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All accounts collected monthly.

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Editor and Proprietor.

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ALL WORK PROMPTLY EXECUTED

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WE are manufacturers and direct importers of all kinds of Monumental and Headstone work. We sell direct to our customers at wholesale prices, thus saving our customers 40 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only mechanics in the locality 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 pester our customers by sending out ignorant agents to solicit orders—we employ mechanics only and defy competition.

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Business Change!

J. R. Livingstone

Has purchased and taken possession of the
Grocery and Provision
business carried on for ten years by
E. D. RICE, Mill Street.
By careful personal attention we hope to satisfy all our customers.
The Farmers' Trade is particularly solicited and to make this satisfactory we are prepared to pay part cash for butter and eggs.
Bread will be delivered to customers as heretofore.
Mill Street - - Acton Mill St. Opposite New Post Office

Savage & Co.
Established 1848
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(for inside and out)

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GUELPH ONTARIO

FALL TERM BEGINS Tuesday, Sept. 1, when any and every young person, desirous of acquiring a thorough business education, will be welcomed to our popular classes.

WE OFFER a wide range of interesting and practical studies, bearing directly on business themselves. Our long and successful experience in teaching scores of graduates from the public school to the great university.

OUR STUDENTS, therefore, get the solid advantage of the highest grade of teaching, the best up-to-date textbooks, and a practical, scholarly presentment of every subject.

COME DIRECT to the College Office, 197 Upper Wyndham Street, or address

Malcolm MacCormack, B. A., Prin.

EXCELSIOR BAKERY

We have now on hand all the fresh fruits of the season, Grapes, Peaches, Pears, Etc.

Fresh Cooked Meats are always included in our comprehensive stock.

Confectionery, fresh from the leading confectioners, is a speciality with us.

We have daily fresh baking, from our own ovens.

Courteous and efficient service is promised all our patrons.

T. STATHAM & SON

WOULD YOUR HORSE NOT APPRECIATE A NEW, WARM, WELL-MADE BLANKET THIS RAW WEATHER?

The old one is only fit for stable use.
Blankets, unlined, at $1 and $1.15.
Blankets, general wear at $1.35 to $2.00.
Blankets, heavy, street at $3.00 to $5.00.
Knee Rugs at $2.00 and $2.50.
Blanket Pins 2 for 5 cents.

—Also—

Curry Combs, Brushes, Halters, Brooms, Lanterns, Snaps, Etc. Big assortment. See our north window.

The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Phone 10-12 Ten-Twelve) GUELPH

Your Eyes Earn Your Living

How much could you earn in your present position; how long could you ever hold it if you were blind?

Defective Eyesight is simply partial blindness. It's poor economy to put off wearing glasses when you need them. Keep up personal efficiency by consulting

A. D. SAVAGE
OPTOMETRIST & MFG. OPTICIAN
"Right at the Post Office"
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By the largest manufacturers under the British flag and by the most skilled workmen known and is

SOLD IN ACTON

Purely on its merits, because it has given hundreds of people perfect satisfaction, because it possesses the sweetest tone and it stays in tune the longest.

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6½ and 7 per cent.

Interest Paid, Secured by First Mortgages on Toronto Central properties. Amounts from One to five thousand dollars.

R. M. Armstrong & Company
15 Adelaide St. East - Toronto

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is one thing, but fitting it into practice is an entirely different proposition.

We Suggest that We do Your Plumbing

It's a good suggestion and one we can fully qualify on.

Plumbing Supplies Furnished by Us

are all standard lines, while the work we do is superior every particular.

Estimates given.

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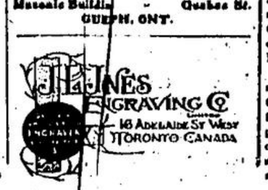

Poetry.

SONS OF THE EMPIRE

Not for the sake of glory,
Not for the thirst of fame,
Not for the lust of battle;
But for a deathless claim—
A claim no time can conquer,
No alien blood can kill—
Over long miles of ocean
The old love calls us still
To fight for our small island
With triple flag unfurled;
For still we count that island
The centre of the world.

For the sake of time-worn cities,
Our eyes have never seen,
Some long-remembered homestead
Or nameless village green;
For the sake of a tattered banner
In some old chancel wave;
For the sake of ancient churchyards
That hold our fathers' graves—
For the sake of one small island
With triple flag unfurled;
For still we count that island
The centre of the world.

Let those who claim to kinship
Look coldly on the fray;
But Britain's children's children
Will stand by her to-day,
And woe to those who touch her,
Woe to the double part,
When with a single impulse throbs
The great Imperial heart—
Only a single island
With a triple flag unfurled;
But still we count that island
The centre of the world.

