

VAN FLEET—At Speyside, on Saturday, to Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Van Fleet, a daughter.

GUY—At Downeast Corners, on December 8th, to Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Guy, a daughter.

CRIPPS—At Downeast Corners, on December 10th, to Mr. and Mrs. William Cripps, a son.

MARRIED

MOORE-WEBB—At the home of the bride's father, 51 Elder Street, Toronto, on December 10th, by Rev. T. Albert Moore, brother of the groom, Mr. Samuel Herbert Moore, youngest son of the late Edward Moore, Acton, to Nellie, daughter of Mr. H. Webb, all of Toronto.

DIED

In Acton, on December 9th, Annie, daughter of Mr. R. A. C. Dunn, in her 19th year.

FIRST APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE

Wishing to get a living without hard work, I have leased commodious rooms in Mr. Lovemoney's block, corner of Main street and Perdition Lane, (next door to the undertaker's) where I will continue in my business of manufacturing drunkards, paupers, lunatics, beggars, criminals, and dead beats, for sober and industrious people to support.

Backed up by the law, I shall add to the number of fatal accidents, of painful diseases, of disgraceful quarrels, of riots and of murders.

My liquors are warranted to rob some of life; many of reason; most of property, and all of true peace; to make fathers fiends; wives widows; children orphans.

I shall cause mothers to forget their infants; children to grow up in ignorance; young women to lose their priceless purity; young men to become loafers, swearers, gamblers, skeptics, and lewd fellows of the baser sort.

Lady customers supplied with beer as good as the best "home-brewed, which will not intoxicate" them, but will only make them slovenly, lazy, coarse and quarrelsome.

Boys and girls are the raw material out of which I make drunkards, etc. Parents may help in this good work by always sending their children to buy beer.

On two hours' notice I agree to put husbands in condition to real home, break furniture, beat their wives and kick their children out of doors; I shall also fit mechanics to spoil their work and become discharged tramps.

If one of the regular customers should be trying to reform, I will for a few pennies, take pleasure in inducing him again to take just one glass and start again on the road to hell. The money which he has been wasting in bread and books for his children will buy luxuries for me. And when his money is gone, I will persuade him to run in debt, and then collect the bill by attaching his wages.

Orders promptly filled for fevers, scrofula, consumption or delirium tremens. In short, I agree to help bring upon all customers in this world, debt, disgrace, disease, despair and death, and in the next world the death that never dies. Having closed my ears to God's warning voice, (Heb. 3: 12-15; Ps. 9: 16-17; Rom. 3: 9) having made a league with hell and sold my soul to the devil, and having paid for my license I have a right to bring all the above evils upon my friends for the sake of gain. Some have suggested that I display outside the door assorted specimens of my art, but that would blockade the street. A fine assortment of my manufactured wrecks may be seen inside or at the county jail and in the asylums, prisons, and on gallows.

A. K. RABBMAN,
Raj Nandgaon, C. P., India.

THE HUNGRY SQUIRREL

A little squirrel was very hungry. He had been lazy in the fall and now that the winter had come he found that he had no food, so he went out to beg.

First, he went to the oak tree and asked for an acorn, but the oak said, "I had none." Then he went to the walnut, and held up his paws for a walnut, and the tree said, "I have not any." Next he went to the hickory tree and cried for a nut, but the hickory said, "I haven't any nuts for you, poor little squirrel." Then he crawled to a hazelbush, for he was becoming very weak. He asked for just one little hazel nut, but the hazel bush shook its head and said, "I am sorry, but I have no hazel nuts for you."

Just then a farmer came down the road. The squirrel had always been afraid of farmers, for they sometimes carry guns. He was so hungry now that he asked for a grain of corn. The farmer said, "I haven't any corn."

In a few minutes a little girl came skipping along the road with a basket on her arm. She did not wait for the squirrel to ask her for food, but said:

"There is a dear little squirrel. I will give him some of the nuts that grandmother gave me." So she threw him a whole handful.

THE FADING LIGHT OF DAY

"Jenny, gather up the wraps, and
Hatty, bring the broom:
Sally, push the settle back and tidy up
the room:
Now's the time, 'twixt day and dark,
to clear the work away;
For the morn make ready by the fading
light of day.

"Come, my boys, bring in the wood
split the kindling fine,
Fetch some water from the spring and
feed the wailing kine:
You'll not need the lantern, lads, the
twilight's clear and gray,
Haste and you will finish by the fading
light of day."

Thus the dear housemother spake
still, busy all the while,
Helping girls and cheering boys with
gentle word and smile,
Till the tasks were ended and the sons
and daughters gay
Gathered round the fireplace by the
fading light of day.

Scattered, scattered, far and wide, in
distant lands and dead!
Long the grass has waved above the
gentle mother's head;
But the nightfall even yet I seem to
hear her say,
"For the morn make ready by the fading
light of day."

Wise now, methinks therein that
hidden meanings lurk,
Teaching we that night shall come
"wherein no man can work."
Every soul be girded ready; God alone
can say
If our eyes again behold the fading
light of day.

HYMN OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

The rising sun bids us awake
And prayer to our Creator make,
Benedicamus Domino!

His hand hath kept us through
the night
And led us safely to the light,
Benedicamus Domino!

Our tongues restrain we through
the day
That, blameless, they at eve
may pray,
Benedicamus Domino!

Our thoughts contain, our senses
guard,
We serve the vineyard of the
Lord,
Benedicamus Domino!

All worldly appetites repress
And ever our Creator bless,
Benedicamus Domino!

Thus, daylight passed, to God on
high
Once more with hallowed lips
we cry,
Benedicamus Domino!
—From Ave Maris.

WONDERFUL BEAVERS

When the Grand Trunk Railway ran a line across a swamp in a game preserve in the Alberta Rockies there was a fine beaver dam holding the water back to flood the swamp.

The game warden ordered the engineer to disturb the beavers as little as possible. They could have blown out the dam with dynamite and killed most of the little animals, but that would have been cruel.

So they cut an opening in the dam. The mud of the dam was almost as hard as concrete and it took the men three days to get the water running out properly. Then they started work on the railroad through the swamp.

Soon the water began to rise and the work was stopped by water in a few hours. The engineers went down to the beaver dam and found the animals had repaired the cut and made it tight.

A new cut was made, but when the men were gone the beavers were busy and the damage repaired. Work on the railroad was stopped in a few hours.

Then a hole was made in the earth deep under the dam. This puzzled the beavers. They had never before seen water go down into the ground and come up far away. But they studied the problem and the work on the railroad was soon stopped by water and half the tools were covered.

Then followed a contest of cunning between the men and the beavers. But every time that the men opened a way for the water to run the beavers found out how to stop it. The road was finally built by working a few hours at a time and the loss to the contractors was about $5,000. The beavers lost their time.—Our Dumb Animals.

A SATISFYING SOLUTION

Landlord—This is the last time that I shall call for my money!"

Artist—Good. I was just beginning to be annoyed about the matter.

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.