—British Australasian.

Select Family Reading

The Tower Room

FLORENCE N. MUNN

MISS NANCY stepped lightly from the carryall to the stone pavement in front of the County Home. No amount of hardship or weight of years of misfortune could prevent Miss Nancy from stepping lightly, or wearing her shabby clothing as if they were the garments of royalty; neither could anything that had so far overtaken her, quench the light in her eyes or dim the brightness in the thin, eager face.

In the large reception room of the Home, Sybil Grant and her friend, Annette Harris, were awaiting the coming of Miss Nancy, who had been sent to the village on a shopping expedition for the matron. Sybil was spending her two weeks' vacation at the Harris country home on the shore of a beautiful lake. She had been having an enjoyable time bathing, rowing, driving and pic-nicking, but the visit was drawing to a close as all good times have a way of doing, and the following day she would return to the city.

"I wish Aunt Hester had not discovered that one of her old acquaintances was an inmate of your County Home," she said impatiently as they waited. "I think it rather inconsiderate of her to expect me to drive out here to see one I never even heard of before; and this is my last day too."

"We might just as well have come before," Annette reminded her, "but you didn't mention it."

"No, I didn't want to let it interfere with any good time, you know. It was bad enough having to give up one whole afternoon looking for the farm specimens Mrs. Armstrong asked me to get for her. She and Aunt Hester together make me feel sometimes as if I were being used to the limit. They're always needing me for something or other. I'm getting tired of it."

It was just at that moment that the carryall stopped and the girls had their first view of the one whom they had come to see, and who was known only as "Miss Nancy" in the Home. They had barely time to note the upright carriage and the bright face under the old-fashioned bonnet before she disappeared at the front entrance and a moment later entered the reception room.

Both girls arose and Sybil, with her natural fine courtesy, went forward as the little woman hesitated inside of the door.

"I suppose you are Miss Nancy Raymour," Sybil said frankly. "I am Sybil Grant. I am visiting in the neighborhood and my Aunt Hester asked me to call and see you. You remember her, don't you? She used to be Miss Hester Grant."

"Remember Hester! I should say I do. Why, we were like sisters in the old days. It is almost like seeing her again to see you, Miss Sybil; you look so very much like her."

"Thank you," smiled Sybil, "everyone thinks I resemble Aunt Hester, and I'm proud to be thought like her. This is the friend with whom I am staying, Annette Harris, Miss Seymour."

"I am right glad to know you, Miss Annette, and now I'm going to take you both up to my own little room to chat awhile. I never can feel quite like myself in this big place. You will not mind coming upstairs, will you?"

Both girls showed their willingness at once, and Sybil said:

"Then I can tell Aunt Hester just where you are and how everything about you looks, so she can almost see you."

They passed up the broad stairs, then at the farther end of the upper hall a narrower flight of steps leading to a small room in the tower of the building.

"We call this the 'tower room,'" explained Miss Nancy opening the door and stepping aside to allow her guests to enter. "I chose it because I seem to be about the strongest one here—more able to climb the stairs, you know. Most of the others think it's very warm in summer and very cold in winter up here, but I don't mind it. I'm pretty comfortable most of the time."

The room was plainly furnished, but spotlessly clean and inviting. There were two cozy rockers and Miss Nancy pulled them forward for her guests, but Sybil gently pushed her hostess into the more comfortable of the two and seated herself among the cushions of the low window seat. From the window, hill and dale made the view beautiful.

"We haven't very long to stay, Miss Heymour," she said, "and I want you to tell me of yourself. Aunt Hester will be interested in everything that has happened to you. She has been away for years, you see and only returned last month. She cannot understand how it has come about that you—" Sybil stopped in confusion. It seemed unpardonably rude to say what she had in mind.

"How it came about that I am—here!" Miss Nancy finished gently. "Dear Hester. It is like her to want to know—and to care."

"Aunt Hester told me that when you and she were young, and at the time she married and went abroad, you were strong and well and happy in your work, and had such splendid opportunities and prospects."

"Yes dear, and so I did have; but those are all things that can very quickly leave us, you know—as they did me. Father and mother were ill for a long time and I had to leave my work and care for them. We had to put a mortgage on our home. I was so glad we owned the home, for it enabled me to make their last days more comfortable and to be with them when their need of me was greatest. After they left me I began to work and save again. But I was taken ill before I succeeded in lifting the mortgage from the home, and was in the hospital for months."

The little woman paused and a shadow rested in the eyes that sought the window and the range of windows in the distance. The next moment she turned with a smile and continued:

"That was surely a dreary time, but through it all I had the comfort of remembering that I had been well and strong and able to work when my loved ones needed me. Perhaps you do not realize it yet, girls, but there is nothing in this life that will give us more gladness and comfort than to feel that we have been, and are, needed, and are able to respond to the need in a satisfactory way."

There was a quick, comprehensive glance between the listeners. The words seemed a direct allusion to their recent conversation in the room below, and both girls recalled the resentment that Sybil had expressed.

"But how is it now, Miss Nancy?" Sybil questioned gently. "Does the comfort stay after the time of usefulness is past?"

"Yes, oh yes. But the time of usefulness lasts as long as we live, dear," was the eager assurance. "We never get beyond being needed somewhere, by someone, if we are loving and helpful, and so we can always have the blessing of it. There were a few dark days when they told me I would never be strong enough to work again in the old way, and—the money was all gone and there was no relative near enough to care; there was nothing left but to come here, and then for just a little while it seemed to me that there was no one in the world who needed me—no one to whom I could be of any use. But I soon found after I came here that I was needed. Why, some days I am kept busy from morning till night just doing little light things that don't seem of much account and yet they help someone and I come up here at night as tired as can be and happy because there is so much that I can do, and everyone is so good to me."

Good to her. How could they help being good to her? There were tears in the eyes of both girls. How narrow and selfish seemed their lives of pleasure, in that moment, compared with this broad, useful happy life of one whose home was the tower room of a County Home. Impulsive Sybil was beside the low rocker in an instant:

"Dear Miss Nancy," she cried, her voice tremulous with emotion, "come home with me. Aunt Hester and I will make you happy, and you shall never want for money while we live."

Miss Nancy smiled and a beautiful light of love shone in her gray eyes that were still young—would always be young. It was very sweet to be loved and welcomed by this young niece of Hester's—Hester who it seemed only yesterday had waved good-bye from the ship's deck. Surely it would be happiness to spend the remainder of her days in this atmosphere of welcome and comfort—she who had been all her life doing for others. Only a moment she hesitated, then came the answer:

"No, dearie. I have my work and my place here and I think—I almost believe—they'd miss me if I went. It's only a little while at the longest, and I'm all ready—just waiting, and doing what I can while I wait. It wouldn't be worth while to move now, would it?"

"You've wanted to lay the table for supper, Miss Nancy," a voice called outside the closed door. "Please come as soon as possible."

"They don't know I have callers or they wouldn't interrupt," apologized Miss Nancy. "But see they need me here, dear," persisted the eager voice. "Isn't it good to be needed?"

A slanting ray of late afternoon sunshine fell across the cheery face as she spoke, lighting it into a beauty the girls never quite forgot. With a loving good-bye they left her, and a little later were driving homeward through the soft radiance of the summer sunset. There was silence for a time, then Sybil repeated Miss Nancy's last words:

"'Isn't it good to be needed?' Oh, Annette, what a selfish girl I've been to rebel against helping people, when I ought to be thankful for every opportunity—and there are so many for girls like us. If being helpful can bring happiness to one situated as Miss Nancy is, what wouldn't it do for us, with the whole world around and before us, and strength and time and youth all ours. I wouldn't have missed the lesson that I've learned this afternoon for anything."

"Nor I," answered her friend, "It has been the very best day in your whole visit, Sybil."

HE TURNED TOO

"Think of what a woman's curiosity will do," he said solemnly, "Lot's wife looked round and she turned into a pillar of salt."

"But how about yourself," said his wife, "I saw you look round the other day, and you turned in to a public-house."

The Oldest Postmaster in Canada

JAMES MATTHEWS
Acton's Postmaster for Sixty Years

THE OLD POST OFFICE
FOR 33 YEARS

THE NEW POST OFFICE
AND CUSTOMS HOUSE

The New Government Building to be Occupied by the Post Office Staff and Mr. R. M. McDonald, Customs Officer, in a few days

KITCHENER VISITS THE WOUNDED

"Lord Kitchener!"

This announcement, made at the door of one of the military wards in London Hospital one Saturday afternoon had the effect of a bugle-blast, says the London Daily Mail. Every man who could contrive to stand, stood at attention; those who could not, raised their hands to the salute. A ringing cheer filled the ward as the wounded man put the last ounce of their strength into this welcome to the great man of the British Army.

Blunt, kindly, encouraging, he saw everything and talked to every soldier that caught his eye. And at the slightest hint he knew where each man had been and what his regiment had done.

"Where were you?"

"Don't know rightly, sir; but it was on Wednesday."

"Yes; you got it hot. And you gave it hot to them. Well we've got to give it 'em hot again! Carry on!"

"And you?" inquired the Field Marshal, with a quick turn to another, but with a kindly, understanding look in his eyes.

"With the ——'s, at ——," replied the wounded warlor proudly.

"Good work you did, too. Well we're going to see this thing through aren't we?"

Sick men though they were, the answer the soldiers gave was inspiring in its warmth.

"Well, hurry up and get well," said Lord Kitchener. "We want you when you are fit." Again the wavering, thrilling cheer; modest but determined answers, such as "Want nothing better, sir."

A grand military figure was that of Lord Kitchener, despite the civilian clothes, as he made his swift progress through the wards.

"Hurry up and get well. They have been coming on, but we're going to stop 'em. Aren't we?"

"Yes, sir." "Yes, sir." "Just what we want, sir."

"Right! Get well as fast as you can. We want you."

"Where were you wounded?"

"Can't rightly say, sir. They haven't found the bullet yet."

"No matter. Bullets don't do much harm nowadays. I carried one for three years. Get well as soon as you can."

REMINDED HER OF HER BROTHER

The new clergyman was sent for by an elderly lady.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I hope you will excuse my asking you to call, but when I heard you preach and pray last Sunday you did so remind me of my poor brother, who was took from me, that I felt I must speak with you."

"And how long ago did your poor brother die?" asked the clergyman sympathetically.

"Oh, sir, he isn't dead," was the reply, he was took to the asylum."

STANCH CRY FROM A PRISON

Out of 1,478 persons confined in the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, 1,008 apparently without any influence or instigation from without or within their prison walls, signed a petition to the Pennsylvania legislature asking for the passage of a state-wide prohibition law. Many of the men volunteered to go before a legislative committee to tell how the saloon had wrecked their lives. Here is an anti-saloon argument overwhelmingly convincing.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, November 6th, 1894

$3.25 to $3.50 per cwt. is the ruling price for pork this week.

Mr. A. J. Perkins, of Stayner, who has been on the FREE PRESS staff the past year, has returned to his home, intending to enter a partnership in the newspaper business.

Miss Jessie Brown, of Toronto, daughter of our late townsman, Mr. W. P. Brown, who has been at death's door several times during the past year, has considerably improved.

Mr. Asa Hall, who has been spending a month or so at Penetang, Orillia and Stouffville, has returned home. He was at Orillia when the family of his son, Mr. A. Hall, suffered the loss, by death, of their little son. He was here with his parents at the School Re-union last summer.

Some thoughtless or evil-disposed persons have repeatedly broken stained glass windows in St. Joseph's Church. Reward is offered for evidence for conviction.

The refitting of Acton Flour Mills, by Cheyne Bros., is now completed, and they are turning out roller flour of an excellent grade.

Special services have been commenced in the Methodist Church, the pastor being assisted by Rev. A. H. Ranton, evangelist.

Mr. D. L. Moody, the famous Chicago evangelist, arrived very unostentatiously in Toronto on Saturday, and his inaugural services on Sunday brought together the largest crowds of people that ever attended similar services in the city. Thousands had to leave Massey Hall. The Metropolitan Church is being used for overflow meetings.

The members of Crowsons Corners church choir met at the home of Mr. G. H. Brown last week to show their appreciation of his services as leader. Mr. Nelson McLaughlin read an address, and Miss Mary Moore presented a handsome plush shaving case and a beautiful pair of kid gloves. An enjoyable social evening followed.

Mr. Cheyne, miller, of Acton, lost a valuable cow at Crowsons Corners crossing. He was bringing her from Guelph, and she fell into the cattle guard, and could not be removed before the express came and killed her.

BORN

JOB—In Esquesing, on Sunday, November 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Job, a son.

VALENTYNE—In Acton, on Thursday, November 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. Hosea Valentyne, a son.

McINTYRE—In Erin, on Thursday, 1st November, to Mr. and Mrs. John McIntyre, a daughter.

MASON—In Acton, on Tuesday, 6th November, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Mason, a son.

DIED

MCLAUGHLIN—At his late residence, Hamilton, on Tuesday, Oct. 30th, Dr. H. McLaughlin, dentist, formerly of Norval.

STORY OF THE BELGIAN KING

A tale is told about Albert I., the gallant king of the brave Belgians. Some time ago he was visiting a fashionable French watering-place, and one morning he went down to the bathing-ground to have a dip. When coming out of the water he, by mistake, collided with a portly gentleman, who in very plain language told his majesty that he must be more careful in future.

"Do you know, sir," said the irate bather, "that I am a member of the Paris city council?"

"Oh, if that is the case," said King Albert, "I must really beg a thousand pardons, for I am only the king of the Belgians!"

WHEN GODFREY GROWS

I wonder when it is I grow!
It's in the night, I guess,
My clothes go on so very hard
Each morning when I dress.

Nurse says they're plenty big enough;
It's 'cause I am so slim.
But then she never stops to think
That children grow and grow.

I wonder when! I can't find out.
Why, I watch Tommy Pitt
In school for hours and I can't see
Him grow the smallest bit!

I guess that days we stay the same.
There's so much else to do
In school and play, so I must grow
At night, I think—don't you?

—Lilla Thomas Elder.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

There is an education that comes to the soul from vital faith in God and a power for good upon society that abstract right cannot give; that in athletic or agnostic morality, set upon the pinnacle of altruism, is utterly unable to supply.—George A. Gordon.

The good never dies. Evil dies. Cruelty, oppression, selfishness, greed—these die, but nobility, love, sacrifice, generosity, truth, thank God for it, small as they are, difficult as it is to discover them—these live forever; these are eternal.—Frank Norris.

I believe freedom to be the first condition of moral life. It needs, however, to be accompanied by much instruction. It is like money in this—that in order to profit by it one must know how to use it properly.—Julia Ward Howe.

CARE AND ABUSE OF FARM MACHINERY

Recent investigations by the Conservation Commission reveal some very interesting facts regarding the effect of care, or neglect, as the case may be, upon the life of machinery on the farm. Between 90 and 95 farms, divided into three districts, were visited in each of the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

In Saskatchewan, out of 94 farmers visited by the Commission's representatives, 76 leave all of their implements out of doors. On 73 of the farms there were no implement sheds of any description. On 21 of the farms sheds large enough to cover a part of their implements were found, in most cases this being only a buggy or a democrat, but not on one single farm was the machinery all housed. Not one farmer was found who painted his implements to protect them from the weather.

In Manitoba only 14 out of 94 keep their machinery under cover during winter, while 44 claim to keep a part of it inside. On 34 of the Manitoba farms no provision whatever is made for protecting implements and only four claim to have done any painting.

In the three districts visited in Alberta, mixed farming is carried on quite extensively, making more barn room available, so that implements are more likely to be protected, but even here, 37 out of the 92 visited leave all machinery out of doors.

In one district in Ontario where 40 farmers were visited, every man housed his implements during winter although none of these men do any painting.

In the Ontario district visited where the implements are housed, the average life of the binder was found to be between 16 and 17 years. Many binders were seen which were in good running order after cutting 20 seasons' crops.

In Saskatchewan and Manitoba, where so much of the machinery is left out of doors, the average life of the binder is given by the farmers as about 7 years, which is less than half that of the binder protected from the weather. Many binders do not last as long as 7 years. One farmer near Moosomin, Sask., who after 12 years, was retiring from the farm, held an auction sale. His binder, after cutting 12 crops sold for $80, or 50 per cent. of the original cost, and his other machinery at proportionately high prices. It had all been well housed and the necessary painting and repairing done to keep it in good order. On a neighboring farm a binder which had cut only three crops, but which had been neglected and had stood out of doors, was being relegated to the scrap heap and a new one was being purchased.

An implement shed costs money, but if its use will double or treble the length of time the machinery will last, it is a good investment. Farmers often say that they cannot afford to build a shed. The truth is, they really cannot afford to be without one. Apart from the additional power necessary for operation, the depreciation on unhoused machinery on the average sized farm is so great as to amount to much more than the cost and upkeep of an implement shed. The binder works for only a short time during the year while machinery in a shop works the whole year through and lasts proportionately many times longer. It is simply a matter of care. The life of a machine extends in exact ratio to the care it receives, and abuse and neglect will shorten the life of any machanism. The manufacturer is not responsible for the care of the machinery after it is sold. This rests entirely with the farmer, and as a common-sense business proposition he should look after his own interests sufficiently to house his implements and thus save the thousands of dollars wasted annually in unnecessary depreciation.—F. C. N.

Miller's Worm Powders destroy worms without any inconvenience to the child, and so effectually that they pass from the body unperceived. They are not ejected in their entirety, but are ground up and pass away through the bowels with the excreta. They thoroughly cleanse the stomach and bowels and leave them in a condition not favorable to worms, and there will be no revival of the pests.

PERILS OF PERSISTENCE

She—You know very well that you had to ask me three times before I would consent to be your wife.

He—Yes, I know, and that only goes to show that it is sometimes possible to be too persistent.